

EIGHT FINE STORIES. HINTS TO PREACHERS.
November, 1903. DETAILS ABOUT OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

6d.

The QUIVER.



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Congreve's
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For CONSUMPTION For

For COUGHS For COLDS

For ASTHMA For BRONCHITIS

Of Chemists and Stores 1/4, 2/6, 4/6, 5/11. Mr. Congreve's Book on CONSUMPTION, &c., post free 6d. Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E.

'ARETHUSA' JACK APPEALS FOR HELP.

The "ARETHUSA" and "CHICHESTER" Training Ships prepare poor boys of good character for the ROYAL NAVY and MERCANTILE MARINE.
80 Boys each year sent into the Royal Navy.
6,000 Boys have entered the Merchant Service.
SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received.
FOUNDED 1843. President THE EARL OF JERSEY, G.C.B.
THE NATIONAL REFUGES FOR HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN.
INCORPORATED 1904
London Office: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
Joint Secretaries: H. BRISTOW WALLER, HENRY G. COPELAND.

THE Church Army

(ESTABLISHED 1884.)

AIM:—To bring the individual soul to a saving knowledge of the LORD. With this object, the EVANGELISTIC and SOCIAL departments work hand-in-hand.

MISSIONS continually proceeding in cities and hamlets; in prisons, workhouses and reformatories; on sea-shore; in barracks; to hop-pickers, harvesters, and other special classes. Hundreds of parochial evangelists and mission-sisters working under clergy.
67 MISSION-VANS.

About 60 Men and 60 Women TRAINED Annually as Christian Workers.

120 LABOUR HOMES and similar institutions, for permanently reclaiming and uplifting criminals, tramps, and social wreckage of both sexes. **RESCUE WORK.** Help for prisoners' families. Aid for honest distressed men and women. **FARM COLONY.** Fresh Air and Temperance Homes for Women.

The WINTER'S BITTER DISTRESS is close at hand. Pray help us to meet it.

FUNDS, old clothes, and firewood orders (3s. 6d. per 100 bundles) urgently needed.

Cheques crossed "Barclays," payable Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, 65, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society.

Patrons: Their Majesties the KING and QUEEN.

This Society, established in 1844, is a distinctly Christian Organisation, an Ally of the Church, and an Embodiment of the Good Samaritan.

Its 20 Branches and 113 Affiliated Mission Stations in the poorest parts of London reach at least 100,000 souls weekly.

It ministers to the varied needs of 7,450 crippled children in their homes, with bootmaking and dressmaking classes for the senior cripple boys and girls.

The nine Holiday Homes in the country and by the sea give a helpful filip to more than 7,000 ailing children and run-down adults annually.

Its Fresh Air Fund depots at Loughton and elsewhere entertained 100,000 children for a day's holiday.

Its Barefoot Mission distributed, with the parents' help, 76,828 garments and 27,664 pairs of boots.

The Bishop of London, at the Anniversary, said:—"I like, to the limit of my powers, to back up every good work done in the Lord's name in London. And I am certain if I aim at that I shall have made the biggest mistake of my life if I left out the Ragged School Union. . . . I rejoice to give it my blessing. . . . I believe it is a work owned of God; I believe it is a work the most humane and the most needed in the world."

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS should be sent to the Director and Secretary, SIR JOHN KIRK, 32, JOHN STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD, W.C.

"A firm of world-wide fame."—THE QUEEN.

Children's	13	per dozen.
Ladies'	26	"
Gentlemen's	36	"

HEM-STITCHED.
Ladies' 29 " " " "
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" Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Spectator* (1904).
Samples and illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Damask, Table, and House Linens, Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, and Ladies' Underclothing, at Makers' Prices.

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(By Appointment to the King and Princess of Wales.)
And at 156 to 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON.
S.B. All Inquiries for Samples and all Letter Orders to be sent to Belfast.

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TAKE

KEATING'S LOZENGES

Tins 13½"

YOU **WON'T** COUGH.



Ludcord Squares

The Health Carpet

It has taken years of costly experiment to perfect the "Ludcord"—strongest and most durable Carpet on the market. The "Ludcord" is **seamless**. It is **reversible**—note that. It is **low in price**, because woven on a special loom. There are numerous imitations—**Why?** See that **you** get the **real thing**—Treloar's "Ludcord." Many exquisite colours and designs. 3 yds. by 2 yds., 10/6; 3½ yds. by 2 yds., 12/6; 4 yds. by 2 yds., 21/-; 4 yds. by 3½ yds., 24/6. Can be supplied in Stair Carpets and Rugs. Particulars sent on application.

SEND FOR PATTERNS AND PRICE LISTS.

TRELOAR & SONS, Dept. 3D, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.



REVERSIBLE!

"Fit As A Fiddle"

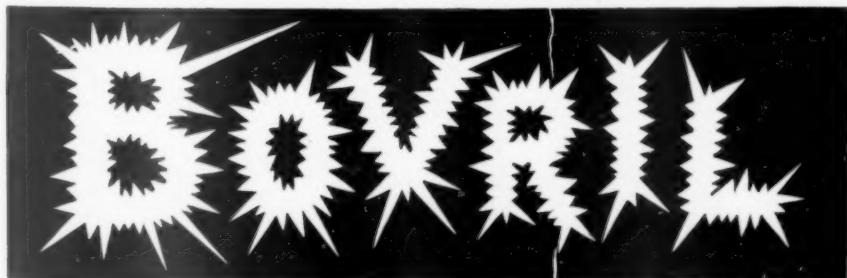
is an expression that scarcely applies to a spasmodic occasional condition, but should stand for the general everyday experience of the perfectly healthy individual. It is mainly a matter of good digestion and healthy nerve force, and is within the reach of all who are not affected by serious organic disease. The surest means of realising this desirable state of sound efficient health is to have recourse to the invaluable curative properties of Beecham's Pills. Many thousands who once suffered to a melancholy degree from disorders of the Stomach and Liver are now,

Thanks To

Beecham's Pills, in the full possession of the most perfect vigour. "Fitness" is the invariable result of a judicious use of this excellent family medicine. If you are "below par" you cannot do better than take a course of Beecham's Pills without delay. Whether the trouble arise from defective digestion, liver derangement, or nervous prostration, you will find it surely and quickly give place to a condition of health and energy under the influence of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lanc.
Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).



all beef—no yeast.

How Are You Feeding Baby?

DO you realise that not only baby's present health but his future depend on the food you are giving your Baby now? If this food does not agree—does not supply the nourishment that nature calls for, your child cannot grow up healthy and strong. There is another point to be remembered also—a food that agrees now may cause illness and distress when summer comes. It may contain starch which is heating—or have to be mixed with milk, which warm weather may contaminate.

Are you sure baby's food is right—had you not better go into the question now?

Mothers who have tried it and doctors the country over who know of its merits will tell you there is no food quite so good as MALTICO, and none so safe for use in summer weather.

MALTICO is a complete food in itself—without the addition of milk. It is starch free, yet contains all the elements necessary for perfect nutrition.

Its pleasant taste makes any child enjoy it—its great digestibility enables the weakest little stomach to retain it.

MALTICO is packed in a wide-necked bottle, not in a tin which might contaminate the food.

Ask for and insist on having

Maltico

THE BEST OF THE BABY FOODS.

MALTICO is sold by all Chemists and Stores in bottles 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, order from

MALTICO FOODS, LIMITED, 158, Redcross Street, London, E.C.
Wholesale Agents—Rocke Tompsitt & Co.

NOBLE'S EXCEL

For refined appearance, for faultless wear and finish—above all for sheer value, this newest of Noble's designs eclipses all previous efforts.

Superb Value!

Model 1007. 10/6

Modelled in all shades of **J. N. Cheviot Serge**. Colours: Light and Dark Grey, Helle, Fawn, Royal, Brown, Crimson, Myrtle, Olive Green, Petunia, Wine, Black and Navy.

The smart **Coat** has fitting back, nicely stitched, and semi-fitting fronts. The five-gored **Skirt** has double-stitched seams to front panel, pleats at back, and side tastings.

In stock sizes, to fit 34, 36, and 38 inches bust; 22, 24, 26, and 28 inches waist; 36, 40, and 42 inches front length of skirt. Price only **10/6** 5/6; carriage 6d. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage 6d.

Can also be had in the famous "**Reliance**" **Diagonal Serge**, all colours, price **15/6** 3/11; carriage 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 8/11; carriage 6d. extra.

price **21/-** 10/6; carriage 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 10/6; carriage 6d. extra.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Noble's New Booklet of Novels, for winter wear, coats, frocks, costumes, blouses, etc., sent Post Free on request.

JOHN NOBLE, Ltd.,
42, Brook St. Mills,
MANCHESTER.

THE **Ladies' "SWAN"**

is the only Perfect Fountain Pen for Ladies.

Easy to Buy,
Easy to Fill,
Easy to Carry,
Easy to Write with.

May be carried on the Châtelaine, Belt, or Breast Pin without fear of loss or of soiling the dress. The mountings are handsomely chased, highly finished, and in excellent taste.

Rolled Gold or Silver, 21/- upwards.

A HANDSOME PRESENT.
XMAS IS COMING.

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80, H'gh Holborn, W.C.
Branches—53, Cheapside, E.C.; 22, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.

THE NEW No. 12 MODEL.

Automatically Spaces Paragraphs
Tabulates
Writes in two Colors
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7 Interchangeable Paper Carriages
All the Writing always in sight.

DAR-LOCK

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Write for
"THE EVOLUTIONS OF A TYPEWRITER."

HIS MAJESTY'S TYPEWRITER MAKERS,
12 & 14, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

The **Busy Man's Typewriter.**

WRITES IN SIGHT from—
Dear Sir
to
Yours Truly



A GENEROUS OFFER To Prove that "Harlene Hair-Drill" Grows Hair.

A Million Free Outfits to be Distributed.

You have only to ask and you will receive free of charge:

I. INSTRUCTION BOOK (that tells you about "Harlene Hair-Drill," and how to make your hair luxuriant in growth and beautiful in appearance).

II. TRIAL BOTTLE of "Harlene for the Scalp and Hair," necessary for the week's free trial of "Hair-Drill."

There is no necessity to hesitate or wait.

If you would like to make your hair grow in healthy and beautiful profusion, you can receive free for the mere asking the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

Now, this is sufficient for a whole week's trial. In that time you can demonstrate to your own personal satisfaction what it is that has made persons of all ages and both sexes all over the country—and abroad—as keen and interested in the practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" as all persons of hygienic and refined personal habits are in "tooth-drill" and "bath-drill," for instance.

The hair has been too long neglected.

Let any woman conjure up the vision of how much younger and how much more attractive she would be if her hair was as it was, say, five to ten or fifteen years back.

Let any man similarly summon before his mind's eye the picture of the difference that his hair as it was five to fifteen years previous would make to him to-day.

And it is this great difference that it is possible to restore. No woman's—or man's—hair is to-day what it *might*—what it *CAN*—be, unless it has had the natural and physiological cultivating and beautifying benefit of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

It is because we desire that you take up "Hair-Drill" in the same way, and for the parallel good reasons that you now pay attention to your teeth and body health-cleanliness, that we wish you now to at least try at our expense the benefit you will gain by even one week's practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

You will be surprised—agreeably surprised. Mind, this we promise:

Your hair will stop falling out by the end of the week.

The scalp will feel "alive" instead of dead, hot, hard, scurfy, greasy, sticky, damp, or dry.

What are all these latter "ill conditions"? They are not the same. They do not *mean* the same. But they unitedly mean that your scalp is "not in condition."

SPECIAL WARNING TO LADIES.

A word of warning should here be quoted against the ridiculously futile method of attempting to grow hair by stomach medication.

Even if it were possible, it would not be wise for ladies to run the risk of growing "superfluous hair" on the face, arms, &c.

If repulsive "pills for the hair" are really pumped through the heart into the blood to every root in the scalp it naturally follows that they must also reach every hair or hair root, with which (*excepting the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet*) our bodies are covered, so that if they do not grow hair at all over the body then they cannot grow hair at all.

The invitation of Messrs. Edwards, however, let it be understood, is specially made to those of either sex desirous of faithfully carrying out their "Harlene Hair-Drill" instructions for one week. To such worthy people only do Messrs. Edwards desire to provide the necessary instructions and bottle of "Harlene" free of cost.

The trial, if only properly carried out according to instructions, will most convincingly and happily demonstrate beyond all doubt that **YOUR SCALP CAN BE**

- Beautifully clean,
- Of proper temperature,
- Pleasant to the senses of touch and sight and smell, and
- Free from irritation.

All the accessories required will be sent you without a penny cost. It costs three-pence to send you the package, and it is suggested that you do Messrs. Edwards the courtesy of sending the three-pence for postage or carriage mentioned on the following Coupon (of which you can send a copy if you would rather not cut it from your paper).

Further supplies of "Harlene" wherewith to continue the practice and benefits of "Harlene Hair-Drill" may be obtained of all chemists and stores throughout the world at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or sent direct and post paid on receipt of postal order.

This Trial Outfit Free



This generous trial outfit will be sent to any part of the world on receipt of coupon below, duly filled in, and 3d. in stamps for postage.

A copy of the third edition of our Manual on Hair Culture will be sent post free to any address on receipt of postcard.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.
Sirs,—I desire to try your offer of One Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill," and accept your free trial offer of Instructions and supply of "Harlene." Enclose 3d. for postage or carriage to any part of the world.

Name

Address

THE QUIVER, Nov. 1, 1908. N.B.—No charge if the package is called for.



The Trials of Travel.

Do not add to the trials of travel and of everyday home and office life by carrying a fountain pen that leaks—that cannot be refilled without a bulb filler.

There is a safer, better way—to carry an Onoto with you.

The Onoto is the British made fountain pen that

- fills itself in a flash from any ink supply
- that never leaks and spoils clothes and carpets
- that gives writing satisfaction, gliding smoothly and speedily over the paper.

It is a pen for all—sold by all stationers, jewellers, stores, etc., at a price within the reach of all. And it is worth many times the price asked—10/6 (a little more for the new G model).

It is only common sense to discard obsolete pens and ways of writing—to go to-day to the stationers and say “An Onoto Pen, please.”

Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Onoto

Self-Filling - - Pen

Safety Fountain

IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new G, has this year been put on the market.

It is exceptional value for the money.

Try this new G at your stationers.

2944



FOR YOUR HAIR

Tatcho**"A NATIONAL WANT."**

Mr. Geo. R. Sims tells the Story of his Discovery.

(From the "Daily Mail.")

"When I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho,' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims, to the Editor of the London *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began."

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous."

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair restorer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article within reach of all."

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet-table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

"WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY."

"You have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of 'TATCHO.' It is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer; the only remedy I have found serviceable after years of trying."

"RITA."

NO OTHER TREATMENT CAN COMPARE WITH MR. GEO. R. SIMS' "TATCHO." I HAVE RECOMMENDED IT TO HUNDREDS OF PATIENTS.

Philip Hooke

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

As will be seen from Mr. Sims' interview with the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, necessity was the mother of his invention, and that same necessity prevails to-day to an alarming extent—alarming both in the aesthetic and hygienic aspect, for not alone is Beauty marred by premature loss of hair, but health may also be affected by the disappearance of a protective covering. Therefore, Mr. Geo. R. Sims is in a double sense a benefactor.

In most cases loss of hair may be attributed to lack of natural nutrition, and where this exists the need of such a remedy as cured Mr. Geo. R. Sims cannot be too strongly advocated. Like a thief in the night the falling of the hair stealthily creeps along, and is neglected until the thinness is marked enough to bring forth the remark, "Surely I used to have a better head of hair than this." On the subject of actual baldness—baldness is in very many cases obstinate, but in most cases quite curable. We have the testimony of many who are strangers alike to Mr. Geo. R. Sims and the company whose title bears his name, that baldness can be cured. Living testimony is incontrovertible.

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. Half an hour at night and half an hour in the morning were thought none too long a time to devote to this. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whiskey, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp daily works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

TATCHO COUPON.

Provided this coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair Restorer, "Tatcho," 4½ size, for the sum of 1/6 post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in a first trial.

Mr Geo R Sims
Hair Restorer Co

TATCHO is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6.

Benger's Food is retained and assimilated by the most delicate stomach. It is much more suitable for the hand-reared child than cow's milk alone, because, when prepared, it contains the proper elements of nutrition in more suitable conditions, and in right proportions. Benger's Food is rich and creamy, easily digested and highly nutritive.

BENGER'S
FOOD
Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

**HAYMAN'S BALSAM CURES COUGH
STOPS COLD**

Prevents influenza if taken promptly on first appearance of Cold or Chill.

"DANGEROUSLY ILL with Asthma, it has saved my life."—Mrs. H. Hubble, 13, Woodpecker Road, New Cross, S.E.

Sold Everywhere.

Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle.

BILLIARD TABLES

Why pay Fancy Prices?
Buy direct from the makers.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Thousands of Testimonials.

Portable Tables, as illustrated, from 37/6. Billiard Table, complete with Stand, from 90/-. Billiard Dining Tables from £6 10s. Full-size Tables from £28 10s. Illustrated List Post Free.

Empire Billiard Co., 751, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

Which?

YOU CAN'T
HAVE BOTH.

Will you have a
NASTY HEADACHE
or a

**DR. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING
BOTTLE?**



Which cures HEADACHE, COLD IN THE HEAD,
CATARRH, DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, price ONE SHILLING, or
direct, 14 stamps in the United Kingdom.
TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.



**PIANO PLAYER
MUSIC**

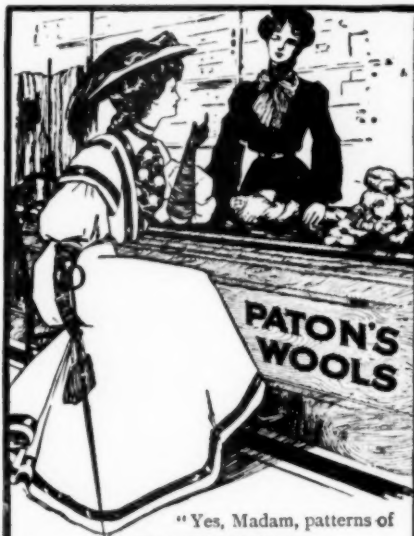
**IMPERIAL
MUSIC ROLLS**
FOR ALL PIANO PLAYERS
ARE
**LOWEST
IN PRICE.
HIGHEST
IN QUALITY.**

THE BEST SELECTION
OF MUSIC CLASSICAL,
POPULAR, OPERATIC
AND SACRED.

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WE HAVE THE
FINEST MUSIC
ROLL LIBRARY
IN THE WORLD
TERMS FROM
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Send 6d. for Sample Roll and Catalogues, mentioning name of your Piano Player. Rolls sent on approval without restriction.—**THE PERFORATED MUSIC CO., LTD., 94, Regent Street, London, W.**
Telephone: 6001 Gerrard. Factory: 197-199, City Road.



"Yes, Madam, patterns of

PATON'S

Alloa KNITTING WOOLS & YARNS

are sent FREE on application to

John Paton, Son & Co., Ltd., Alloa, Scotland,
or to 192, Aldersgate St., London, E.C."

HAVE YOU STRONG NERVES?

Do You Want Bracing Up Free of Charge?



HOW

What a grand advantage it is to feel bright, vivacious, enthusiastic, strong and self-reliant.

What a misery it is to feel nervous, dull, heavy, depressed and debilitated. How do you feel? Could you do with a little more brightness in your life? Would you like to increase your strength, your energy, and your enthusiasm for business? Is it your wish to live a real healthy life, to be free of all aches and pains, all disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels? It is! Then make a start at once towards a vigorous life by filling in the Coupon below, and we will send you a bottle of Coleman's "Nervettes" free and post paid. Take two every day after dinner, and in a week's time you'll feel as if you had gained a new lease of life.

Sign this Coupon for TRIAL BOTTLE.

NURSE WHITE says:

44, Barrington Road, Brixton,
August 16th, 1907.

Dear Sirs,—A few months ago I suffered very severely from nervous headache. I applied to you for a free sample of your NERVETTES, and, finding they acted beneficially, I obtained a further supply from the local chemist. I am greatly pleased with the invigorating effect on the whole nervous system. I shall certainly recommend them to anyone suffering from nerves.

Yours truly,
DOREEN WHITE (Nurse).

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Sign this form, send it on to J. CHAPMAN & Co., Ltd., NORWICH, who will send you a bottle of "Nervettes" free of charge and post paid.

Name.....

Address.....

"The Quiver," Nov., 1908.

AFTER FREE TRIAL, "Nervettes" can be bought at any Chemist's or Stores, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 6d. per Bottle. Beware of Imitations.

SEND THE COUPON TO J. CHAPMAN & CO., Ltd., NORWICH.



JOHN BULL

Looking Well.

John Bull looks as well as anyone, and jovial too. So broad, so sturdy, and so strong. Folks say, "How well you look!" Poor John is really ill like so many of us, and dare not say so—people would not believe him.

Looks belie people. Only those who are ill know how much suffering there is. How we wish our heads didn't ache! Or we wish food was enjoyable and would digest—wish we hadn't the pain, the flatulence, and the acidity that follow eating.

Why "wish" only? Take a short course of Mother Seigel's Syrup. There is renewed hope and renewed health in every drop of it. It will so tone up and strengthen the digestion that life itself becomes a new joy.

Mother Seigel's Syrup

is now also prepared in **TABLET FORM** and sold under the name of **Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets.** Price 2s. 9d. One size only.

"For so long as I remember, Mother Seigel's Syrup has been used by the various members of my family, from time to time, for indigestion and allied complaints, always with excellent results. As for myself, it has kept me fit and well for more than twelve years past."—SAMUEL R. EVANS, B.A., 41, Rosebery Road, Redfield, Bristol. Jan. 8th, 1908.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

IF YOU SUFFER

From any Skin or Blood Disease, such as

Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Glandular Swellings, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Abscesses, Tumours, Bolls, Sores, Eruptions, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c.,

DON'T HESITATE!

but at once start a course of Clarke's Blood Mixture, and the experience of thousands whom it has cured, and cured permanently, will soon be yours.

The Editor of the *Family Doctor* writes:

"We have seen hosts of letters bearing testimony to the truly wonderful cures effected by Clarke's Blood Mixture. It is the finest Blood Purifier that Science and Medical Skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

SUFFERERS who are doubtful about their case should write to us, in confidence, fully describing their illness. We shall be pleased to give them the best advice free of charge. We will also send copies of latest testimonials. Write to-day. Address, THE SECRETARY, as below.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

Can be obtained of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11/-; or post free on receipt of price, direct from the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., Lincoln.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

BRITANNIA

Guaranteed unshrinkable underwear

NIGHT AND DAY GARMENTS
FOR
LADIES, CHILDREN AND MEN



Combinations
Vests
Shirts
Pants
Bodices
Sweaters
Pyjamas
Hose
Socks
in every
thickness
and for
every climate

ANY
HIGH CLASS DRAPER
CAN SUPPLY YOU

EVERY
GARMENT
GUARANTEED



"THE RED GIANT"
STYLO
PEN
3/6

Is the Best.
Always Ready.
Can be carried in any position. Will not leak or blot. Made in Best Red Vulcanite. Spiral Spring Needle.

Post Paid, 3/6.
JEWEL PEN CO. (Dept. A.B.),
102, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.
To be had of High-Class Stationers.

YOU CAN KNIT
a pair **For Baby**
with the
AUTOMATIC KNITTER

Knits all kinds of Ribbed, Seamless Hosiery, Garments and Fancy Articles.
Supplied for Cash or Easy Terms. TUITION FREE.
Customers supplied with work, any distance.
Full particulars from
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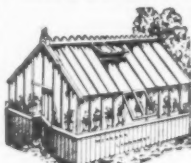
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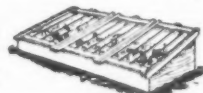
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183, 1908.

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PRINCE OF WALES.**A FEW WINS**Between June 25th, 1908,
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H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR
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The Quiver, November, 1908.

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8028.

Snapshots from Abroad.

SHOES with heels were first made in Paris in 1527.

SOME of the cabbages in Cuba each grow to be twenty pounds in weight.

THE dials of clocks in China are made to turn round, while the hands are stationary.

IN northern Australia there is only one white person for every seven hundred square miles.

STOUT people are to be taxed in the Swedish town of Hafanger. All people who weigh more than 135 pounds are the victims, and will have to submit to a graduated tax.

A JUDGE in Bâton Rouge has decided that a person who slips on a banana skin and falls against and shatters a plate-glass window is not liable for damage to the window.

KANSAS is trying to improve and enlarge its stock of game-birds, and has begun the work with ten pairs of Hungarian partridges, which were recently set loose on a ranch near Cottonwood Falls. The birds resemble the familiar quail of Kansas, but they are larger, being about two-thirds the size of prairie-chickens. It is believed they can be successfully propagated in Kansas.

THE difference between high and low tide in the Mediterranean, at Algiers, is only three and one-half inches.

BURGUNDY pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy. The greater part of it is resin and palm oil.

COFFEE was first produced in Arabia early in the fifteenth century. It was first imported into England about 1650.

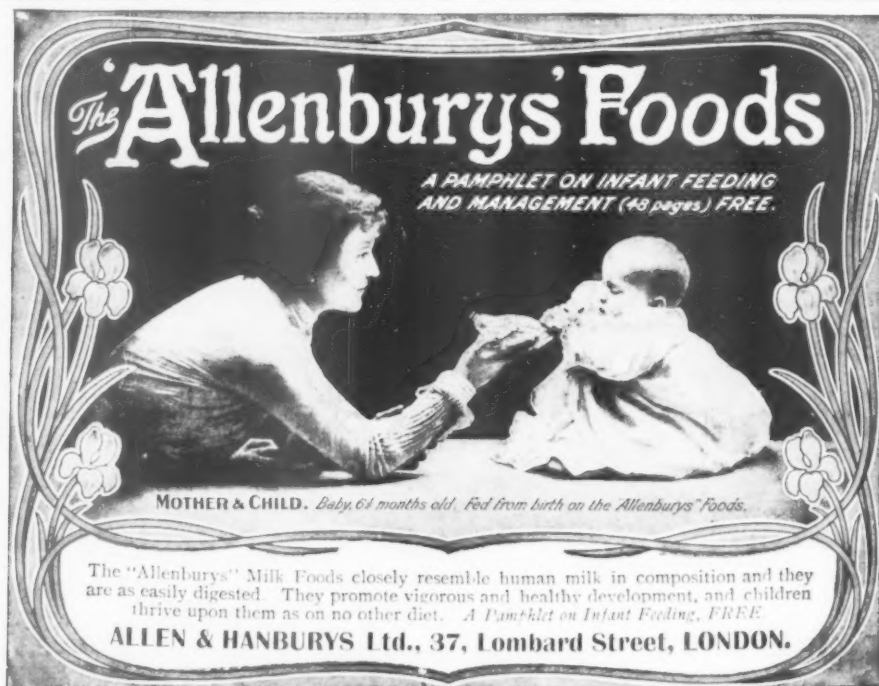
CHINA has the lowest tax-rate. A house worth two thousand pounds rarely bears a tax over five pounds a year.

IN the last century geese were raised in Russia and Poland in vast flocks almost entirely for the sake of their quills.

THE smallest bird is the humming-bird of Brazil. It is a little larger than the common honey-bee, and weighs about five grains.

THE famous clock at Strasburg, which gives all the movements of the sun, moon, and planets, was constructed over 550 years ago.

THE Rue de la République, a street in Lyons, France, is paved entirely with glass. The blocks are eight inches square, and so closely fitted that water cannot pass between the interstices.



The Allenburys' Foods

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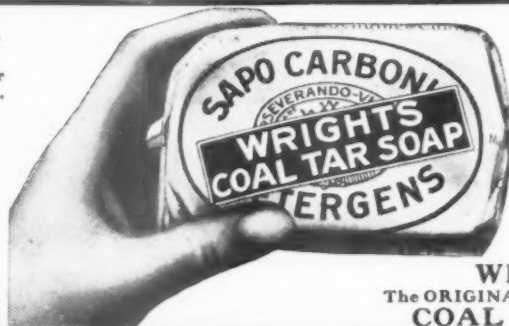
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Building a Men's Bible Class.

HOW A CLASS OF 1,250 MEN WAS BUILT UP IN BIRMINGHAM.

By **GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.**

DURING recent years there has been no more interesting development of the Sunday School movement than the Adult Bible Classes for men which have sprung up by the hundred both in England and America. And perhaps in no other English city has there been such progress in this field as in the Midland metropolis of Birmingham.

Among the most earnest and enthusiastic workers in the Adult Schools was the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, and his brother, Mr. George Cadbury, is to this day one of the foremost workers in this field of Christian service. They were chiefly interested in the Early Morning Classes for working men, which met at 7.50 in the morning, and out of these grew the afternoon classes.

A Wonderful Class.

The largest men's class in Birmingham is that conducted by Mr. Arnold E. Butler, the son-in-law of Mr. Richard Cadbury, at the Friends' Hall and Institute, which was erected by Mr. Cadbury for the Adult Classes at a cost of £40,000. It meets at three o'clock in the afternoon, and is called the A.B.C. (Afternoon Bible Class). It has a membership of 1,250, and assembles in the big hall of the Institute, which will accommodate 2,000. Although the men meet for only an hour on Sunday to listen to a Gospel address by Mr. Butler or some invited speaker, yet it has a multitude of ramifications—clubs and classes, and societies of all sorts—to help the men in their daily lives throughout the week. It is one of the best examples I have ever seen of a Bible Class which unites its membership in brotherly sympathy, helps them in a hundred ways on weekdays as well as Sundays, and holds ever as its chief end and aim the leading of the men to a definite acceptance of Christ as their personal Saviour.

How the Class Began.

The A.B.C. was started in 1886 by a group of working men who attended the morning school, and regretted the fact that nothing was being done for the men in the afternoon. Then they went to Mr. Richard Cadbury and asked for a room, and he replied that he would not only give them a room, but

would give them Bibles and hymn books, and pay their expenses.

The class grew slowly, and Mr. Butler took charge of it in 1899. He has used methods to make the class a success that one would utilise to win success in good business or clean politics. He has thrown his whole soul into the work. By prayer, by love, by enthusiasm, by almost ceaseless effort he has made the class a model one which may well be copied by churches everywhere wishing to win the men of their community to Christ. The leader spares neither time nor money nor labour to cheer and brighten the lives of the members. He is a man of great energy, and he is continually inventing plans to help the men. As he said, "Trouble is not in our dictionary when it comes to looking after the welfare of the men." He not only works for the men on Sunday, but talks to them, and writes to them and visits them during the week. In summer he invites them out to Stretton Croft, his home in the country, twelve miles from Birmingham, where they always have a warm welcome.

When Mr. Butler was recently asked to tell the story of how the class was built up, and of its present methods of working, he demurred at first on the ground that he did not want himself written about; but when I told him that the aim was to tell churches and institutes how to organise similar classes, he saw the help such an article would render, and readily consented. It was in the library at Stretton Croft that Mr. Butler told me the story of the development of the work from a beginning with 30 members to the present enrolment of 1,250.

Mr. Butler's Story.

"I took charge of the class in 1899," said Mr. Butler. "It was just at the time Mr. Richard Cadbury had erected the Friends' Institute for morning and afternoon Bible schools. One evening he came home much troubled about the condition of the class, and said, 'I shall have to take it up.' He was doing morning school work then, and I said, 'No, father, you shall not do that. I will take it.' I took the class soon after, and at once reorganised the entire school,

clearing out the men who had unsound principles about the Bible."

In speaking of some of the difficulties of those early years, Mr. Butler said:—

"Men who had been wrangling in the

hibition, with three days of real interest, and everything educative from beginning to end.

"In 1903 we reached 900 members. That winter we sold the men bulbs to take home, and later we had a bulb show to prove how gardening could be done in the home. At this time we also had special badges for the A.B.C. members to wear, so that they could recognise each other in the streets, and speak to each other. To-day the membership of the class on the books is 1,250 men, excluding the roll book. There are also some 200 men who attend, but whose names are not registered."

"What has been from the beginning the chief end and aim of the work?"

"Soul-winning. We realised that to get hold of men one must be fishers of men. If you walked straight up to some men and asked them if they were saved, they would never come in the place again. We had to be very tactful. One man came to me and said, 'I do not think you have ever spoken to me, but I want to tell you how I found Christ. My daughter attends the Christian Endeavour Society, but I went nowhere,



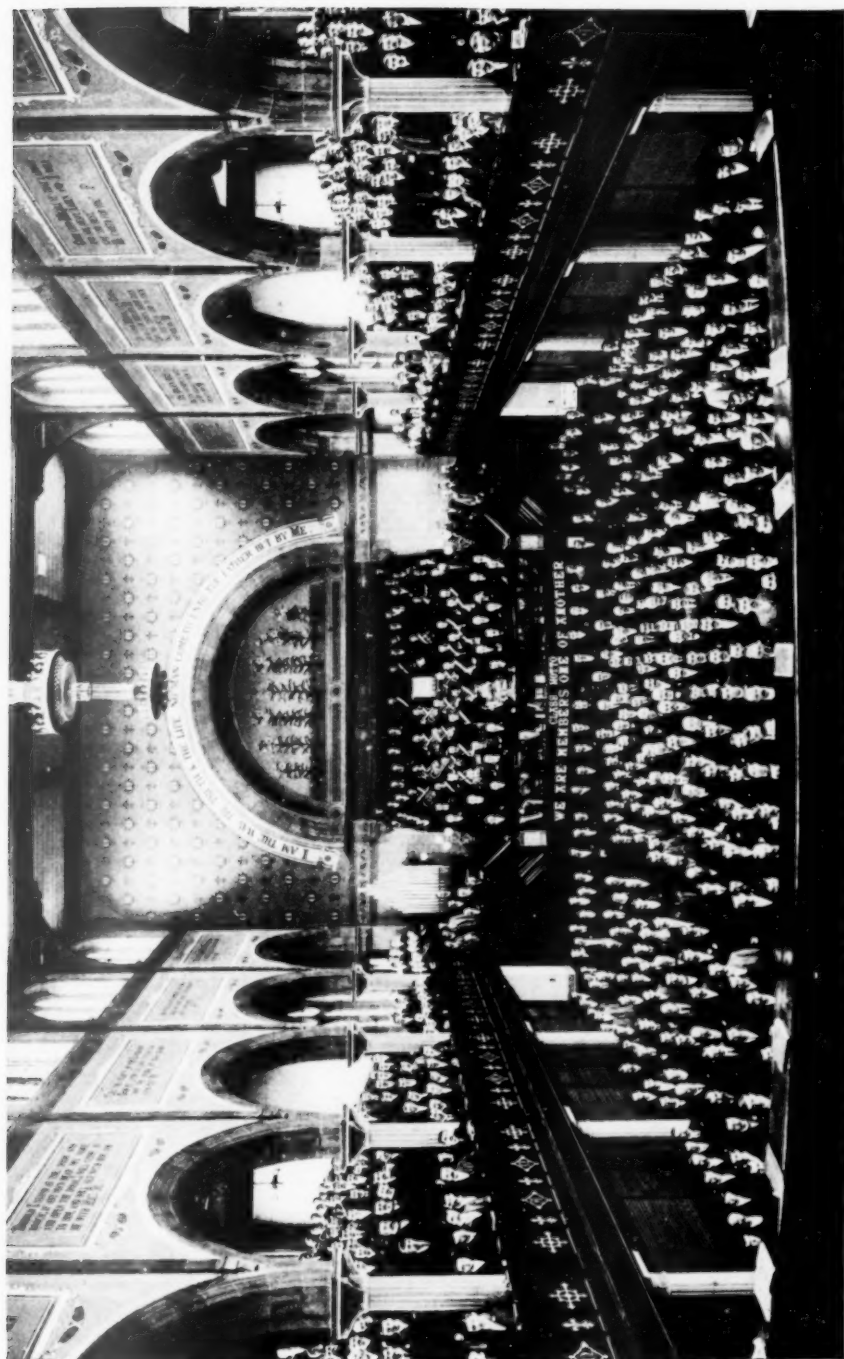
THE BAND OF THE AFTERNOON BIBLE CLASS AT THE FRIENDS' HALL AND INSTITUTE.

class were turned out, and those were appointed in their places who had a real love for souls in their hearts. I felt that the foundation must be on sound principles, and I went on just as the Lord guided. A great many of the council were not total abstainers, so we had rather an unwelcome element to deal with. However, we began the year with 400 members, and at once started numerous features for helping the men in their daily lives. Among these week-day organisations we have started for the men have been a cycle club, a parliamentary debating society, a benevolent fund, and a football club. We also opened a dispensary fund, by which men could get medicines when they were ill; and a Certificate Sunday, so that men who were *bona fide* members of the class could take home a certificate, and have it framed and hung on the walls.

"In 1900 our membership rose to 538, and a social club was formed, and a male choir organised. In 1901 the attendance went up to 580, and a brass band was organised. In 1902 we reached 720. That winter we had a series of trade models and home hobbies competitions. We had the exhibition in the big hall, and 3,000 visitors came in three days. If a man was a bricklayer, and he built a little model building, that was a trade model. If he was a builder and made a carving, that was a home hobby. It was a wonderful ex-



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THE MEN'S BIBLE CLASS AT THE FRIENDS' HALL AND INSTITUTE, BIRMINGHAM, ASSEMBLED ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

and she kept on saying, 'Do go to the A.B.C.' So I came, and I was very much interested. I wanted to see how you preached on Sundays, and practised on Mondays. I watched you for months and months to find out if you went to theatres or public-houses. Then I saw you really had something I had not. That was what made me attend the class, and that found me.'

"Another man came on whom I had my eye for a long time. I felt that the man was down in the depths. He was not a saved man. I could see that. One day I shook hands with him and had a long talk with him, and he thought it was all very nice, but there was nothing in it for him. The poor fellow had met with a great deal of trouble. First he lost a good father. He went into business, and the firm he was with failed. He went to another firm, and they failed. He went to six different firms, and every one of them failed, and then he was out of work for six months and could get nothing. His wife and children were practically starving at home. The man was a good husband. He felt God was against him. I told him that the whole meaning of it was he had been living his own life without asking God to guide him.

"We had a talk, and just then Mr. Charles Alexander came in, and I said 'Charles, here is a man who has given way to drink. He is only thirty-four, and his life is before him, but he thinks Christ has been hitting him hard; whereas really he has been hitting himself.' We knelt down, and he said he would give his heart to God, and I believe it was a real conversion. When he gave his heart to God I said to him, 'Pray that God will give you a situation.' He prayed, but did not think much of it. By-and-by, however, he said, 'I will trust Him.' A little later he secured a situation at twenty-five shillings a week.

"For some time I knew nothing about his home life. I went to see him, and found

everything pawned that it was possible to pawn. He had a nice little wife, and the home was clean, but before his conversion he had been so discouraged that he had given way to drink, and now it was taking all his wages to keep his family without redeeming the things. He was helped to get on his feet once more, and now he has a happy home. When the class finds a man down they see that he gets a start in life.

"I recall still another man I could not get hold of, for he always would turn the subject. I did not know how I was going to win him. He was an old man. By-and-by I invited him out here to my home with some other men. He walked round the grounds and greatly enjoyed it. I said, 'How do you like it?' He said, 'I enjoy it immensely.' I said, 'What attracts you most?' He said, 'In the garden everything is absolutely straight: the onions are straight; the potatoes are straight.' I said, 'Man, you know that if you sow straight, you reap straight.' And that led to an opening, and I had a long conversation with the man.

"Last year our council agreed that in the future no man could hold office unless he was a total abstainer. Later we shall go further, and allow no man to hold office who is not a definitely saved man."

"What are some of the branches of the work carried on to-day for the physical and social and moral welfare of the men?"

"Every Monday we have a lantern lecture on some interesting subject. Sometimes it is a trip through Italy or Palestine, or some country which the men might never be able to visit. Then for many years we have had a Bible Class for men on Thursday evenings.

Organising Rambles.

"We have had frequent rambles, which the men greatly enjoy. One Easter time we had a ramble out here, and the men had to get here—twelve miles from Birmingham



MR. ARNOLD E. BUTLER, WHO CONDUCTS A MEN'S BIBLE CLASS WITH A MEMBERSHIP OF 1,250, THE LARGEST IN BIRMINGHAM.



THE FRIENDS' HALL AND INSTITUTE AT BIRMINGHAM, WHERE MR. ARNOLD BUTLER HOLDS HIS BIBLE CLASS FOR MEN.

—for nine o'clock breakfast. A number of the men who came out here were those who would have gone to a public-house and spent half the day in drinking.

"Then there are the temperance meetings, concerts, and handbell ringers' organisation. The whole Institute is open to the men for the week. Not long ago we started a magazine for the men. It is published once a month, and gives reports of what is going on in connection with the class, and the speakers. It is illustrated with excellent pictures, and is sold for a penny. It is a great success. Over 900 copies are sold every month.

A Christmas Card.

"Last year we had a calendar which I gave as a Christmas card to the men. This was hung up in their homes, and many a home has been blessed by the texts. One man says he never goes to work without looking at the text, and it sticks to him 'like glue' through the entire day. The spiritual should ever be put first. All the other

features are quite subsidiary to it. The first thing to do is to get a man converted. Many people put the cart before the horse, and try to make a man's home better before getting him converted.

"One of the best features of our work is the Christian Workers' Union, which meets monthly. The workers gather from all departments, and we have a time of prayer and consecration, and we remind each other not to get in front of the Lord. We pray specially for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and we have a consecration address. Mr. Jowett gave us a wonderful address recently, and he was really astonished at the spiritual tone amongst the workers and at the large number of helpers gathered together."

Summer Gatherings.

"I understand you have the men come out to your home in sections during the summer. How often do they come, and how do you entertain them?"

"At the beginning of the summer I pick out so many Saturdays, about eleven in



SOME MEMBERS OF THE BIBLE CLASS SPENDING A SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT THE HOME OF MR. ARNOLD BUTLER.

all, and arrange eleven parties. One party may be the band and the choir, and they may bring their sweethearts, wives, and sisters. The next Saturday will perhaps be the council and their wives. The next Saturday we may have all the Sunday School teachers. At other times we have other sections of the work, until all the workers have been there. They arrive about three o'clock in the afternoon, and return by the 9.5 train. During their six hours' stay they roam all over the grounds. Everything is open to them, and my wife and I do everything in our power to make it a red-letter day for them. We believe people to whom the Lord has given beautiful homes should use them for Him. The men and their friends play push-ball, and cricket, and football. Some sit about and read, and some lie under the trees and sleep. Some watch the cricket, and examine the flowers and admire the vegetables. They do just whatever they are interested in.

"Then at five o'clock the bell rings, and they all gather in the tent seating about 150, which is pitched in the orchard. After all are seated we sing a hymn, led by the harmonium, and then we have a good tea.

After tea we have a brief address dealing with whatever section of work is there and urging them to persevere. Then we have a little prayer, and sometimes we have a regular good prayer-meeting, at which one man will sing a solo, and another give an experience. At other times, after tea we gather on the terrace, and I take them for a long walk through the woods, and over the hills, to watch the sun set, and back to Stretton at half-past eight. Then we sing a hymn on the terrace, and close with prayer, and they return home."

"How are your Sunday afternoon meetings conducted?"

"We begin with a hymn always. Then we have a prayer, led sometimes by one and sometimes by another. Then we have another hymn, and the portion of Scripture is read which we are going to talk about. Then one of the men, or a member of the choir, or a Christian lady, sings a solo, and we join in the chorus. After that we have a Gospel address. The men themselves would complain if any address was given that was not a real Gospel message. If any speaker has not given a plain, straightforward address, the men agree that he shall never be

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asked again. Once a quarter the men invite their wives to the class, and we have an attendance of 1,800."

The Gospel Wanted.

"Do you find the working men would rather listen to a Gospel address than to a social or political talk on Sunday?"

"They want to find peace. It is a thing, I am convinced of, that men want more than anything else. They are just hungering for salvation. After my eleven years' experience with them, I find there is nothing that wins a crowd like the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ. The crowd goes where the Gospel is preached, and where sound Gospel is preached. The more out-and-out a man is for God, the more men will watch him, but the greater will be the crowd if he is really endeavouring to live a consecrated life. They want no Bible criticism, and no new theology. A man who believes the Bible from cover to cover is the man for them.

"The first time Mr. Charles M. Alexander came to the class was a great day for us. We

had the place crowded at the afternoon and evening meetings, and 90 men and women and young people came out for Christ. Many were men who had been led up to the point of decision, but had never definitely surrendered. So the sower and the reaper rejoiced together. Mr. Alexander has been twice to the class since, and men have come out clearly on each occasion."

"How much of your time do you give to the work?"

"How much time does it take? It takes all my time in a sense, because it is the one thing I live for. It takes all my time on Sunday, and several evenings each week, and considerable time each day. For example, every week I write a letter to the sick members of the class. I have a list, and I write each a letter. We have a special class missionary who devotes all his time to the class. He spends much of it visiting the homes of the men. Each home is visited four times every year. We know the wives and the children, and all about them. What I feel is this: if a man has really got a longing to help his fellow-men, there is always work



A SECTION OF A HOME HOBBIES AND TRADE MODELS EXHIBITION HELD AT THE FRIENDS' HALL AND INSTITUTE, BIRMINGHAM.

to be done. The young fellows will come and tell me their troubles, or say they are going to get married, and ask advice and so on. It always pays to take time to listen to them. They may take time to express themselves, but I hear them fairly out, and they will say, 'He has listened to me, and now I will listen to him.'

"Have you found it worth while?"

"Has the work been worth while? Yes, a thousand times. It is a constant joy to work and labour for the welfare of the men, and to see them coming out clearly on the Lord's side. There was a man who lived in the worst part of Birmingham, so wicked, so bad, that the lowest public-house in Birmingham offered him half-a-crown a week to keep out of it. He gave his heart to God, and is now a member of the brass band, and has gone back on Sunday nights to work for Christ in the district where he once served Satan."

"What has been the secret of your success?"

"I should say it has been an enthusiasm for really helping the men. They know that we do not get anything out of it, but that it

costs us something. When they see that a man will take so much interest in them it makes them curious. Then they find it is really because we are so anxious that Christ should be their Saviour."

"Do you think it is possible for churches generally to have a successful A.B.C., and how can such a class be built up?"

"I say every church should have a Bible class for men, where you can talk to them only, and their wives do not hear what you talk to them about, and where you can deal very straightly with the men. But everything depends on how much unselfishness and reality there is about the men who take the class. Nothing damages work among men more than half-hearted leaders. Any church that has got a passion for souls, and is just longing to help the men, and is determined never to know the meaning of trouble, and which will never take offence, but simply longs and yearns for their salvation—that church will have a successful class. Then there must be continual prayer for the Holy Spirit to save the men, and bless them in their work, and in their homes. That is the way any church can create a successful class."



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First the Cross, then the Crown.

A Complete Story.

By **EGBERT GREGORY.**

(Illustrated by **SIDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS**)

TIMOTHY TONKINS sat with his hands pushed deep in his pockets, and his feet stuck up on the bar of the stove which stood in the centre of the room. It was a round stove, burning wood, with a pipe extending through the roof, taking away the smoke. The children were scattered about the room, some sewing, and others reading. The two elder boys were outside finishing the odd jobs. Mrs. Tonkins was busy attending to blankets and other bed-clothes she was airing. Her husband had had an exceptionally busy day in repairing the store-room, and filling up the crevices between the logs to keep the winds and snow out, for the winter days would soon be on the prairie. Supper, which was the third meal of the day, was over before seven o'clock, and there were two good hours before the "shake-downs" were made on the floor and the children put to bed. Timothy, by the stove, rested himself by staring at the blazing logs, which were plainly seen through the stove door he had pushed open with his foot.

Mrs. Tonkins, a dark-eyed, bright, active woman, busied about the room, and occasionally threw glances at her husband. She had not spoken to him since supper; she was too wise to do so. She had learnt the lesson not to trouble her husband with trifling things when he was tired after a heavy day's work. Although she lived fifty miles from a post-office, in a sparsely scattered settlement of the Pine Woods on the North-Western Prairie, she could teach an English-woman living in a comfortable villa more than a few things. No sooner is the good husband home from a busy day of work and anxiety, than his wife troubles

him with the fact that the new maid has broken the best cream jug, or that the gas bill has come in and is much more than last quarter. Instead of being a helpmeet for him, she adds to his worry. Mrs. Tonkins knew better. Whenever Timothy sat with his hands stuffed in his pockets and his feet thrown up on the stove, she was always silent—she knew he was tired and weary.

Anyone who saw Timothy at the stove would say he was a worried man. He was thickly built, with broad shoulders. His hair was sandy, and so was his shaggy beard. Neither hair nor beard had been cut or trimmed for many a day. There were deep marks on his brow and on his face. He gave one a picture of an overtaxed man.

For a full half hour he had gazed at the flickering flames, and probably the silent



"Timothy took the paper, and quickly began to read. 'What do you think, wife! Hear this!' he exclaimed"—p. 1132.

gazing had soothed his nerves. When his wife spoke he was quite cheerful. She, too, was tired, but she hid her feelings and bore up for the sake of her husband.

"Cheer up, Timothy! Cheer up! Don't look so downhearted," she said, after giving him this full half-hour's rest. "It isn't every day we receive company."

"Well, old girl, I know—that's just what I've been thinking. But how we are to look after the man I don't know. What will he think of us? I begin to wish you hadn't invited him."

"Now, Timothy, don't you worry. You know right well when I take a thing in hand I make a good job of it. I know you think I did wrong in selling the goods, and taking tickets and bringing you and the children from Chicago. But already it has been a blessing. We may not have the excitement and the company, but we have the children in better health, and it has been a God's blessing to you. I have made all I do a matter of prayer, and, although we may not yet see it, I believe God will send us even more blessings. The mere presence of the man will do us good, and there is no telling how he may help the children."

"That may be as you say, old girl, but will a college man put up with a log cabin and sleep under a turf roof?"

"Now, Timothy, don't bring trouble before it comes. There is plenty to bear when it does come. If he sees that we are doing the best we can, he will be grateful; we can do no more, and neither man nor God will expect it. I have a dark curtain in yonder box, and when he arrives I shall ask him how much room he would like; then we can curtain off the end of the store-room where the bed is. I can make several boxes answer as table and washstand, and I believe make the room quite comfortable."

"Well, wife, you're still a wonder. How you have thought and planned everything surprises me. But there! I feel rested now. Is there anything I can do?"

It was very seldom Timothy offered to do anything; he generally found too much to do of his own work, for his nerves were shaken and his system seriously impaired.

"No, I don't think so, Timothy. You may as well rest. Here's a paper from Chicago. It came in the mail yesterday. I haven't had time to look at it."

Timothy took the paper, and quickly began to read, as Chicago was his native place, where he had spent all his days except the last five years. The paper gave an account of a revival that had spread in the city. He had not read but a few minutes before he exclaimed:

"What do you think, wife! Hear this! Among the converts at the Gage Street Mission last Sunday were three noted men of this city—noted for the trouble they have caused the police, and the many times they have been imprisoned for 'holding up' in that district—George Blinkers, Stephen Peterson, and David Wilkins. Did you ever! They were hard cases. Some of them thought I was bad enough, but I always can say I never injured man, woman, or child."

The wife was too cautious to remind him that through drink he had ruined himself and injured his own wife and children, giving her sleepless nights and anxious days, and causing her, as the last chance, to sell up the home when he was dead drunk, take tickets, and bring him and the children a thousand miles away from his old companions and the public-house. It was for that reason they lived on the prairie.

"I'm glad to hear it, Timothy. Thank God for it."

Her eyes sparkled with joy. She remembered the day, ten years ago, when at that same Mission she had felt for the first time the joy of sins forgiven, and the power of an indwelling Christ to overcome temptation.

"I'm glad to hear it, that I am. Please God He'll send a revival here. We need it, and no mistake."

And as she thought of the five years in the woods of the prairie, during which there had been neither church nor preacher, and then remembered she was now preparing for a missionary to sleep under her own roof, her heart beat doubly quick and tears ran down her cheeks; and out of the fulness of her joy she began singing a hymn that many a time had been a means of grace to her:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

And as she finished the verse six other voices joined in the chorus:

"Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away!"

Six other voices—one girl of twelve years, one boy of ten, and three younger ones, and a baby of two.

They had only just got through the first verse and chorus when the other lads came in. They too sang. The father covered his head in his hands. He had never yet been able to sing from his heart this favourite hymn of his

wife. He had given up the drink, and signed the pledge in her presence and that of the children. That was as far as he had got on the reformed way.

His system had been ruined by early transgression and drunkenness. When tired and weary he was most irritable, and the children sat quiet and still, fearing a harsh word. Only when the wife struck up a hymn did they dare to sing out too.

* * * * *

Jackson, at the request of the Missionary Committee, had commenced work in the North Pine Woods. One part he had not yet visited, and he was now starting to find out Eagle Plains, where he intended staying for two weeks. He had crossed the river by a scow, and now mounted his broncho and struck along the main trail through the woods. For forty-five miles he had to travel—through woods, over sandhills, and by grassy plains—before he reached the settlement. There were no finger-posts, halfway houses, or wayside inns, only an Indian trail, to guide him. On he went, crossing little brooks, climbing little hills, labouring over the sand; the wood and the bird, the fly and the beast, his only companions. A squirrel mounted a branch, and a bird was scared off her nest. Occasionally through the trees he saw a wolf enjoying a meal of a dead horse. He heard the shot of the keen hunter as the Indian sought his food and fur, and he saw the curling smoke of some Indian camp fire as he glanced into the thicket.

Time quickly passed as new scenes continually appeared. Now the sun was overhead, and, turning into a shady nook, he dismounted, and while the pony nibbled the grass and drank from the refreshing spring, Jackson ate his noonday meal. Resting for a full hour and a half, he mounted and journeyed on. The scenery changed continually: here a swamp of alkali, there a sandy hill; here the smouldering embers of an Indian camp fire, there the bones of the buffalo bleaching in the sun. The birds sang over his head, the toads croaked under his feet. He pressed on and on till evening shadows fell about him. The thought came over him that the way was wrong, but as he mounted an elevated land he saw four settlers just below camping for the night around a fire.

"Is this the trail for Eagle Plains?" he inquired.

"Yes," they replied. "You have five miles before you."

He pushed on. Clouds covered the sky, night had overtaken him. The pony, well used to the prairie, kept the trail. Tired and

hungry, Jackson thought these last five miles were the longest he had ever ridden. Just then he saw before him a light.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "that must be the first shanty, and I hope it's Timothy Tonkins's, for I'm jolly tired."

Gradually he drew nearer and nearer. There was the log cabin showing up against the skyline. Barns and sheds were behind. But what was that noise? He listened.

"Well! Thank God I've heard that tune before. I didn't expect this. A good start, indeed! I thought this was practically a godless settlement."

He dismounted and knocked just as the voices finished singing the second verse of the hymn. A lad's face appeared at the door.

"Is this Mr. Timothy Tonkins's, please?" asked Jackson.

Before the lad could answer Mrs. Tonkins was at the door.

"Yes, you are right," she exclaimed. "I expect you are Mr. Jackson; we've been looking for you all day. My lad Tom will stable your pony, so come right in."

The lad took the pony, and Jackson entered the first house at Eagle Plains. Here was a good sized log room, with two beds curtained off at one end, at the other end a door into another room. Beside the stove there was a long narrow table, a few boxes, chairs and forms, and a chest of drawers. All very simple furniture, and no pictures on the walls.

Mrs. Tonkins set a supper before him, and then explained that while he visited the settlement he was always welcome to her house. In fact, she was preparing a room for him that could be his own. Jackson soon found that the room was the curtained off portion of the store; but, thankful for a roof over his head, he was glad of even a humble dwelling.

In the morning he had breakfast with the family. The children were very quiet, the father speaking in rather sharp tones to them. Mrs. Tonkins seemed to be the peacemaker. Timothy started his work with the boys on the farm.

"Just a word before you go," said Mrs. Tonkins, as Jackson was about to saddle the pony and visit some of the shanties. "You will be back to-night, and, as you say you will have a service in this log cabin to-morrow, I want you to understand our position. We are very poor, but what we've got you're welcome to. My husband is not strong; he ruined himself by drink. I brought the family here from Chicago to save him and them. We've been here five years, and are beginning to get on. My husband is not a converted man,

although he is trying to do right. I was converted ten years ago. I hope your work here will be a great blessing to many, and that my husband may find the Saviour. You must not notice his irritable manner. It's the wages of sin. He wouldn't have been alive now, I think, had I not brought him away from his companions and drink. God bless you and your work."

Jackson rode off, feeling more grateful for the sacrificing hospitality of this woman of God. It was a sad home, but one far too common—a physically ruined father, and a struggling, hard-working wife with a family to rear and start out into the world.

As he cantered along, thinking of the text he intended speaking about on the next day, he prayed God to make it a blessing to poor Tonkins. The day was spent in visiting the scattered homes of the settlers, and it was late in the evening when Jackson returned. Glad to have found that the children could sing, he chose hymns for the morrow, and the little ones practised them over with him.

The Sabbath day dawned, and the sun shone as if specially to cheer the pioneer preacher who conducted the first service held at Eagle Plains. He spent the morning in teaching the children. In the afternoon people came from all directions with ponies and buggies. These were left near the barns, and the log cabin was soon full, the congregation numbering about fifty. Several old timers were there, and six young, strong settlers; the remainder were the middle-aged men and women and the children.

If buildings can be consecrated, then this log cabin was consecrated that Sabbath day. Neither in cathedral, temple, nor tabernacle, had God made Himself more certainly manifest. The simple Gospel hymns were sung with enthusiasm, and from the heart. The pioneer's prayer lifted the people out of their common ruts into heavenly places. No one was forgotten, and when he finished communing with God tears fell from many eyes and wistful glances were cast at this prairie preacher. The text was announced: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten." Jackson took the people in imagination to Israelitish days, told them of the curse on the land on account of sin, and explained how, when these people repented and pleaded with God, a blessing was sent and the land restored to fruitfulness. Then the preacher drew the lesson. He pictured scene after scene of ruined lives, the wages of sin; of ruined homes with the curse still on them; and he gave instances where, when genuine repentance and faith were in the

heart, God had restored the withered, blighted past.

The men in the audience stared, the women turned pale, and the children trembled under the spell. The first service was over? No; it had only just begun.

"Those who desire to remain for prayer, please do not hesitate, but wait, and I will stay with you," said the preacher.

No one moved. All remained. But who was to pray?

Jackson waited. Then suddenly a woman's voice was heard, nervous, trembling, with sighs and sobs. Then she forgot, and, thinking only of her Lord, pleaded for His Spirit to be made manifest. And the glory of the Lord was revealed in His temple. Close at her side knelt a sobbing man, convicted of sin, his heart broken, his whole being shaken by Divine Power.

"Lord save, or I perish!" he cried.

And still the woman prayed.

Jackson went quietly to the man's side. Opening his Bible, he pointed out underlined texts. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. . . . With His stripes we are healed." "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

Gradually the stricken man's eyes were opened. The word was with power. In sudden ecstasy he shouted:

"I see it! I see it! I believe it. Thank God!"

* * * * *

The people had departed. Night had brought the Sabbath to a close. Jackson sat with Tonkins and his wife.

"I wish you had come before, Mr. Jackson. This has been a glad day to me. I can't explain how I feel. I'm so hopeful. How I wish I could begin life again, but thank God there may be a few years left. But what about my nerves and physical weakness?"

"Well, Mr. Tonkins, God has restored your soul. Strength will come each day. God will bless your body, but you must not expect to be as strong as if you had not sinned and damaged your system. Your trembling nerves will remind you of the pit. They will be a warning to younger men, and they will be a cross for you to carry to the end. You must ask God for strength to carry it. But be true. Stand firm, and one day there will be a glorified body, with no marks of sin and no trembling



"I see it! I see it! I believe it. Thank God!"

nerves. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,' is God's promise."

"Be it so. Be it so," this prairie settler exclaimed. "He bore a cruel cross for me. I will bear this for Him."

* * * * *

Jackson retired to his room. Husband and wife were alone.

"You see, Timothy," she said, "we all have a cross to bear, and if you hadn't this one it would be some other, so cheer up."

"Ah! you've been a good wife to me, but I fear I've been a heavy cross for you to carry. Thank God I'll help you to bear all now."

That was the happiest evening Tonkins and his wife had ever spent.

* * * * *

This first Sabbath at Eagle Plains was the firstfruits of a glorious harvest. "Ah," Jackson kept saying to himself, when he had retired to his bed, "the Cross is planted here at last. I've staked out my claim on this prairie, and now the whole of the inhabitants are for Jesus."

The preacher's work prospered, and within two years a log church was built, and a spiritual church was gathered round the Cross of Christ.

* * * * *

Twelve months quickly fled. Jackson had removed to open up a mission in another difficult place.

A letter brought him sad news. Timothy Tonkins was dangerously ill. At once saddling his pony he journeyed for two days, caring for little rest until he saw once again the first convert of Eagle Plains. Great changes were seen in the settlement. The people had increased by scores. Stores and public buildings were being erected. He looked for the log cabin. That, too, had been changed and enlarged, and built into a two-storey house. The barns also were in course of extension.

With a sincere welcome he was received by Mrs. Tonkins and the family, and within a very few minutes the truth was out. Timothy, busily engaged in extending his barns, had

overtaxed his strength in moving logs. What would have been easy work to an ordinary man had proved too heavy for one with a shattered frame. The doctor had given him but a few days to live.

Jackson entered the sick man's chamber. There was much joy in the settler's heart as he saw once again the man who had pointed him to the Cross.

"Ah, Mr. Jackson. You spoke the truth. I did have a curse upon me. God has saved me, but the cross has been heavy. I have struggled against physical weakness; at times with much pain and tears. The cross became too heavy, and it has borne me to the earth. But the One Who carried a heavier one has been carrying mine. It is getting lighter, and the grace He gives is making me more confident of the crown. I can sincerely say with St. Paul, 'There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the righteous Judge shall give me at that day.'"

Two days later Jackson again sat by the sick man. With quiet talk and prayer, sweet fellowship had been enjoyed by these Christian men, and gladness filled Tonkins's heart. It was getting dusk—night was drawing nigh. As Jackson held the settler's hand, he felt his own clasped tightly again and again, and words scarcely audible came from the dying man.

"It's getting night, getting dark, but the sun will shine in the morning——"

And then, as if suddenly receiving strength, he exclaimed:

"Yes, the crown, the crown! 'There is laid up for me a crown of——'"

But the verse was not finished on earth, for this first prairie convert had entered into the Courts of the King

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There had been no tombstones in the little cemetery—the simple mounds pointed out the graves. But after Timothy's funeral service a wooden cross was erected, and on the cross were carved these words:—

"Here lies Timothy Tonkins, whose sin became a curse. Through the blood of Jesus the curse was transformed to a cross. But now the cross has given place to a crown—a Crown of Righteousness unto Life Everlasting."



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(Photo: Reginald H. H. H.)

Hints to the Young Preacher.

A Talk with the Rev. Dinsdale T. Young.

By **NORMAN FRASER.**

SEVEN-AND-FORTY years ago there was born a son to William Young, M.D., then the Medical Officer of Health for Malton, Yorkshire.

Almost from the first the boy showed a strong bent towards spiritual work, an inclination which was heartily encouraged by his father, a God-fearing man. So it came to pass more or less naturally that the boy, educated at private schools and at the Headingley Theological College, Leeds, entered the Wesleyan ministry at the age of eighteen, being then the youngest candidate ever accepted by the Wesleyan Conference, a distinction which, I believe, he still holds. And, the early promise thus given being more than fulfilled, the Rev. Dinsdale T. Young is to-day, and has long been, one of the foremost figures and most effective preachers in the Wesleyan ministry—in the religious world at large, for that matter. There may be preachers who are better known to the

general public than Mr. Young, but there are few, if any, with a wider sphere of influence or a higher or more solid reputation—a reputation founded not only on brilliant gifts as a preacher, but on a dynamic energy which has enabled him to perform feats of travel marvellous even in the history of an itinerant ministry.

The life of an officer in a marching regiment is peaceful compared with that of a Wesleyan minister, who is for ever on the move. Mr. Young has had his full share of such varied changes, the chapels of Highgate (London), Islington (Birmingham), Centenary (York), Gravel Lane (Manchester), Bayswater (London), Nicolson Square (Edinburgh), and Great Queen Street (London), all having benefited by his forceful personality and oratorical power before he came to Wesley's Chapel in the City Road, London.

That is a fair tale of travel, but to it

must be added the prodigious record of an average 10,000 miles a year all over Great Britain as special preacher and lecturer—say, a quarter of a million miles covered, five thousand sermons and lectures delivered during the past twenty-five years, and all in addition to Mr. Young's regular pastoral work. Even now the sum of his labours is unfinished, for there must be taken into the account much literary work, including such notable books as "Unfamiliar Texts," "Peter Mackenzie as I Knew Him," "The Enthusiasm of God," and "Messages for Home and Life"; Mr. Young also finds time for taking an active part in denominational work of all kinds, and perhaps no better proof of his catholicity of view and the catholicity of his popularity as a speaker could be found than in the fact that he delivered the Burns speech at the Burns Club Dinner, Edinburgh, in 1903.

Mr. Young, then, is essentially a man who would rather "wear out than rust out." But there is no sign of wearing out, mental or physical. He looks the picture of health, the embodiment of the sound mind in the sound body. Mr. Young explained the secret of his well-being under heavy stress and strain when I caught him one morning at his house in Tavistock Square.

"To me," he said, "railway travelling is a rest. It means freedom from callers" (and interviewers, though Mr. Young was far too polite to say so), "and, moreover, I find my physical redemption in my Friday meetings at my own chapel, where I get cooled down after the fatigues and excitements of the week. I don't mean that we go to sleep in the City Road. I am glad to say that my ministry has prospered there, and we are full of life. But Friday evening means a return to my own people, who know me, whom I know, and there is the consequent freedom from the anxiety and strain of addressing a strange congregation or audience under strange conditions. My work at the City Road is continuous; but elsewhere it is a succession of isolated efforts, no two congregations alike, each having to be dealt with according to its special needs and peculiarities."

The Art of Preaching.

"Now, Mr. Young, this brings us to your success as a preacher and a lecturer. What are its secrets?"

"Well, I hardly care to talk about my own success, as you are good enough to call it; but I shall be happy to give any hints

I can as to success as a preacher and lecturer in general. First of all, however, let me point out that I am not a lecturer in the ordinary sense of the word. That is to say, I am neither a professional nor an academic lecturer. All, or nearly all, my lectures are delivered in chapels, and my acquaintance with ordinary platform lecturing is very limited. Indeed, what Newman Hall said of Dr. Punshon's lectures—namely, that they were 'sermons in disguise'—might also be said of mine, and therefore anything I say about preaching applies equally to lecturing as I know it.

"Then it would be difficult, and foolish, to try to lay down any hard and fixed rules for the guidance of the young preacher. As a rule, the men who win success in the pulpit are those who express themselves most naturally, and no two men will express themselves in the same way.

"It is a mistake, therefore, for a young preacher to seek to copy the methods of a well-known man. The borrowed plumage will seldom fit him, and his masquerade is almost certain to be detected. A man should say what he has to say in his own way, and if he has anything to say worth hearing he will instinctively find the best way, according to his own individuality, of saying it. Therefore it would be most unwise to formulate anything like a definite recipe for success as a preacher.

Pitfalls to Avoid.

"Still, there are some pitfalls which the young preacher can easily avoid, and many a good sermon is ruined by bad or misguided methods of preparation. Personally, I take a theme, and brood and brood over it until the time comes to hatch it, and it is many years since I wrote out a sermon beforehand. When I rise to speak, I have only a general idea of what I am going to say; the actual words I leave to the inspiration of the moment. This practice, however, may easily be carried too far. I don't mean that a young preacher should leave it to Providence to fill his mouth at the last moment, or he will lay himself open to the rebuke once administered by an old preacher to a young one who was boasting about his powers. 'Oh,' said the novice, 'I don't prepare my sermons; I just get up and say whatever Providence puts into my mouth.' 'Yes,' said the 'old hand,' 'there was somebody in Balaam's time who did the same!'

"No; careful thought and preparation beforehand are essential. But the point I

am driving at is that this preparation should be done in the head and not on paper. In other words, I think it is a great mistake for a preacher to write out his sermon beforehand. It is many years since I did so, and although I do not wish to lay down my methods as a law to anyone, I believe the whole weight of preaching opinion is against the practice. Yet I believe more sermons are now preached from manuscript than ever were before, in which may be found one reason for the general cry that good preachers are few and far between.

"At all events, I think young preachers—and not only the young—are prone nowadays to attach too much importance to the literary form and merits of their sermons. This is a mistake. A sermon is not literature: it is a Divine message.

"Not only in the pulpit, but in all branches of oratory, the man who reads from or recites matter previously prepared loses half his effectiveness, for the simple reason that he lacks the inspiration, the warmth, and the personal appeal of the extempore speaker. His mind is not attuned to that of his congregation or audience, and his words and thoughts are tasteless and uninspiring, because they do not come hot from the oven of his mind. At the same time, if the pen may be the preacher's worst enemy, it may also, and properly used should be, his best friend.

"Dr. McLaren, with his wonderful gift of putting things in a nutshell, epitomised a great preaching truth when he said, 'Preachers, write everything you can, except your sermons!'

"Lucidity, ease, and force of diction can only be acquired by incessant writing in the study, and on as varied a selection of topics as possible. Now, I do not think I need say anything more on this point. Dr. McLaren's words surely drive the nail home, for at his best he was unsurpassed in the clarity, force, and wealth of illustration and metaphor of the sermons he delivered without having written out a line beforehand."

Books which Help.

"Are there any books you would recommend the young preacher to study?" I ventured to ask Mr. Young.

"Scores and scores," he replied. "Personally I have a library of over 3,000 volumes, and if there were 30,000 they would still be all too few for my needs. Not only should a preacher read incessantly and omnivorously, but I think it is a very wise thing for

him, whether a beginner or not, constantly to study works on preaching and the lives of great preachers. Amongst the books that have been especially helpful to me I should mention Spurgeon's sermons and the works of the late Dean Vaughan. I value Dean Vaughan's expositions as beyond price, his exegesis being simply wonderful; and I am not alone in this opinion, for Dr. Parker said he 'got more from Vaughan than from anyone else.'

"Then I have had much help from the great old Puritan writers—John Bunyan, Thomas Goodwin, John Owen, Samuel Rutherford, and the like. Bunyan's 'Grace Abounding' was, indeed, the subject of my last winter's lectures.

"John Wesley is grand, too, unsurpassed for clearness, force, and pungency; and a writer I would especially recommend to young preachers is Matthew Henry. He has fallen somewhat into neglect, but it would be hard to find his superior or even his equal as a commentator, whilst he is a veritable and inexhaustible mine of suggestion, in which you can never dig without finding some rare and pure gem of thought or knowledge.

"Phillips Brooks's 'On Preaching' is a work no preacher should ever be without; Spurgeon's 'Lectures to my Students,' the works of Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Stalker's 'The Preacher and his Models'—all are most valuable to preachers, young and old; and I must not forget to mention Dr. Robertson Nicoll, an authority whom I have found exceedingly helpful.

"Please, however, make it clear that I do not put forward these writers and books as the best in English religious literature. I merely mention the authors and books which as a preacher I have found of particular value."

Variety in Congregations.

"Have you anything to say about differences in congregations?" I asked.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Young; "that is an important point, especially in the Wesleyan ministry, where one is liable to constant shifts and changes. A young preacher cannot study his congregations too closely, for not a little of his success will depend on his ability to touch the right chord, and on his understanding of the spiritual needs of his particular congregation and its likes and dislikes in the way of spiritual food.

"Congregations differ enormously in these respects, and many a preacher fails through forgetting that what may suit and please

one congregation will be repellent, or at least distasteful, to another.

"For example, in Cornwall they are very emotional, and the preacher must appeal to the senses. They like something dramatic and powerful, and to some extent they go to church or chapel as they would go to a theatre. They look, or at least many of them look, on it as an entertainment—I don't mean that they are irreverent—and they flock from one preacher to another, eagerly to discuss his merits and the fare provided, which, above all, must be 'hot and strong.'

"In Scotland, too, they are great 'sermon-tasters,' but in a different way. In Cornwall, as I say, you must appeal to the senses; in Scotland your mark should be the intellect and heart of the congregation.

"The Scotsman follows *matter*, and within reasonable limits he does not bother about the preacher's delivery or oratorical gifts; whereas in the South effective elocution will often cover a paucity of material. At all events, in Scotland men succeed as preachers who would never get a hearing in Cornwall or Wales owing to their lack of elocutionary skill. At the same time, I cannot imagine a better training or a more valuable experience for a young preacher than a sojourn in a Scottish ministry. If he can hold his own there, he may rest assured that he has the right stuff in him.

"Much the same may be said of Lancashire and Yorkshire congregations, though there the 'hard-headedness' which forces the preacher to reflect most carefully before opening his mouth is not so marked as north of the Tweed.

"But on the whole, perhaps the best congregations from a preacher's point of view are to be found in London. There is a quiet attentiveness, a mental alertness, and a breadth and tolerance of outlook about a London congregation that are very helpful and inspiring. True, some of them do not go very deep, and they are for ever seeking after 'something new,' but still they are singularly free from prejudice and always give a fair, attentive, and intelligent hearing.

Points for Young Preachers.

"Well, these are one or two hints that may be helpful to the young preacher; but I have not yet touched on what is the root of the matter of success in the pulpit, which is, that a minister should believe in what he preaches.

"In other words no amount of technical skill will avail a preacher unless he is in earnest. And there seems to me to be a sad lack of earnestness at the present day. Young preachers appear to be afraid to 'let themselves go' in the pulpit. There is too much of what on the stage is called 'restrained force.' As I have said, a sermon is not literature, neither is it a casual chat on matters in which the speaker has no particular interest. Yet how often has it not that air to-day!

"The young preacher of to-day is often too quiet, too literary, too neglectful of the evangelical element, which he considers old-fashioned. He has little or no conviction in himself; is it, then, any wonder that he fails to carry conviction to others?

"Moreover, he is often too ready to lose hope, to complain that his labours are in vain. But he forgets that the seed he sows may not ripen for years and years. I have known many instances of this, and have been astonished and humbled to find good coming where I thought I had made no impression. The young preacher—all preachers—must sow in hope and never lose hope.

"Preach the Word."

"Again, I find ministers are too apt to assume the position of general managers of their churches, instead of putting everything into their preaching. For, after all, the first and greatest duty of a preacher is to preach, and to win success as a preacher it is necessary, above all, to have the Truth in you. That sums it up. Neither elocutionary skill, command of word or phrase, nor mastery of dogma will win human souls. God's Word alone will turn the sinner from his ways, and bring him to the fold; and therefore I say to all preachers what D. L. Moody once wrote in my autograph album: 'Preach the Word.'"



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Miss Fallowfield's Fortune.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

(Author of "*Concerning Isabel Carnaby*," Etc.)

CHAPTER XXII.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

"YOU will wonder that I did not forewarn you of my arrival," said Mr. Forrester, when the first amazed greetings were over and the excitement and surprise had simmered down a little; "but the fact is I travelled as fast as any letter could, and I was not within reach of a telegraph-office until this morning. And somehow I hesitated to send you such startling news until I knew where you both were, and what you were doing. Besides, I did not know even if you were both alive—much less where you were living."

"And how did you find out?" was Dagmar's most pertinent question.

"I stopped at Duncan's on my way through Merchester, and he told me all about everybody, and posted me up in all the current affairs."

Claude was almost stunned with the shock of his joy at finding that his father was yet alive. He could hardly speak. "Father, tell us where you have been, and how you were saved from the wreck," was all that he could utter; and his voice trembled so that he could with difficulty say even that.

Luke Forrester laid his hand very lovingly on his son's shoulder, as they sat together by the fire. "Yes, my boy; I am coming to that. But first I am thinking how very good it is to be here, and to see your face again. God has shown wonderful mercy towards me. If only *she* were here!" And tears filled his eyes as he looked at the empty chair that always used to be Miss Fallowfield's.

Dagmar's glance followed his. "Now that you have come back, I cannot help thinking that Aunt Charlotte might come back too!"

But Mr. Forrester shook his head and sighed. "There is no coming back for those who have actually crossed the river, my child."

"But you see that until a quarter of an hour ago you were just as much dead as Aunt

Charlotte was—at least as far as we were concerned—so that the return of one could not be more wonderful than the return of the other."

"Let Mr. Forrester tell us his story himself, my love," interpolated Miss Perkins; "for we are all longing to hear how his valuable life was preserved."

"Yes, father, tell us," again pleaded Claude.

Thus adjured, Luke Forrester began: "I have heard from Mr. Duncan all about Rainbrow's return, and how he was with my dear wife to the end, firmly believing that I had gone down with the sinking ship."

"He said he saw you go down," Dagmar interrupted the speaker.

Mr. Forrester smiled. "So much for human evidence! He saw me on the sinking ship, and he saw the ship go down; but he could not have seen me go down, because I never did."

"What happened?" asked Claude.

"When the ship finally heeled over and sank—which she did in about half an hour after the last of the boats had put off—one of my fellow-passengers and I were left clinging to a broken spar, which was soon drifted away from the immediate vicinity of the wreck. As far as I know, we were the only two who survived; but of course I could not tell what happened to anyone else after once the ship went down."

"I believe that your surmise is correct," said Miss Perkins. "At any rate, no other survivor has ever been heard of."

"Well, Johnson and I (Johnson was the name of the man who was clinging to the spar with me) managed to hold on for what seemed a very eternity, and which was certainly a period of many hours; and just as we were feeling that we could hold on no longer, but must let go, a schooner passed our way, and—through the mercy of God—caught sight of us; so we were saved."

"Thank God for that!" ejaculated Claude.

"Amen!" his father added softly. Then he continued: "By the time we were hauled up on board we were both practically unconscious; and it was several days before we recovered sufficiently to realise our surroundings. Then we discovered that we were on a slave-ship which was employed in carrying negroes from the coast of Zanzibar to other ports, and then selling the poor creatures as slaves."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Dagmar. "I thought that there weren't such things as slaves nowadays, but that they had all been abolished with the corn-laws."

Mr. Forrester sighed. "Would to God there were not! But alas! there are; and, what is worse still, the trade is carried on by men belonging to so-called Christian countries."

"How very terrible!" exclaimed Miss Perkins.

"Terrible indeed! More terrible than you can have any conception of. For there is not only the damning fact that men from so-called Christian countries deliberately sell, as they would sell brute beasts, those weaker brethren for whom Christ died; there is also the minor detail that, during their transit from one port to another, those weaker brethren are subjected to cruelties which are not fit to be described to civilised ears!" And Mr. Forrester shuddered at the mere recollection of the miseries he had witnessed upon the slave-ship.

"What happened next?" asked the ever-practical Dagmar, after a moment's pause.

"What happened next, my child, was that neither Johnson nor I could stand on one side and see such horrible atrocities committed. In the name of the Master Whom I serve, I first remonstrated with the captain and his crew, and then denounced them. But it was all alike of no avail. They were a motley crew, made up of the scum of several nationalities; and their ears had been deafened, by long years of evil living, to the Voice of God as uttered through His ministers."

"Then did they torture you too, for interfering?" asked Claude, and his breath came thick and fast.

"No, my son," was the quiet reply; "they did worse than that. They made us plainly to understand that if we would hold our tongues, and take no notice of their nefarious trade, they would land us at the next port with no further ado, whence we could make our way back to England; but that if we persisted in defying them, and in doing our utmost to help the poor creatures who had fallen into their clutches, they would maroon us on the next uninhabited island that their schooner passed, and leave us there to spend the remainder of our days as best we could."

"Oh! if I had been you I should have left

the poor negroes alone, then," said Dagmar. "You see you couldn't do them any good, and you might do yourselves a most fearful lot of harm."

"And what of that?" cried Claude. "The obligation to fulfil our duty is not limited by the possible unpleasantness of the consequences incurred. Dagmar, I am ashamed of you!"

Poor Dagmar sighed. "I can't help that. All I know is that if there was something the doing of which wouldn't do anybody else any good, and might do me a lot of harm, I shouldn't do it; that's all. If hurting oneself saves other people from being hurt, there's something in it, I admit. In that case I should consent to hurt myself—at least I hope I should. But I cannot see the point of voluntarily suffering pain, and nobody else being one penny the better for it; I can't, really, not having been made according to the hair-shirt and peas-in-the-shoes pattern." Never did Dagmar—with her practical shrewdness and her utterly unidealised sense of proportion—show herself more typically a child of the Midlands than at that moment. What she said was absolutely true. She was capable of making any sacrifice provided it was first proved to her that practical and tangible good would result therefrom; but the performance of a sacrifice from which, as far as she could see, nobody derived any obvious advantage, was quite beyond her powers.

"If I thought it was right to do a certain thing, I trust that I should be able to shut my eyes altogether to possible results," said Claude, thereby proving his denizenship of the high and solitary places of the earth.

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Forrester with a smile, "it never occurred to me that there was any alternative. You see, my children, I belong to a generation which never learned to analyse its feelings and dissect its motives, as you do; and I cannot lay claim to any calm and deliberate choosing of the right path. It never once entered my head to weigh the consequences or to make any voluntary sacrifice. I simply saw no other course before me but to persist in lifting up my voice against the abominations of slavery: and consequently Johnson and I were both marooned."

"Then was Mr. Johnson as—as-self-sacrificing as you were?" inquired Dagmar (but "self-sacrificing" was not the word she originally intended to use).

"He likewise belonged to the blind generation who neither analyse nor dissect their spiritual nature; and he saw no alternative any more than I did. Oh, Dagmar, my dear, the last generation were what you young people call a very stodgy lot!" And Mr. Forrester fairly laughed.

"And do you mean to say that those wretches landed you and Johnson on a desert island and left you there?" asked Claude.

"Precisely. And there I stayed for the best part of two years."

Claude gave a great sob. "Father, I wonder how you could bear it!"

"I could not have borne it had I been alone."

"Then was Mr. Johnson such a comfort to you?" asked Dagmar.

"Johnson? Oh! I wasn't thinking of Johnson. No, poor fellow; he succumbed very soon, and I laid his body to rest under a palm tree, where he still waits for the Resurrection Morning, while his spirit is serving God in other and wider spheres."

Dagmar looked puzzled. "But you said you couldn't have borne it if you had been alone, and yet you were alone most of the time."

"Never alone for a single moment, my child. Though that desert island was indeed a valley of the shadow of death, there was One with me Whose rod and staff were my perpetual comfort; and therefore I feared no evil. He opened my eyes, and I saw; and behold the island was full of horses and chariots of fire round about me, and I knew that nothing could hurt me or do me any harm. So I laid me down and slept, and the Lord sustained me; and He has never failed me nor forsaken me from that day to this."

"But what about poor Mr. Johnson?" asked Miss Perkins. "Was he unable to bear the strain of such a terrible experience?"

"He was, poor soul! And so God took him."

"And you? What happened to you, father? That is what we are dying to hear."

"As for me, my son, the Lord was with me, as I have told you; and He fed me in the wilderness, as of old time He fed His servant Elijah. Through His all-merciful Providence I was kept alive on that island for the space of nearly two years. And then at last I was successful in attracting the attention of a passing ship—not a slave-ship this time, thank God!—and so was delivered out of my solitary captivity and brought home to England."

"Oh! father, how good God has been to have spared your life!" And Claude's eyes overflowed with tears of gratitude.

"He has, my boy; but He would have been just as good if He had seen fit to take me—as he took my dear wife—to serve Him in the next phase of eternal life more fully and perfectly than it is possible to serve Him within the limitations of our present existence. We are all in His Hands, and whatever He does is best."

And then Mr. Forrester went on to impart sacred confidences as to his last words with his

wife, and all the suffering he had endured since her death, while the two young people listened to him with tears running down their faces; and Miss Perkins tactfully withdrew, on the plea of seeing that a room was prepared for the wanderer, and everything made comfortable for his reception.

After they had dined, and the excitement of Mr. Forrester's return had in some measure subsided, they sat down again round the morning-room fire. Claude and his father side by side, and the two ladies opposite.

"And now please tell us more about Mr. Johnson," said Dagmar. "How long did he live on the desert island before he died?"

"He only survived the wreck a few weeks—probably six, or at the most eight—but it was rather difficult to keep count of time out there. Poor Johnson was so terrified of dying on the island that he finally died from the effects of his own terror. He was one of those fellows who are always bowed down by fears as to what dreadful thing is going to happen to them next; and practically his fear killed him. Surely you must all know the sort of person. And the striking thing is that it is to such persons that the dreadful things do happen."

"I have certainly frequently noticed that," replied Miss Perkins, "and it has puzzled me a good deal. I cannot reconcile it with my conscience to believe in ill-luck; nevertheless there really do seem to be some people who are born unlucky, and with whom things always appear to turn out badly. They tell me that they are unlucky, and I try to disabuse their minds of the idea; yet events often seem to prove that they are right. And the strange thing is that it is the people who expect to be unlucky who generally are unlucky; while naturally one would expect the fear of misfortune to be a preventative against misfortune, on the principle that 'forewarned is forearmed.' It is really very strange, and is sometimes rather a trial to one's faith."

"And in the same way," added Dagmar, "it is the people who are afraid of catching diseases that do catch them, and the people who live in constant terror of carriage accidents whose cab-horses always tumble down or run away. I suppose it is merely an instance of the mind acting on the body."

"That hardly explains it to my satisfaction," argued Miss Perkins. "Of course, that hypothesis would account for a timid person's being more susceptible to a disease than a courageous one; but the timidity of the occupant of a cab could hardly have any effect upon the horse that drew the cab."

"And still less upon the horses of other cabs which ran into it," added Dagmar.

"I suppose the true explanation is either that

some people have a natural affinity with misfortune, and so attract it to themselves; or else that their subconsciousness feels the approach of the coming evil, and yet is powerless to avoid it," explained the metaphysical Claude. "And I conclude that poor Mr. Johnson was one of those unfortunate persons." The arrival of Mr. Forrester had been such an overpowering surprise that those concerned in it were thankful to turn away for a moment from the thrill of excitement and emotion, and seek relief in the discussion of an abstract question. And the wanderer himself—who, as an experienced parish priest, knew human nature through and through—fully realised this, and encouraged the abstract discussion, thus giving both himself and his companions time to recover themselves a little from the shock of the meeting.

"I do not think that any of you have hit upon the right solution," he said, "and yet I believe that there is a right and a very simple explanation of this puzzling problem."

"Pray expound it to us," begged Miss Perkins, who, though naturally less excited than the others, nevertheless felt the relief of this excursion into abstract and impersonal realms of thought.

"My explanation is a very simple one," replied Mr. Forrester; "it is as follows: We all know that faith is the channel whereby we are enabled to receive supernatural blessings; without faith we can do nothing and receive nothing in the spiritual world. Now I hold that the powers of darkness are governed by the same Divinely appointed law that guides the powers of light; and that as through believing in good we become capable of receiving good, so by believing in evil we become capable of receiving evil. If God has chosen to set this limit to His Own omniscience—the limit of our faith—do you suppose that He would allow principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places to rise superior to the bounds of this limitation? Such an idea is incredible."

"I see," cried Dagmar; "what you really mean is that fear is merely faith upside down."

"Yes, my child; you have put the matter into a nutshell. As good comes through faith, so evil comes through fear; and this, to my mind, is the explanation of what are called unlucky people. By expecting evil things to happen to them, they actually bring those things to pass; just as by claiming in Christ's name every good gift and every perfect gift, so we are enabled to receive such blessings, and all things are ours, whether life or death, or things present or things to come."

"Then I suppose it is wrong to be afraid, even if we can't help it."

"It is undoubtedly wrong to be afraid, Dagmar," replied Mr. Forrester, "and as to our not being able to help it, that has nothing to do with the matter. We are not able to help anything by ourselves, and we are able to help anything and everything by the power of Christ. Always remember that 'he that feareth is not made perfect in love,' because by his fear he is putting himself in communication with the powers of darkness, and giving them dominion over him."

"That is a most interesting and instructive theory," remarked Miss Perkins, "and explains a difficulty which has often puzzled me."

"And now, my children," said Mr. Forrester, rising from his seat, "if you will allow me, I will retire, as I am very tired. I have much to say to you with regard to my dear wife's fortune, and the way it must be expended; but that must stand over until to-morrow, as I cannot bear any more fatigue just now."

And with that the little conclave broke up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.

THE next morning dawned bright and frosty, and Claude took his father to see the monastery, which already gave promise of the exquisite beauty that would distinguish it when completed. Snow carpeted the little valley, while the stream and lakelet were covered with thick ice; and the perfectly proportioned building, rising from the white earth into the pale-blue heavens, and embowered in a tracery of fairy-like woodland which was changed from copper into silver by the alchemy of the hoarfrost, was a beautiful sight indeed.

As they stood looking at the lovely vision, Claude gave his father a rough idea of the scheme of the building and its endowment; and described, as briefly as he could, all that the monastery was intended to be to its occupants and to the surrounding neighbourhood. He was so sure that his father would understand and enter into his conception, that he waxed eloquent in his description of the natural and spiritual beauty of which this building was to be both a channel and an expression, carrying Divine Grace and artistic culture to all who came within the sphere of its influence. And when he had finished his description and explanation, he turned towards the elder man, in certain expectation of the seal of paternal encouragement and approval.

For a few moments there was silence, as Mr. Forrester stood still, drinking in the almost unearthly beauty of the scene; then he said:



“ ‘As for me, my son, the Lord was with me, as I have told you: and
He fed me in the wilderness’ ”—p. 1143.

"It is indeed a beautiful idea, my son, and one that does both you and Dagmar credit. I only wish that it could be carried out; as I believe, with you, that an institution of this kind would be of infinite value and assistance to the Church of England in these parts. But, alas! it is impossible."

Claude's face paled with the shock of an utterly unexpected and inexplicable disappointment. "But, father, I don't understand. How can it be impossible when all the plans and arrangements are made already, and the fabric nearly completed?"

"It is impossible, because my wife gave me full instructions as to how her large fortune was to be laid out in the event of her death, and there was no suggestion of an institution of this kind in any of her designs."

"But, father, the fortune is yours, isn't it?"

"It is legally; but morally I have no right to dispose of it save as she instructed me. She told me not long before her death, and after we had held much consultation together, that she intended to give the whole of her vast property—after making due provision for Dagmar and myself—to the building of almshouses for decayed gentlewomen, and the provision of small pensions for the same. And I have no option but to carry out her instructions."

The young man's eyes filled with tears of mortification and anguish. It seemed too cruel for his great scheme to miscarry after all, when it was so near to fulfilment. He was too much distressed to be able to speak.

His father laid a tender hand upon his shoulder. "Do not misunderstand me, my boy. I am full of approval and admiration for your scheme; and, for my own part, should have far more sympathy with the building and endowment of an institution of that kind than with the erection of almshouses for the shelter of worn-out old women. But my wife would not have agreed with me, I am convinced of that; and it is her fortune that we are laying out—not our own. I tell you candidly that if the money were mine to do what I liked with, hampered by no conditions whatever, I should not hesitate to throw myself heart and soul into your scheme. Further than that, I am proud to have a son who has conceived such an idea, and I should have been rejoiced to follow and support him in carrying it out. But the money is not mine morally, whatever it may be in the eyes of the law; I am only a trustee for my wife's property, bound to carry out her instructions, and I have no alternative but to do so."

"But, father, you are more than a trustee legally," persisted Claude.

"I know I am. Morally, I am nothing but

my wife's trustee, but legally I am the sole possessor of her large fortune."

"Then no one would interfere if you spent the money in any way you chose?" Fresh hope began to revive in Claude's heart.

"No one. As far as the law is concerned, I have a perfect right to do whatever I like with the money; I could play ducks and drakes with it if I chose."

"Then, surely, if you carry out my stepmother's wishes and spend it in charity, you have the right to exercise your superior wisdom in selecting the particular charities on which it is to be expended?"

Mr. Forrester shook his head. "I do not think so."

"But, father," urged Claude, "you admit that the monastery is a higher and more useful thing than a set of almshouses."

"Certainly. I fully admit that. But I cannot do evil that good may come; do not tempt me, my son."

But Claude still pleaded. "Given, as you say, that the monastery is really a better and more beneficial form of charity than the almshouses, don't you think that my stepmother would have agreed with you if ever you had laid the idea of the monastery before her? Oh, how I wish that I had spoken to her about it before she went away! She was always so interested in charitable schemes. I can't think why I didn't talk to her about it, fool that I was! But it never once occurred to me to do so."

"I do not think it would have made any difference if you had."

"Why not, father?"

"Because in all our conversations upon the subject—and they were long and many—my dear wife was always firm upon one point, namely, that her money should be laid out for the advantage of women and not of men."

"I'm surprised at that; for, unlike Dagmar, she was a woman who always liked men better than her own sex."

"That is true. She has often said to me that men and their ways of looking at things appealed to her much more than did the feminine point of view. There was a distinctly masculine strain in her strength of intellect and her breadth of outlook, and she had far more in common, intellectually, with men than with women."

"Then," cried Claude eagerly, "I'm sure that—if it had once been put before her—the idea of the monastery would have appealed to her more than that of the almshouses."

They were walking homewards by this time, as it was too cold to remain standing for long to gaze at the almost completed edifice; and as they walked, Mr. Forrester slipped his arm

affectionately through his son's. "No, my boy, you are mistaken there. I knew your step-mother better than you did, and I am aware that, though she liked men better than women, she pitied women the most; and she always intended to leave her fortune to ameliorate the lot of single women. She was undecided as to the best means of doing this, but she never wavered as to the end in view. I remember her saying, half in joke and half in earnest, how much she approved of Queen Elizabeth's presentation of a drying-ground to the women of Bristol as a compensation to them for being so ill-favoured; and that she intended to do something on the same lines herself."

"Oh, father!" It was all that Claude could trust himself to say.

"I know it is hard to bear, my boy; very hard indeed. It is always hard to bear when God thunders forth from Sinai, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but Me. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor any likeness of anything which is in heaven or earth—not even of thine own conception of thy duty to Me and to thy fellow men, or thine own self-appointed ways of serving Me and doing Me honour. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them!' We all have to hear these words sooner or later; and, hearing, to obey them, for the Lord our God is a jealous God, and will not suffer us to place even our own conception of Him, and of our duty and service to Him, before Himself."

"Then do you think that I was making an idol of the monastery, and that this is my punishment?"

"It was a noble form of idolatry, my son—perhaps the noblest that there is—but I think that nevertheless it was an infringement of the Second Commandment. And I do not call this a punishment. I call it merely God's vindication of Himself—His lesson to you that His Will must be done on earth as it is in heaven. For not only must His Will be done; it must be done in His own Way and not in ours, which is a lesson that some of the greatest saints have found it not easy to master. 'Get thee behind Me, Satan; thou art an offence unto Me!' You see that even the greatest of the Apostles had to be rebuked, as you are being rebuked to-day, for wanting to fulfil God's Will in his own way. So you have erred and been convicted of error in good company."

"But I wasn't doing it in any way for my own glory; if I had been, I could have borne the disappointment better, as I should have felt that I deserved it."

"Neither was Saint Peter; he was trying, as he thought, to make things easier for his Master, and there was no thought of self

mixed up with it at all. But he had to learn the lesson of submission as well as the lesson of unselfishness. God will not be dictated to, even if our dictation is inspired by our zeal for Him."

"Then you feel certain that Mrs. Forrester would not have consented to the idea of the monastery even if I had suggested it to her?" Claude persisted.

"I do; absolutely certain; and you must remember that my business is not to do what I think best with my wife's fortune, but to carry out what she thought best. As I tell you, before she died she had made up her mind to build almshouses for impecunious single gentlewomen over sixty years of age, and to endow the same with pensions. She was very peremptory on the point that they were to be single women—not widows. Widows, she said, ought to be provided for by their husbands or kept by their children; but poor spinsters had nobody to turn to, and so she would stand their friend."

Claude fairly groaned. "I am afraid this is the death-blow to the monastery."

"I am afraid it is—as a monastery. But the building can be perfectly well adapted to serve the purposes of an almshouse; that is to say, the inmates can lead a sort of collegiate life, each having her own bedroom and sitting-room, and all meeting together for meals in the great hall and for daily services in the chapel. So that, although I fear you must sacrifice your beautiful social idea, you need not sacrifice your beautiful architectural conception as well. Nor will you altogether lose your spiritual idea; for the exquisite little chapel will still stand as a fountain of Divine Grace in the midst of this lovely valley, testifying to the surrounding neighbourhood the one great Truth of the universe, and daily celebrating the commemoration of the One great Sacrifice."

And thus endeavouring to reconcile his son to the bitter yet (as it seemed to him) inevitable disappointment, Luke Forrester walked slowly back to the Hall.

But although Mr. Forrester succeeded in convincing Claude that it was the right thing for the monastery to be given up, he did not succeed in comforting the young man for the loss of the same. That duty was reserved for even a tenderer hand than his.

For a few days poor Claude was in the depths of depression. Even the return of his father could not altogether make up for the loss of his day-dream, which seemed now doubly hard to bear after it had already been taken away from him and restored again. To lose anything for the second time is always harder to bear than it was at the first; the

blasting of a revived hope seems crueller than the destruction of the original one. For the first time in his life, however, Claude did not turn for consolation to the idealised thought of his mother, or indulge in imaginings—as he usually did when disappointed and unhappy—of how she would have understood and comforted him had she been here. Instead of that he went to Dagmar, and poured out his bitter disappointment into her sympathetic ear; and in no way did she fall short of his needs and expectations.

"I think it is perfectly maddening for a beautiful building like that to be thrown away upon a lot of stupid old women!" she remarked, after they had gone over the ground for about the fiftieth time.

"Single women over sixty! Just think of it!" groaned Claude.

"I know. As if it could matter to anybody as old as that where they lived or what they did!" added Dagmar.

"That is just the irony of the whole thing. All that natural and architectural beauty is to be thrown away upon people who are far too old to have any sense of enjoyment or appreciation of beauty left!" And Claude laughed aloud at the absurdity of his late stepmother's arrangement.

Dagmar laughed too. Thoroughly to understand the humour of a situation people must be pretty much of the same age. The absurdity of expecting elderly people to enjoy themselves would have been utterly lost upon Mr. Forrester and his late wife; but these latter would have desecrated a certain unconscious humour in Claude and Dagmar's criticisms nevertheless.

"I expect they'll all be blind and deaf," continued Dagmar, "and so will never see the beauty of the chapel or the view, or hear the music of the stream and the chapel-bell. But I suppose you'll go on making it just as beautiful as if it was for young people who could appreciate it?"

"Of course I shall, Dagmar. I am making it as beautiful as I possibly can because it is God's House, and my work upon it is an offering to Him."

"I see. And so when you have once given it to Him, it is no business of yours whether He uses it for young men or for old women. Your gift is the same whatever He chooses to do with it afterwards. In fact, I think it adds to the beauty of your gift if it is used for a useless purpose, like the woman with the alabaster box of ointment—don't you know?—which was better than if it had been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor." Dagmar certainly was a past-mistress in the art of consolation, if not in the use of language.

Claude cheered up visibly. "Yes, yes; that is a very comforting idea to me. I am glad you have reminded me of the alabaster box of ointment, Dagmar. It was because the Master accepted the gift that it was apparently wasted—not because He refused it."

"Of course it was. And I wonder that had not struck you before, because it was the sort of thing to appeal to you more than to me. You can understand David pouring out before the Lord the water which the mighty men had brought from the well at Bethlehem; but to me it always seems the most irritating thing he could have done, just when they'd put themselves out so to get it for him."

"I can quite understand his doing it," Claude repeated.

"I know you can; and I can't. But that ought to make you glad that your monastery is being treated in exactly the same way."

"Thank you, Dagmar. Now that I look at it in this light I feel I can bear it. It is my alabaster box of ointment—my water from the well of Bethlehem—and I freely pour it out at the Master's Feet."

Thus Dagmar succeeded in comforting Claude. And it was significant that both young people regarded the money and time and trouble spent on the erection of almshouses for old women, as "wasted." Such are the limitations of youth!

"And then," she went on after a while, "when people see how beautiful the almshouse is, and how splendidly you have designed it, they'll discover what a magnificent architect you are; and I daresay in the end you'll have dozens of monasteries to build, to say nothing of churches and chapels."

This also was a comforting view of the matter. "Then you think that the idea of the monastery may come true even yet, Dagmar, in some other place and at some future time?" Claude asked.

"I am positively certain of it. You'll have to write articles about it in religious papers and magazines and things, and get people to take it up. And when they come and see the building here, do you suppose they'll be content to let a lot of stupid old women have the monopoly of anything so perfectly lovely? Not they! They'll start the monastery idea somewhere else and get you to build it for them. I feel quite certain, Claude, they will! Because, you know, even Mr. Forrester admits that it is a better idea than the almshouses, if only Aunt Charlotte hadn't been so keen on old women before she died; and all the world isn't in love with old women, as Aunt Charlotte seems to have been!"

The two were walking along the old high road, as they had so often walked together



S. SPURDIE

"'Darling, won't you marry me?' said Claude"—p. 1150.

in time past; but to-day there was somehow a difference. Dagmar could not exactly define what it was; in fact she did not attempt to do so; as—despite her excessively modern attitude of mind—she was not an analytical young person; but she understood it sufficiently to know that it was the sort of thing that made silence uncomfortable, and so she forthwith went on talking.

"Isn't this a dear old road?" she said, being "gravelled for lack of matter." "I never get tired of it, though I have walked along it such thousands of times; and there is always a feeling of excitement when you get to a turn, although you really know as well as possible what you will see when you have passed it. But that is why a road is always fascinating, I think—much more fascinating than a wood or a moor or a meadow; you never know what is coming next, and even if you do, you feel as if you don't, which is almost as good in the long run. My idea of happiness is to go on walking for ever in bright frosty weather along a wide high road, with something nice at the end of it, and somebody equally nice to keep you company."

Then she paused to take breath, and Claude seized the opportunity. "I say, Dagmar, you have been awfully decent to me all through this monastery business; I don't know whatever I should have done without you. And I want you to promise that you'll always stick to me and walk by my side, wherever the road may lead to." Claude no longer discoursed in fine sentences and finished periods. At this particular crisis his vocabulary was as limited as a schoolboy's. "Well, will you, dear? I want you so dreadfully."

Dagmar's eyes shone like stars. "Do you really want me, Claude? Really and truly?"

"I should just think I do! Why, I don't believe I shall ever do anything really great unless I've got you to help me and encourage me and sympathise with me; but if I've got that, I'm sure that in time I shall rise to really high things in my profession, and give you good reason to be proud of me and my work." It was characteristic of Claude that even then he thought of his work and of what Dagmar would be to *it* rather than what she would be to *him*. And it was characteristic also of Dagmar that she accepted the position without a murmur, and took exactly what he was prepared to give, asking neither more nor less; wherein she once again showed herself a true daughter of the Midlands, and the type of woman that men find it easy to live with. The continual striving after an impossible ideal may lend beauty to single life, but it is by no means one of the ingredients of connubial happiness. Divine discontent may be a valu-

able assistant to a solitary player in the game of life, but it is a most unsatisfactory equipment for "a twosome."

"Darling, won't you marry me," Claude went on, "and let us never do anything by ourselves any more, but everything together? Oh! Dagmar, dear, do come to me, and let us walk the rest of the way side by side."

And of course Dagmar came.

Thus Claude found comfort at last for the destruction of his day-dream; and, with the glorious hopefulness of youth, built still finer and fairer abbeys and cathedrals in the air, which he felt no doubt he should transmute into solid masonry before many years were over. For he was still on that sunny side of thirty when all things are possible to us, and when we feel that we have time enough and strength enough to accomplish anything we choose.

And Dagmar was abundantly happy in his love, and content to take the second place in his life, realising that he was sufficient of an artist for his art always to come first. She had too much of the true Midland spirit in her—the spirit of the happy mean and the middle way—to sigh after ideal perfection. Therefore she was content to take the best that she could get, which is the most that any of us will attain in this world.

There was a little difficulty at first as to who was really the vicar of Dinglewood now that Mr. Forrester had come back again; but the Bishop of Merchester solved this difficulty by presenting to Theophilus Sprott the incumbency of a large church in the Black Country, where he would have more work—and considerably more pay—than he had enjoyed at Dinglewood; and where he would also find that larger scope for which his soul had always craved.

"You will doubtless be pleased to escape from the aristocratic stagnation of the country into the vigorous activity of a large town," said Mrs. Higginson, who had met Theophilus in the village and stopped to congratulate him upon his new appointment. "My dear papa, the doctor, used so often to say, 'There is more life in the town than in the country, because there are more people'; and I have so often realised the truth of this since I came to live in the country myself."

"On the contrary," replied Theophilus, "the thought of all the worry and bustle of a manufacturing town chills my very blood. I hate the whirl and pressure of middle-class activity, and always shall; but I have no alternative but to accept this living now that the Bishop has seen fit to offer it to me. To tell the truth, Mrs. Higginson, I feel that I have been very badly treated—shelved, in fact, to make way

for my predecessor to step into his old shoes." And Theophilus looked sulky.

"Oh! I imagined that you would be pleased," murmured Mrs. Higginson feebly.

But Theophilus met her with fine scorn. "Pleased, Mrs. Higginson? Is any man pleased to have the bread taken out of his very mouth to be given to another? I was vicar of Dinglewood, and had been so for the past year and more. Yet just because Mr. Forrester was not drowned when everybody imagined him to be, I am turned out of hearth and home in order that he may enjoy once more a position which to all intents and purposes he had forfeited."

"But surely you need not have accepted this new living if you had not wished to do so; and then I think the dear Bishop could hardly have turned you adrift. Besides, Mr. Forrester himself is quite a gentleman, and could hardly have taken the living of Dinglewood again into his own possession unless you had voluntarily resigned it."

Theophilus laughed bitterly. "Oh! yes; they knew their business well enough to lay a neat trap for me, and to make it appear to the outside world that I acted on my own inclination. Do you suppose that a man in my position could afford to offend his Bishop by refusing a living that his lordship offered to him? Certainly not. But that is the way in which the great ones of the earth trample upon their poorer brethren. I had no option but to do as the Bishop dictated to me; and to tie myself down in the midst of a commercial and low-born population, on whom my natural gifts and acquired accomplishments will be alike thrown away."

"It would certainly have been a mistake to offend the dear Bishop," said Mrs. Higginson. "In fact, I think it is always a mistake to offend those who are in a higher social position than ourselves. They so often can be of use to us; and, even if they cannot, it is always pleasant to be on bowing terms with them, and seems to confer a distinction and dignity upon ourselves."

"Yes, it would have been a mistake to offend the Bishop. His lordship and Mr. Forrester knew that well enough. They had me in a cleft stick. But I ought to have known better than to expect anything different, since misfortune and ill-luck have dogged my footsteps ever since I was born. It is time I made up my mind to it, and realised that bitterness is to be my portion all the days of my life; but it is hard to give up hope, even when one is turned forty, and particularly when one sees that one's ill-luck is in no way one's own fault, but is all the doing of some malignant and adverse power. If I felt that I deserved mis-

fortune, I should submit to it more gracefully; but as it is, I admit that I rebel."

And so Theophilus continued to grumble after his kind, and would so continue till the end of the chapter, human nature not being alterable by circumstances. We are all very fond of saying, "If this" and "If the other," we should be saints and angels and the like, forgetting that there is no such word as "if" in the vocabulary of heaven. He who is discontented will be discontented still, though fate and fortune lavish their gifts at his feet; while he who is righteous will be righteous still, though the powers of darkness array themselves against him.

And here we will drop the curtain upon the commonplace drama of Dinglewood. Our characters were not saints or heroes at the beginning, and they are not saints or heroes at the close; but just ordinary middle-class men and women, living in an ordinary Midland village, and striving—according to their lights—to do their several duties in the various states of life to which they have been called.

Claude and Dagmar are happy in the prospect of the future—Luke Forrester is peaceful in the contemplation of the past. Mrs. Peppercorn and Mr. and Mrs. Sprott continue to pursue their daily avocations with a cheerful courage; while Theophilus and Mrs. Mawer and Miss Skinner enjoy their own especial grievances in their own particular way. Octavius Rainbrow is fast making his mark in the world of journalism, and Mr. Duncan is living again in his nephew's career. Here we leave them all as we found them—none absent except Charlotte Fallowfield and Amelia Tovey. They too are fulfilling life's purposes and serving their Maker in other and wider spheres, and so are the happiest and most blessed of all.

In the centre of Dinglewood Park—not far from the old Roman road—there stands a house of rest for weary pilgrims, where they may take their ease for a little while before they pass onwards, across the river, to the land which is no longer so very far off. Nature and art have combined to render this spot beautiful exceedingly, so as to make it a fitter preparation for those glories which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and yet which the pilgrims are now so nearly approaching. The life in this house of rest is conventual in its mysticism, regularity, and peace; but the inmates are hampered by no dedications and by no vows; it is fashioned upon the life at Little Gidding in the seventeenth century, and has all the peace and holiness of a convent without its austerity. Here the weary travellers tarry for awhile, when it is towards evening with them, and their day is far spent; and here they find light at even-

tide, for their conversation is chiefly concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a Prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people. There are certain women of their company who in their time have seen visions of angels; and these cheer their companions with stories of all that their Lord has done for them, and how that He is risen indeed.

There this band of godly women all wait until it is time for them too, one by one, to go up to Jerusalem. In the fair refectory, as they sit at meat, they commune one with another as to all the wonderful things that have happened to them by the way, and of how all these things worked together for their good, because One

drew near and walked with them, though at the time their eyes were holden that they should not know Him. And in the beautiful little chapel dedicated to Saint Mary of Bethany, where everything tends to symbolise the fact that there are some women called to forego the common lot of domestic toil and happiness, and to choose the better part of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, these tired souls find still greater rest and refreshment; for here His ministers expound to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself, and here the Master is made known to them in breaking of bread.

THE END.

In our next issue a new Serial Story by Amy Le Feuvre will commence.



FROM MORN TILL EVE.

SOFTLY the morn with rosy light,
Scatters the shadows of the night,
Bidding my soul, at op'ning day,
Unto the Lord its homage pay.

Sweetly the birds from hedge and tree,
Warble their songs, so blithe and free,
Calling my heart to wake and sing,
Carols of praise to God my King.

Brightly the sun with golden beam,
Lights the dark vale, and warms th'
chill stream;
So may I, where life's shadows fall,
Sunshine of love shed over all.

Swiftly the hours of daylight speed,
Claiming their toll of busy deed;
Mercies they bear me, one by one,
Sweet'ning my toil till day is done.

Silently falls at length the eve,
Shadow and mist night's curtain
weave;
Rest follows on departing day,
And twilight whispers "Kneel and
pray."

Calmly I lay me down to sleep,
God's holy angels watch will keep;
Peace from above mine eyelids close,
Sealing the night in sweet repose.

W. F. G. CLATWORTHY.



THE GENIUS OF THE FAMILY.

(By Simon Harmon Vedder.)

Are Children Happier than they Were?

By PHILIP WEST.

MUCH is seen and heard of the modern child. Whether too much is not a point on which there is likely to be any general agreement. Many, doubtless, will think with Mr. Edward H. Cooper, that we have changed things greatly for the better since the days when children—children, that is, of what are commonly called the upper classes—were kept more or less in the often dismal background of the nursery or the schoolroom, and entered little or not at all into the lives of their elders. As many again, however, will probably endorse Dr. Guinness Rogers's caustic comment on the new order of relations between parent and child—namely, that it is no longer a case of "Children, obey your parents!" but of "Parents, obey your children!"

However, whether the modern child be spoiled or not, it is the centre of attention for many, if not indeed all classes of the community, and enjoys, or, at all events, has a place in, public and private life unknown and undreamt of by parents and children of, say, fifty years ago.

An Age of Child-worship.

The child's sayings are quoted, its achievements chronicled, its portraits published in the Press, a considerable section of which is devoted entirely to its interests; many books are written on its care and management, still more for its amusement and instruction; clever brains and hands are ever at work devising new playthings for its delight; scientists busy themselves with the problems of its rearing; fierce warfare rages around the questions of its education; and a broad and noble stream of public and private charity flows for it where it is placed unfortunately.

In short, this is an age of child-worship. And is the child any better for it?

Fifty years ago parents believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Yet who would say that they loved their children less because they whipped them more? or that modern parents love them more because they rarely resort to corporal punishment?

However, let us put that more or less abstract question aside, and come to the concrete—Is the modern child better off than its predecessor in the material things which make its little life—namely, its food and

hygiene in general, its amusements, and its lessons?

The first point shall be briefly dealt with, as in some aspects not lending itself to discussion in a lay paper. So much attention is now devoted to the hygiene of the nursery and the schoolroom that at the first blush it would seem that the modern child must stand a better chance of life than its forefathers. Yet is this really so? Here it may be as well to state that by the modern child is meant more particularly the modern middle-class child, in whose hands the future of the nation mainly lies, and in the conditions of whose life the greatest alterations have taken place of recent years.

Well, undoubtedly a delicate child has to-day a better chance of survival than it would have had fifty years ago, when every well-intentioned but mistaken effort was made to kill a sickly child by secluding it as much as possible from its one chance of physical salvation—fresh air. The modern doctrine of fresh air has undoubtedly saved the lives of countless weakly children, can only have benefited children at large, and has stamped out many juvenile ailments and diseases due to ignorance of its blessed teaching. Yet infant mortality is still a thing to weep over.

Too Many Luxuries in Food.

In regard to older children it is certainly questionable whether they are really better fed than their grandparents were. Probably they get many delicacies and luxuries that were denied to their grandparents, probably their diet is more varied and more carefully supervised; but against this must be placed the fact that the adulteration and artificial preservation of foodstuffs is now carried to such an extent that it is very doubtful whether the modern child, even of wealthy parents, gets as pure and fresh food as its forefathers did.

At all events there does not seem much reason to believe that children as a whole are stronger and healthier than they used to be. Modern hygiene has stamped out many juvenile diseases, but their place has been taken by others almost unknown fifty years ago, and improvement in some directions is counterbalanced, perhaps outweighed, by deterioration in others.

However, to turn to a more cheerful topic, and to that side of child-life on which the modern child is pretty generally supposed to be infinitely better off than its predecessors—the side of amusement. Well undoubtedly children have more toys, more books, more amusements in general than they used to have. But again, are they really better off?

Foolish Scientific Toys.

Take toys: the modern child has a dozen where its grandparent had one, and they are infinitely more varied in character and finer in quality. But it is possible that not only has the modern child too many toys, with the result that it grows satiated in the midst of such plenty, but that the toys are too good, too elaborate, too highly finished and complete in detail.

Nothing is so valuable in the development of a child's brain as the exercise of its wonderful and essentially natural capacity for "making believe." But the modern toy often leaves nothing to the imagination. The toys of fifty years ago were rough and rude in construction, but they served to stimulate that invaluable capacity for "making believe," whereas the modern elaborate toy tends to kill, or at least to stifle it.

It may fairly be retorted that children are the best judges of what they like, and if they don't like a toy they won't have it. Quite so. One gratefully remembers the immortal Toddy's aversion to "bought" dolls, and anyone who has had anything to do with children knows how often they will turn from the most costly production of the toymaker's art to lavish their affection on some twopenny-halfpenny article or, preferably, some monstrosity of their own manufacture, such as Toddy's famous and ineffably dirty "rag" doll.

But that is not the point. Toys are lavished on children not only as a sign of affection, but because children are more in the company of their elders than they used to be, and the "grown-ups," though they may deny it, want the new toys for themselves in order to provide diversion. There are few more pathetic sights in the world than a child looking wearily on whilst its elders play with elaborate toys, but it is a common enough one nowadays.

"Press-the-button" Amusements.

The charge of over-elaboration of toys is perhaps especially true in regard to fairly old children. Mechanical and scientific toys

are now so beautifully made that they soon pall upon their young possessor. Which, after all, is the more useful and instructive to a boy with a mechanical turn of mind—a rough model which it will take all his perseverance and ingenuity to keep in working order, or a highly finished replica of the real thing which, so to speak, works itself and requires no attention? There would seem to be too much of the "you-press-the-button-we-do-the-rest" about the modern mechanical and scientific toys.

Much the same may be said in regard to the modern child's play-books. Here, again, is the same bewildering variety and often the same tendency to inartistic elaboration. Mrs. Molesworth, in the course of a recent interview, made some most valuable and interesting remarks on the modern child's books.

"I think," she said, "that the children of the present day are more critical and less imaginative than they were in my childhood. The fact is there were far fewer story-books for children when I was a girl than there are now, and the increase of literature of this kind has had a marked effect on children's minds."

"An effect for the better or the worse?"

"Not for the better, I am afraid. When there were fewer books, children read the same things far more frequently than they do now, when new books succeed one another so rapidly, and cost so much less than they used to. We used to read the same books over and over again until not only did we know them by heart, but also the characters had sunk into our minds and become a part of our very selves, so to speak. That is one reason why children were less critical in those days."

To this it might be added that not only do the characters in modern children's books not sink into their minds, but also there are often no characters for them to assimilate—or in some cases the characters are of such a type that it is in many ways a blessing that in its omnivorous reading the modern child has no time to dwell on them.

Children's Vulgar Books.

Many modern children's books are vulgar in tone and thought, written apparently after the manner of some modern pantomimes, with an eye-and-a-half on adult taste, and with no very high opinion of it.

Moreover, there is a noticeable lack of moral teaching in modern children's books. Lady Lindsay, the gifted artist and poet,

once pointed this out to me in talking of the books of her childhood. Of course, no one wants to make a child a prig, and undoubtedly some of the old children's books were valueless because the moral part bore no relation to the artistic whole, and therefore made no appeal to the child—for children will have continuity in a story. But, as Lady Lindsay said, it is a great mistake to suppose that children are "bored" by morals. On the contrary, provided the moral be properly bound up in and inseparable from the story, they readily grasp it, dwell on it, and never forget it.

In discussing this same point with Mr. William de Morgan, who was an artist long before he won fame as the author of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short," and whose sister has written and illustrated many charming children's books, I found that he agreed that the modern child's book often leaves much to be desired pictorially and as literature, particularly mentioning the tendency of modern writers and artists for children to attempt to "work down" to their small audiences, than which there could be no greater mistake. For if there be one thing that a child resents more than another it is the suspicion that it is not being taken seriously.

Child Education Hopelessly Wrong.

Now we turn from play to lesson books—a big subject, of which but the fringe can be touched. There is more education than there was fifty years ago, but is the child better off as a scholar, happier in the conditions of its work, more wisely taught? The answer would appear to be emphatically in the negative. Whatever blots there were on the system of children's education fifty years ago are present to-day. This is not a mere expression of personal opinion. Professor Hagmann, the eminent Swiss educational authority, in a valuable little book entitled "Reform in Primary Education," calls attention to the defects of our system, and the conclusion he arrives at is that nine-tenths of our children's education is based on hopelessly wrong principles and gives the poorest results.

We take the child, in the opinion of many authorities, at an absurdly early age, and, paying no attention to its natural qualities of mind, we set it to acquire the subjects for which at that period of its life it has the least natural capacity, namely, reading, writing, and arithmetic.

"Instead of practising," says Professor

Hagmann, "during the first school year really elementary subjects, thus awakening the children's powers of observation and strengthening their manual skill—in a word, instead of *preparing* the children for subsequent lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic, in which they could then make quick progress—we overtax them, even in the early weeks of their school time, with lessons on those subjects."

Neglect of Child Senses.

Again: "There is but one way of awakening a child's interest at the beginning of its school life, and that is through its senses." But we totally neglect the child's senses; we take it as far as possible away from Nature and the objects in which it has a vivid and natural interest, and set it to purely empirical subjects in which it has no interest, and in which at that age no interest can be awakened.

No doubt the child of fifty years ago suffered as much from a slavish devotion to the "three R's" as the child of to-day, but in one educational respect it was far better off than its successor. It was not sacrificed on the altar of examinations. Some time since I had a chat with Baron Kikuchi, ex-Minister of Education in Japan, and he told me that in his country, where education is wholly controlled by the State, examinations were discouraged—indeed, in the case of primary scholars absolutely forbidden. Would that it were so here!

There are some who hold that parents of fifty years ago disciplined their children too severely. Well, if some parents of olden days should have been pilloried for physical cruelty to their offspring, it may well be that many a parent of to-day should be in the dock with a good "hanging judge" on the bench for crucifying his children on the cross of scholastic success.

Finally, to return to home life, families are smaller than they used to be. Town life on the other hand, and with it a want of neighbourliness, has increased, and so despite all the attention lavished on the modern child's needs, real or fancied, despite its liberation from the nursery and the school-room, despite the many amusements it enjoys that were denied to its forefathers, the modern child is often a lonely child.

And in that fact, if in none of the other considerations put forward, perhaps a conclusive answer is to be found to the question—"Are children better off than they were?"

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"The little fellow scrambled in and took his seat, lifting a corner of the rug and covering his knees in exact imitation of the great man"—p. 1158.

A Dabbler in Stocks.

A Complete Story.

By MARIAN G. JOHNSTONE.

(Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.)

AUGUSTUS MABERLEY stood by the roadside at six o'clock in the morning, and cursed his fate. He was an impatient man in many ways, but he was somewhat of a fatalist, and generally accepted disaster with a spirit of resignation to the inevitable. On the occasion of a second breakdown within three hours, however, he regarded the motor with a vindictive eye. A chuckle from behind greeted his expletive, and he looked round quickly. Two large blue eyes were fixed on him across the low hedge. They belonged to a little boy, hatless and untidy, with wavy brown hair, who opened his rosy lips and spoke fearlessly.

"Jack and me were asleep," he remarked, "when your motor came crash, and I thought it was a bogey till I heard that word you said."

Augustus Mabерley started slightly, and a

choking sound came from under the car where the chauffeur was working. An older boy, with the same rough hair and deep-blue eyes, rose up from beneath the hedge and gazed with interest at the big green motor.

"You're early birds," observed Mabерley. He considered it a waste of time to talk to children, but there being nothing else to occupy his attention at the moment, he relaxed into a few pleasantries, and his usually cold manner grew almost warm. This rise in temperature had results quite unforeseen.

"Good-morning," said the second boy, and raised his school-cap politely. The little one felt for his, and discovering that he had lost it, frowned in dismay.

"Never mind," said Mabерley grimly, "you've plenty of that. Look at me!" He

took off his motor-cap as he spoke, and displayed a head like a billiard-ball, with a fringe of grey hair round it. "That's what dabbling in stocks does for one," he sighed. "How old are you?"

"I'm Roger, and I'm seven," was the child's prompt reply. "And Jack's ten past."

"You have been stealing birds' eggs, eh?"

"No," replied Jack, and met Maberley's frown without flinching.

Roger had discovered a gap in the hedge through which he could squeeze himself with difficulty, and in a twinkling he had wriggled under the car and was lying on his back beside the chauffeur, investigating mysteries. Augustus Maberley gripped the boy by his little fat legs and hauled him back into the light of day. Roger laughed.

"I only wanted to see its underneath," he explained. He rose and searched his pockets, and drawing forth some shapeless pieces of soft, warm toffee, held them out towards Maberley on the palm of a dirty little hand. "I hope you like toffee," he said gracefully.

Maberley coughed, and then, to his own surprise, accepted the smallest morsel. There was something about Roger which compelled good-nature.

"You live here?" he queried, watching Jack's efforts to struggle through the thorns some yards away, but not offering to help him.

"No," replied Roger. "We are on the way to see father, who is going to be awfully ill."

"Going to be?" Maberley was puzzled.

"Yes. He is to be cut open and mended and sewed up again. Oh, look at the man!"

Roger ran forward, and Jack joined him, and they stood close to the chauffeur as he crawled out wiping his oily hands. He bade them stand clear as he leapt into the car and tried the levers.

"She'll answer," he said; and Maberley stepped in hastily and sat down, drawing a large rug over his knees.

"Are you going to London?" asked Roger.

"Yes. Don't you wish you could come with me?"

"We can! That's just where we're going. How nice! Do you mind?" The little fellow scrambled in and took his seat, lifting a corner of the rug and covering his knees in exact imitation of the great man. "Come on, Jack!" he shouted eagerly; and while Maberley sat dumb with astonishment, Jack sprang in at his other side.

"How ripping of you, sir!" he exclaimed.

The chauffeur threw a covert glance of amusement at his master which irritated

Maberley extremely. If he chose to take them to London it was not the chauffeur's business. He gave a curt order to start.

"This is better than walking," observed Roger, "isn't it, Jack?"

"Rather!" answered Jack.

"How far did you mean to walk?" inquired Maberley, when amazement permitted him to speak.

"To London, to see father," replied Jack.

"But it's sixty odd miles from here," said Maberley, incredulously; then with a fierce frown: "You've run away from home."

"No—from school," Roger corrected him. "It's 'cos father wrote that he would give anything for another kiss from us, 'case he dies, you know, like mother."

Maberley's emotion caused him sudden inconvenience, and he swallowed hastily.

"You won't give us away?" urged Jack. "We're going back again after we've seen him."

"I never meddle in another man's business," returned Maberley stiffly. "That is the golden rule of life."

Jack breathed a sigh of relief and sat up feeling strangely important.

"Is it fun to be a dabbler?" asked Roger suddenly.

Maberley stared at the blue eyes in astonishment, but made no reply.

"It's very cold in a motor that flies so fast," the child went on with a little shiver. "Do you think we might stick up the glass thing in front?"

Here was Maberley's opportunity to suggest that discontented children had better walk, and so to get rid of them, but the boy looked up with such a winning, confiding smile that he could only cough and order the chauffeur to stop and arrange matters for Roger's convenience. The sarcasm was lost on the children, and the chauffeur smiled again in secret.

Roger patted Maberley's big sleeve.

"Of course you didn't notice that we had no overcoats," he said in his most comforting tones. "Will breakfast-time be soon? We've only had toffee since we left."

Maberley blinked rapidly and meditated profoundly. He was perfectly overwhelmed by these children. They had boarded his car like pirates, and he felt more like their prisoner than their host.

He discouraged conversation, and, shutting his eyes, leaned back on the cushions in silence, while the motor sped through towns and villages and between hedgerows of hawthorn blossom without, as it were, drawing breath. The children were entranced, but hungry. At last

Jack, who was shy, made a sign to Roger, who nodded and seized Maberley's hand.

"I see a pretty inn just in front of us," he said coaxingly. "Do you think it would be a nice place to have some breakfast at?"

Maberley resigned himself to his fate and called a halt.

At the window of the inn parlour the two little boys stood and whispered together while breakfast was being prepared. No thought of being a nuisance to Maberley ever occurred to them.

"Father will like to hear about our friend," said Roger.

Jack nodded. "Ripping luck!" he agreed. "But you talk far too much. I twice thought he was going to stop and kick us into the road."

"And make us walk?" gasped Roger. "I couldn't. Half my shoe's off." He held up a foot and displayed a dirty white canvas shoe with the rubber sole hanging loose. There were two large holes in his stockings, and his left sleeve was badly torn at the elbow. Jack threw a look of disgust at him.

"What a beastly sight you are!" he said frankly.

"Father won't care," returned Roger, comfortably. "He will never notice nothing 'cept our faces."

"Come along," called Maberley, impatiently; and they ran and seated themselves at the table with alacrity. Then Roger, as though remembering something, slipped off his chair and stood looking at his host.

"Well?" inquired Maberley, abruptly.

"I haven't said 'Here a little,'" explained the child. "Father likes us to."

Maberley stared at him, but Jack rose with a red face and bent his head while Roger shut his eyes and repeated reverently Robert Herrick's grace:

"Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,"

(A gasp escaped from Maberley, quickly covered by a cough.)

"Here I ho'd them up to Thee
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all,"

He resumed his seat, unconscious of the stir in Maberley's breast.

"I'm allowed tea—sometimes," he continued, gazing anxiously at the big plated teapot.

Maberley filled his own cup in silence, and pushed the teapot across to Jack. In suppressed excitement the children drank strong tea, with the sugar bowl uncontrolled between them, and

devoured bacon and eggs and many slices of hot toast. Maberley, whose meal was rapidly made, looked on with growing irritation at the enforced delay. At last he snapped his watch-case sharply and rose.

Roger looked up in some concern.

"You've eaten awful little," he said kindly. "Would you like me to pass you a lump of sugar to suck?"

Maberley shuddered.

"When shall we reach London?" asked Jack, politely.

"The sooner we start, the sooner we are likely to arrive," replied his host, curtly.

Jack kicked Roger under the table, and they got up together and went out to the motor while Maberley paid the bill. He had never "treated" children before, and in his annoyance over the delay they had caused him he paid the money ungraciously. Was he to be saddled with them for ever? Who were they? Where had they come from? Where were they going? He reminded himself of his golden rule, and decided that they should continue their journey by rail, and hastened forward to tell them so.

"We've left room for you in the middle," cried Roger as he approached them.

"Fancy! a boy was hanging on to the back of our motor," exclaimed Jack. "But we stopped him pretty quick."

"Our motor!" thought Maberley, aghast.

The chauffeur bent forward to hide a smile, and Maberley, seeing it, stepped into the vacant seat without a word. He relapsed again into a reverie, and only stirred when the car slowed down and stopped at a post-office.

"This is London," he remarked, as he sprang out and entered the building.

"I thought the post-office was bigger," observed Roger, much disappointed.

"Probably this is the branch office," suggested Jack, but he too was horribly chagrined to find London so tame and unlike all he had heard of it.

"And where's St. Paul's and the Zoo?" asked Roger, visibly disturbed. "And which house is father in? He'll tell us what a dabbler does. Is stocks fishes?"

"Not fishes, but fishy, my sons," observed the chauffeur, turning to address them for the first time. This explanation did not tend to make matters clearer, but, before they could question further Maberley came out with a telegram in his hand and thunder on his brows.

"You'll have to get out and walk," he said shortly, motioning them to the ground with a sweep of his hand.

"But my shoe's torn," Roger began in distress. "And I—" A pinch from Jack silenced him.

Maberley gave the chauffeur some sharp directions in an undertone.

"But how are we to find father?" continued Roger, almost weeping.

Maberley re-read his telegram, and then entered the car.

"Oh, please tell us which is Sir Harry Fairbairn's house," ventured Jack, anxiously laying his hand on the motor as though to hold it back.

"Is he your father?" inquired Maberley in surprise, for the name was a famous one.

"No," returned the boy, "but father has come to his home for an operation, and we don't know the name of the house."

"Harley Street, probably," was the impatient answer. "Take the bus to Oxford Circus, and ask the way from there. You have money?"

"A little," replied Jack, looking nervously at an ill-conditioned fellow who had taken up his position beside Roger.

The car bounded forward at a word, and Maberley threw a half-crown behind him in Jack's direction.

"Bus to Oxford Circus," he shouted. "Anyone will show you Harley Street."

Jack nodded and bent down to lift the coin, but it was gone, and the loafer was fast disappearing into a public-house over the way.

"He took it before I said Jack Robinson!" gasped Roger. "Let's go after him." He would have entered the saloon and fearlessly demanded his half-crown, but Jack was old enough to be more timid.

"No use," he said in despair. "But we have threepence, and there goes a bus. It can't possibly be more than a penny each, and we'll get toffee with the other."

"Or a book for father, and some flowers," suggested Roger.

II.

SIR HARRY FAIRBAIRN glanced at the little gold clock on the mantelpiece, and wheeled round from his desk with an exclamation of surprise.

"Edith," he said, addressing his wife, "it is after midnight, and you ought to be in bed."

She was sitting in a deep lounge-chair, in a black velvet gown, with her evening cloak still round her shoulders.

"I have been half-asleep, I think," she remarked, tapping her lips with her fan to hide

a yawn, "but I refuse to move till you stop writing."

"But these letters have to be answered," he objected, indicating a pile beside him.

"You have a secretary," she observed sweetly, "and you have me, if you would only realise it."

"Thank you, dear, but they are private notes, every one of them, and positively must be answered by myself. A secretary is all very well for some things, but she is a regular nuisance at times, and I prefer—"

His wife rose and kissed him.

"Ruffled feathers, poor tired boy," she said soothingly, and passed her hand several times over his hair. "To-day has taken a lot out of you."

"Thurlow's operation was nerve-wrecking."

"For you or for him, Harry?"

"For me. For him too, poor fellow. If he pulls through it will be rather a feather in my cap, but, as I told you before, surgery has only lately been attempted for that, and out of the fourteen cases operated on, only five have recovered."

"He will recover," she said confidently. "I feel it, somehow. Is it long since his wife died?"

"I don't know. Some years, I fancy—" he stopped at the sound of a bell.

"Harry," she cried in vexation, "you can't possibly go back to Hampstead to-night."

"It is that, no doubt. Tompkins is probably asleep." He hurried into the hall, to find, however, that the sleepy footman was already at the door. The tired voice of a child reached his ear.

"Is Sir Harry Fairbairn in, if you please?"

Sir Harry went forward quickly. The electric light fell on two quaint little figures, who gazed up in his face in a beseeching way. The elder boy supported the little one with his arm, and the faces of both were white, and the eyes large and frightened.

"What do you want with Sir Harry, my little lads?" asked the surgeon kindly. "Is it the cut foot you want attended to?" He pointed to the little one whose foot was bandaged with a handkerchief.

"Father is here," the elder boy asserted wearily. "Please take us to his room."

"Harry," exclaimed Lady Fairbairn, coming over beside him, and looking keenly at the children, "these babies are lost. There is something wrong. They ought never to be out at this hour."

"Father—father—I want father," sobbed the little one. "He is here."

"You have mistaken the house, dear," she

said, holding out her hand to him. "But come in and tell Sir Harry and me all your story."

"Are you Sir Harry Fairbairn?" inquired the older boy, and as the surgeon nodded, he stepped in, drawing his brother with him, and breathed a sigh of intense relief. "We have been looking for you all day," he continued simply. "I am Jack Thurlow, and he's Roger. Father said he was to stay in your home."

"He wanted to kiss us again," added Roger, rubbing his fist into his eyes. "So we've run away from school to let him."

"You darlings!" whispered Lady Fairbairn softly.

"Roger had better not step on the carpet," observed Jack anxiously, "for he cut his foot at a place called Crouch End, where the 'bus man put us out, and he left blood marks on the pavement. We had to tie his hanky round it in case he was taken to prison for marking the roads, but it's always bleeding a little."

"And we're so hungry," sobbed Roger, pathetically.

"Bring some hot bread and milk as fast as you can," said Sir Harry to the man who was still standing beside the door, prepared to show the wanderers out again. "From Crouch End!" he repeated incredulously.

His wife was bending over Roger, wiping away his tears with her lace handkerchief.

"Are you a boy's mother?" asked the child, stroking her velvet gown with a grimy hand.

"Oh, you poor motherless lamb!" she cried, lifting him in her arms. "Yes, I am. But my boy is a great big fellow now. Come, and we will tell you all we can about the father you love so dearly."

She carried him into the consulting-room, and Sir Harry followed with Jack, who was crying bitterly on finding his father was not within reach. When they had swallowed some food, Sir Harry examined Roger's foot carefully.



"'Father is here,' the older boy asserted wearily. 'Please take us to his room.'"

"Here is a splinter of glass yet," he observed. "I don't know how you managed to walk all that distance with a foot in this condition, wee man."

"We didn't know of any doctor in London except you," explained Jack.

"And I couldn't sit down to rest it," added Roger, "'case the policeman said 'Move on.'"

"It is more likely he would have told you where the nearest doctor lived," replied Sir Harry.

"Would he be a specialist?"

"I don't know."

"'Cos father has a specialist, and I must, too."

"Well, you have found one," the surgeon said, smiling. "And you must *try* not to cry when he takes out the glass. He wouldn't willingly hurt you, you know."

Roger smiled sleepily.

"You're just like father," he said.

The following morning, while Sir Harry was at breakfast, he was informed that he was urgently wanted by a gentleman who could not delay.

"Describe him," said the surgeon.

"A tall, broad-shouldered man, sir, driving a green motor-car."

"Bald-headed?"

"Yes, sir, with a fringe of grey. He gave no name, sir."

"Ah!" observed Sir Harry, and passed in his cup for more coffee.

The man withdrew.

Lady Fairbairn glanced up in some curiosity.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Their 'dabbler,' as they call him, I have no doubt," he replied. "The man who dropped these little chaps out of his car yesterday. He fits their description, and I fully expected that remorse would drive him to my door before long. He may wait."

"Try to find out his name, Harry, and forcibly point out to him how brutal it was."

"Trust me," he said grimly.

He finished his coffee leisurely and read some letters before he crossed the hall to the room in which his visitor was impatiently waiting.

A glance convinced him that the "dabbler" stood before him. He bowed gravely, and Maberley did the same. They were men of almost equal height, but the surgeon lacked the breadth of the other, and whereas Maberley's face was lined with wrinkles which told of worry and fretting impatience, Sir Harry's was one of calm reserve and quiet strength. They faced one another with half the room between them.

"Well, sir?" asked the surgeon.

"Have they arrived?" inquired the other, nervously.

"Have who arrived?" queried Sir Harry. "May I ask your name, sir?"

"Maberley—Augustus Maberley. I came, hoping to hear news of two little boys."

"Have you lost them?"

"Yes—no—not exactly." An explanation was not easy. "The fact is, they boarded my motor-car outside Huntingdon yesterday morning, and I brought them on with me to Highgate."

"Who boarded your motor, Mr. Maberley?" The surgeon spoke coldly, as though the matter had little interest for him.

"Two little boys who had run away from school. They said they were on their way to London to see their father, who was in a home of yours."

"Really! What was their name, and how old were they?"

"Ten and seven. Smart little chaps! I should have refused to carry any other children in the kingdom, but you couldn't refuse the little one. The fact is, they wanted breakfast, and they took so long over it that the delay made an enormous difference to me. I reached Highgate post-office half an hour later than I had arranged, and found a wire making an appointment which I was too late to keep, though I tried it. I told the boys—they had no claim on me, you know—to take a 'bus to Oxford Circus, and ask for Harley Street. They were uncommonly smart youngsters, but—" He wiped the perspiration from his face and stared across at the surgeon anxiously.

"Of course they had plenty of money?" suggested Sir Harry, steeling his heart against the "dabbler's" distress.

"Well, I hope so. I gave them half-a-crown."

"You gave it to them?"

"Yes. At least, I threw it to them as I drove off. I was upset, you understand; and they had no claim on me, none whatever."

"You are sure they understood which 'bus to take?" inquired Sir Harry, mercilessly. "And there was no one near who might have snatched the coin you threw? London street boys are sharp."

Maberley mopped his face again.

"There was an ugly-looking fellow hanging about, but they were smart youngsters—" He looked piteously at Sir Harry. "The fact is," he continued, "I haven't shut an eye all night. I forgot about them till I got to my hotel at Brighton late in the evening, and since then, I may say, I have not had a single peaceful moment. I have lived in a nightmare. They had no claim on me at all, but—" He swallowed nervously.

"Of course you know their name, and address?" put in Sir Harry, casually.

"No I don't. Jack and Roger they called each other. I asked no questions. I never do. I thought you would know. Do you suppose they have been robbed or murdered—what? They were handsome boys, and there are scores of sharks who would not hesitate to fall on them. I have thought of all the ghastly things that might happen. They may be lying naked in some cellar. They may be maimed and crippled, and sent out to beg. Roger may have been run over. He may be—"

"Calm yourself, Mr. Maberley," said Sir Harry, taking pity on the man at last. "They are here safely, in my house at this moment. But"—he held up his hand to check an interruption—"it is not in any way owing to you that they are so. Your half-crown, thrown wide, was picked up by the ugly fellow you spoke of. They got into the first 'bus they saw, supposing all 'buses went to Oxford Circus, and were put out at Crouch End, with only one penny between them. Roger cut his foot on a broken bottle, and how he limped so far is a mystery to me. They only reached here at midnight, and I wired to their headmaster, but I am afraid that, even had I known your address, I should not have thought it incumbent on me to let you know of their safety."

"No—quite so," gulped out Maberley. "I understand. It's a great relief," he sighed heavily.

"You have remarked several times," continued Sir Harry, "that they had no claim on you. I am not so sure of that. You assumed a large responsibility when you drove them sixty or more miles in your motor-car, and I do not see that your responsibility ended, morally speaking, when you dropped them on the edge of London, two little country-bred boys in a city they had never seen."

"I admit it," answered Maberley, turning to look out of the window.

"Then I have nothing further to say," observed Sir Harry.

"Well, I have," returned Maberley, facing round again. "I have always hated children before. I feel differently to these two. Is their father likely to die?"

"I sincerely hope not," answered Sir Harry, earnestly.

A shade of disappointment passed over Maberley's face. "Is he a rich man?" he queried. "Excuse my asking."

"No. On the contrary, I should imagine him to be poor in this world's goods. He is the rector—and a badly paid one—of a small village in Northamptonshire."

"Ah!" Maberley looked out once more over the stained-glass window screen, and meditated for a moment. Then he wheeled round suddenly. "May I see them?" he asked.

"They are sleeping," replied Sir Harry. "I hardly think—"

"I sha'n't disturb them," urged Maberley. "The truth is, Sir Harry, the delay I chafed at turned out to be a blessing in disguise. If I had been earlier I should have had a hand in a deal that would have cost me ten thousand pounds, for by the evening I found it already doomed to failure. There was misrepresentation. My money, had I risked it, would infallibly have been lost. I feel I owe it to the little chaps, somehow; and I should like to do something for them. I was thinking"—he coughed in some embarrassment—"I was thinking that their father's operation is probably an expensive affair, the home and all that sort of thing, don't you know?"

"Yes," agreed Sir Harry.

"Well, I thought—" a pause, and then abruptly, "I should like to pay it. Send me the account for everything—for everything, you understand—and give him the best room in the place. It is Roger's money, really."

"It is a generous offer," remarked Sir Harry, pondering it.

"But they are quite different from other children," Maberley insisted. "They are totally different."

"It is their unquestioning faith in us all that has worked the charm, I imagine," said the surgeon; "but I agree with you, they are not ordinary boys."

"You will let me see them?" repeated Maberley.

Sir Harry led the way up two flights, and Maberley followed him, mopping his face once more. He crept into the bedroom on tiptoe, and stood looking at the little heads lying close together on the pillow.

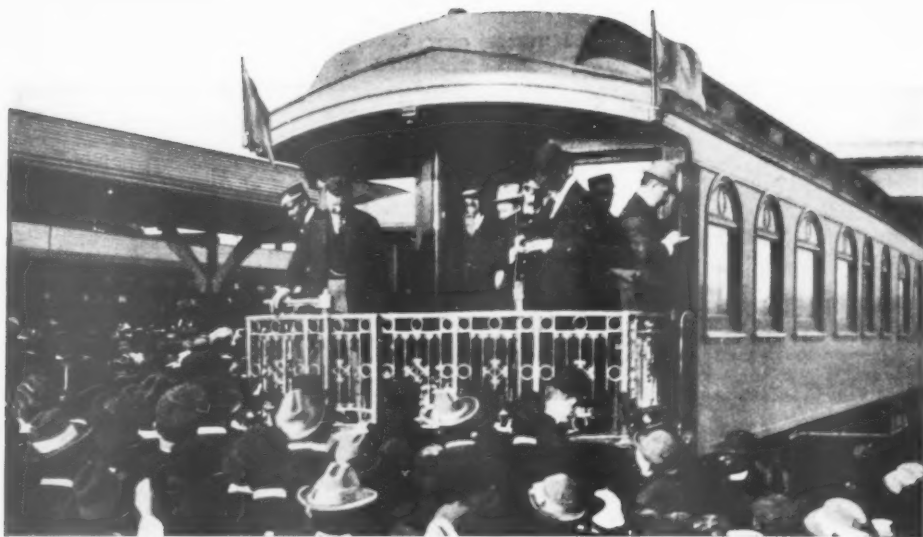
"They will sleep for hours yet," observed Sir Harry, in a low tone.

Roger sleepily opened his eyes, and Maberley smiled and bent over him, touching his hair with awkward gentleness.

"Jack," murmured the little one. "It's our own 'dabbler' come back to help us," and he dozed again.

"I think he is not far wrong," ventured Sir Harry, softly.

"I don't deserve it," gulped Maberley. Again he drew his fingers through the child's hair. "'Our own dabbler?'" he repeated wonderingly under his breath. "His very own, bless him!"



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SPEAKING FROM THE REAR OF A TRAIN WHILE WAITING AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Conversation Corner.

Conducted by THE EDITOR.

The Presidential Election

THIS is the month when the people of the United States make formal choice of a President. The photograph above gives a characteristic scene in which Mr. Roosevelt, whose term of office is drawing to a close, is the prominent figure. The President and candidates for that office are expected to cover great distances by special trains and address briefly the crowds which assemble at railway stations. It is a wearisome but necessary ordeal, requiring great strength and tact—qualities in which Mr. Roosevelt has never been deficient.



Gordon Boys' Home Medallist.

I HAVE had pleasure in awarding a QUIVER Medal for Good Conduct to Sergeant George Dove, of the Gordon Boys' Home at Woking. The Home, as some of my readers may be aware, was established for training and educating friendless and destitute lads, so as to fit them, in accordance with General Gordon's known wish,

for a life of usefulness, as civilians, soldiers, or sailors. It is one of the very few charitable institutions in the country in which lads, at the most critical period of their lives, viz. from about fourteen to seventeen, and in some special cases to eighteen, are housed and protected. Sergeant Dove entered the institution on May 11th, 1904. His father is dead, and he has no relatives who take an interest in his welfare. The lad bears an excellent character, and since he has joined the institution not a single black mark has been entered against him. Of late he has been employed in the shoemaker's shop, where he has won golden opinions by his industry and skill.



Reedham Medallists

ONCE more I have had pleasure in awarding a QUIVER Good Conduct Medal to each of two children of the Reedham Orphanage, Purley. The boy who has won the medal is Leslie Francis Collins, who is nearly fifteen years of age. There is nothing mawkish or goody-goody about the average Reedham boy.

As a rule, his life makes him manly, self-reliant, and independent, and all these qualities are possessed by Leslie Collins. Mr. H. E. Clarke, the headmaster of the Orphanage, says that Leslie is a real Reedham boy. "I am convinced that he will make a fine man. His attitude towards truth and right compels honour in others. He is always ready to help, and when anything is to be done at home he is always asked to do it. He is leaving Reedham shortly, and hopes to become an engineer. There will be nothing scamped or shirked in the work he turns out." The girl medallist is Stella Olive Newton, who is nearly fourteen years of age. "Stella has been a member of the Reedham family," says Miss Caroline Clements, the headmistress, "since she was two years old, and during that time she has tried to live up to the names given her at baptism; for she is as bright as a little star, and as useful as the homely olive. She is always ready to shine, and ready to be useful, and she is as delighted to lend a helping hand to her teachers as to join in a romp with the little ones. She takes as keen an interest in the preparation of a pudding or

pic as in swimming or drill, and gives promise of growing into happy, useful womanhood."



LESLIE COLLINS, AN ORPHAN BOY WHO HAS WON "THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL.

Earlswood Asylum

IT is now five years since the managers of the Earlswood Asylum undertook the serious responsibility of repairing the building, necessitated through insufficient foundations and general weakness in construction. Unfortunately, the task has proved much greater

than was anticipated, especially as to obtaining the necessary funds, and, with the gravest anxiety always present, owing to urgency through the danger of threatened collapse, only about three-quarters of the work has been completed. All available securities have had to be realised, and the remainder of the work can only be undertaken in sections as the necessary funds are subscribed. The north-eastern block is the portion now urgently requiring attention, but only £2,500 has been subscribed of the £6,000 required, and strenuous efforts are being made to raise this sum. Any help our readers can give will be gratefully received by Mr. Harry Howard, secretary, Earlswood Asylum Offices, 30, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.



Happy Home for 4,000

THE Asylum holds the distinguished position of being the pioneer educational and training home for the mentally defective. Over 4,000 patients, of all denominations and from all parts of the Empire, have found a happy home at Earlswood since its foundation in 1847. Those above the grade of the pauper can secure admission by the votes of the subscribers, either free or as part-payment cases, contributing

fifteen guineas a year or more towards cost; and paying patients are received without



STELLA NEWTON, AN ORPHAN GIRL WHO HAS WON "THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL.

election from sixty-five guineas a year, according to requirements. Without doubt, this national charity, the first to deal with these sadly afflicted persons, maintains the premier position amongst those institutions which provide for the care, education, and training to useful occupations of all grades of the feeble-minded.



A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF EARLSWOOD ASYLUM. OUT OF £6,000 REQUIRED FOR REPAIRS TO THE BUILDING, £3,500 IS STILL URGENTLY WANTED.

More Texts from Towns.

By the Rev. A. HAMPDEN LEE.

EXETER

MOTTO:—SEMPER FIDELIS ("ALWAYS FAITHFUL").

THE shield of Exeter's city arms is dominated by the triangular fortress of Rougemont, a famous castle built, as its name implies, on the red mount. This carries back our thoughts to the unsettled times of the Norman occupation; but a decade of centuries before Harold was defeated at Hastings Exeter was an important settlement of the Britons. Its name, in one form or another, frequently occurs during the Roman and Saxon periods; but the existing city probably dates from the reign of King Alfred's grandson, Athelstan, who drove out the Britons or Cornishmen, and defended the city by walls and fortifications.

It was not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1564, that the supporters and crest, with motto, were added to the coat of arms. The winged horse (pegasus) which supports either side of the shield was no doubt suggested by Exeter's maritime importance and nearness to the sea. Speaking of the motto, *Semper Fidelis*, and the two pegasi, Dr. Doran somewhat humorously remarks: "But observe what comes of a blue-stocking Queen honouring Saxon folk with a Latin device. Even at this day it is not understood. We are told of a countryman showing these 'supporters' to a stranger and observing: 'These be the two racehorses that runned upon Haldon wi' names of 'em put under Scamper and Phillis.'"

But to return to the coat of arms. We notice that the crest consists of a semi-lion holding forth the Cross-crowned orb. This very happily illustrates the religious faith and courage of a people whose pride and adornment is a cathedral wherein for nearly a thousand years the story of the world-conquering Cross has been proclaimed.

There is also an appropriateness in the motto to a fine characteristic of these west country folk, for few cities have stood more sieges than Exeter. Her citizens have shown a grit and backbone which have surprised the sterner sons of the north.

Hence, when the city arms were confirmed and extended in 1564, Queen Elizabeth herself added the motto: *Semper Fidelis*. It was a great honour to be the recipient of such a mark of royal favour, but it was still greater when that favour was the bestowal of a motto so noble and distinguished.

Probably the Queen, who was deeply interested in the maintenance and spread of Protestantism, had in her mind the splendid resource and fidelity of the men of Exeter, some fifteen years before, during the second year of Edward VI.'s reign. At that time (1549), the whole country was disturbed by religious riots. Parliament had decreed that all images should be removed from churches, and the Book of Common Prayer introduced.

In Cornwall and Devon the opposition to Parliament was so violent that, incited by the priests, 10,000 men marched against Exeter, and invested the city. They stopped the supplies, called on the Mayor to capitulate, and for thirty-six days continued the siege. But during all that time the men of Exeter never wavered; they were faithful to their King, and to their Protestant faith. Nobly did they stand during those trying weeks, until the city was relieved by the Royal army under Lords Russell and Gray. Perhaps that notable siege was in Queen Elizabeth's mind when she bestowed the title *Semper Fidelis*.

It has been said "Happy is the people which has no history," but that epigram does not hold when the story of the past is one of courage and faith. There was a wisdom, an understanding of the instincts of the human heart, about that Scotsman who, when he stood on the historic battlefield of Drumclog, where the brave Covenanters defeated the cruel Claverhouse, resolved to build there a school-house that the fidelity and zeal of a noble ancestry might inspire the youth of succeeding generations. Near by, years after, dwelt a poor weaver, who cherished a tattered flag that had been held by his forefathers on the great day of battle, and on that flag were these words: "God and Our Sworn Covenant." Nought



EXETER. THE MOTTO WAS SUGGESTED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

could tempt the poor weaver to part with his precious heirloom; "I will never sell it," said he, "except with my own life."

Semper Fidelis should we be as custodians of the Christian faith, and the banner of religious freedom. As in days gone by the men of Exeter stood faithful to the doctrines of Luther and the New Testament, so should we manifest a like zeal for those great Protestant truths which are the foundation of national greatness.

What God requires of us is faithfulness, and that is a quality that can shine in all positions and circumstances. Our financial resources may be small, and our gifts but few, yet, however lowly our surroundings, there will be free and ample scope for that grace of character which will link us with the highest, for he that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much.

All have heard of the famous hot-water geysers in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, United States. The waters rise, we are told, grandly and proudly in dizzy heights, and fall in graceful spray. Some of them have fine names, such as "Wonderful," "The Monarch," "The Lion," "The Lioness," but you can never depend on them. You may be fortunate and behold these beautiful natural fountains in all their plenitude of power, or you may have to wait day after day and see nothing for your pains and labour. But one of the geysers has been named "Old Faithful," for once every hour the water rises some seventy or eighty feet, and then subsides, only again to burst forth with wondrous regularity.

In the service of God it is better to be like "Old Faithful" than to be more brilliant but uncertain.

HALIFAX.

MOTTO:—*NISI DOMINUS CUSTODIERIT CIVITATEM* ("UNLESS GOD KEEPS THE CITY ALL WILL BE VAIN").

Like so many of our great towns Halifax goes to the Bible for its motto, and to Christian story for the embellishments of its borough arms. The very name *Halez fax* has gathered about it, as we shall see, quite a store of weird and interesting fable. All seem agreed that the "face" which occupies the chief position on the shield is

that of John the Baptist. How that sanguinary story has impressed the heart and memory of Christendom!

Strangely enough, the people of Penzance, as far back as 1614, chose the severed head of the Baptist to adorn their borough arms. There is no reason to doubt that the derivation of Penzance is "pen," a headland, and "sans," holy, a Mount Carmel, a holy headland on the Cornish coast. But what connection there is between a promontory by the sea and the head of the great Fore-runner it is difficult to tell.

The case of Halifax is more interesting, because of the wealth of legends, and the absence of physical features to suggest the name.

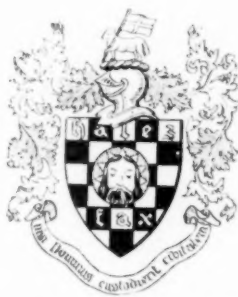
"Halifax" has been interpreted by some as meaning "holy hair," and there is told a blood-curdling story of a fair maiden, cruelly put to death in a neighbouring wood, and suspended, Absalom-like, by her hair to a tree. Where the tragedy occurred, a hermitage, it is said, was built, and that it was much resorted to by pilgrims.

Others see in the name a word half Saxon and half Norman, *Halez* (holy), *fax*, Norman-French for ways. There were, we are told, four high roads leading to the hermitage in the wood, which roads were named—like *via Doloroso*—the *Halez fax* or holy ways. Compare also *Carfax* (four ways) in Oxfordshire.

Although we are now in the midst of conjectures, two facts stand out—the name of the town and the borough coat of arms. In accordance with uniform testimony, Camden speaks of an ancient hermitage there, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and that the face of the saint was kept within its walls.

This does not seem at all improbable, and is the best solution of both the name and coat of arms. How often on the Continent—at Berne, for instance—we meet with huge faces of St. Christopher, sometimes four or five feet in height, so at this Yorkshire hermitage there may have been

a remarkable picture or representation there of the "holy face" of St. John, the so-called father of hermits. That fact alone would be sufficient to distinguish the hermitage—the "Shrine of the Holy Face," and would give to the district the name of "Halifax."



HALIFAX. THE FACE IS THAT OF JOHN THE BAPTIST, THE PATRON SAINT OF AN ANCIENT HERMITAGE.

But when we come to the motto, we get away from the mythical and mediæval into the clear light of inspired scripture. For their watchword, the people of Halifax have chosen a fine saying from the Psalm cxxvii. : "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Similar, too, is the motto of both Edinburgh and Chelsea, *Nisi Dominus frustra*. This dependence on God, Who is the only true palladium of the city as of the Church, is a good feature in the municipal life of our great British towns.

"The Lord is thy keeper," says the Psalmist, but it is generally through the exercise of our own powers, as His sentries and forces, that the Lord preserves us. It has been truly said that God can do only His best work by the help of best men, and in all things there must be a willingness on our part to co-operate with God. The watchmen of the city are needful, but they are vain without the Lord.

On one of the American lakes the sailors had done all they could for the ship, which was being fast hemmed in, soon to be crushed by the ice-floes. The captain, John Rutledge, saw that no human effort could save them, so he knelt down and prayed. While in prayer, the wind changed, and began to open the way through the ice, pushing it back from the ship and widening a passage, so that she was saved. And when the sailors came to the captain and said, "Shall we put on more canvas?" his reply was "No! don't touch her! Someone else is managing this ship." Are there not times in our own life when our wisdom is simply to stand and wait? Someone else is saving the city (2 Kings, xix. 34).

A young missionary from Central Africa told a touching story of a companion and himself. They had been doing pioneer work for Christ, and one evening found themselves surrounded by fierce, yelling savages. Threatening spears were pointed at them, and it seemed as if their end had come. They felt that their only hope was in God. One of them had an old accordion, and both of them sang to its broken music :

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home."

Yes, "far from home," surrounded by infuriated cannibals, those two young men committed themselves to Him Who said "Call upon Me, and I will deliver you." And God did deliver them. One aged native woman went and stood by the missionaries and said "These men mean no harm, they shall come to my hut." The cry was taken up, "These men mean no harm," the storm of passion was hushed, and in that African town an entrance was gained for the Gospel of Divine Love.

WOLVERHAMPTON.

MOTTO:—E TENEBRIS ORITUR LUX ("OUT OF DARKNESS COMETH LIGHT").

Although Wolverhampton's coat of arms does not please the æsthetic taste of lovers of heraldry, it nevertheless well sets off the history and position of that ancient borough. Everything on and about the shield has its story to tell. But the first thing we notice, and one that is characteristic of so many Pritish towns, is the prominence given to the Cross, which in this instance dominates the shield and shows how that sacred emblem held sway among trades as well as in chivalry. The obelisk or pillar in the front quarter represents an old column which stands near the entrance to the church. It is of great historic interest, but whether it is of British,

Saxon, or Norman origin is a matter we must leave for antiquaries to decide. The wool-pack on the second quarter speaks of the time when wool was the chief trade of the district, and in fact of the country. Five hundred years ago English wool was much in request on the Continent, and was almost the entire bulk of our export. The open book, with clasps, is indicative of learning and doubtlessly refers to the grammar school founded in the reign of Henry VIII. by a knight and London alderman who was a native of the town. The padlock points out the earlier staple trade, in connection with which some thirty local firms have taken out patents.

The cross keys which form part of the crest are suggestive of St. Peter, to whom the ancient collegiate church is dedicated.



WOLVERHAMPTON. THE BEACON FIRE CREST REFERS TO THE GLOWING BLAST FURNACES WHICH USED TO LIGHT UP "THE BLACK COUNTRY" BY NIGHT.

This church was founded in 994 by Wulfrun, sister of King Edgar, and wife of Aldhelm, Duke of Northampton. It is her name which is enshrined in the name of the town, of which she may be regarded as the patron saint.

But our interest at the present time centres in the beacon fire crest, and the singularly appropriate motto. Two generations ago one of the great sights of the Midlands was the glowing blast furnaces, which lighted up the whole of what had been termed "the Black Country." Two or three of the stage coach routes connecting London with the north and with Holyhead ran through the district, and at night the view from these coaches was indescribably weird. An octogenarian who had frequently made the journey states that the sight was one which would never be forgotten. The sky was clothed in ruddy robes, a reflection of red-tongued fires and rivers of molten metal. In the stillness of the night you could hear the sighing of innumerable furnaces, which lighted up and made plain the contour of hills and ridges up which "Black Country" towns had crept. There was no iron like the South Staffordshire, and in those days there were no Middlesbrough or north country rivals.

But all this glory, and it had a glory about it, is fast disappearing, and that for two reasons. Towns nearer the coast have greater facilities for producing iron, and the furnaces which remain are shorn of their glowing locks. The blast flames were produced by gases, liberated during the process of melting, and represented so much waste power. By modern inventions those gases are driven through tubes, purified by water, and utilised to work engines. The beacon-like fires are now comparatively few, and the ruddy glow in the sky is seen only when the furnaces are tapped and rivers of molten metal flow forth.

E tenebris oritur lux runs the old Wolverhampton motto, which, to the disappointment of classical friends, has been anglicised in the present coat of arms, "Out of darkness cometh light." That is, as stated, a singularly appropriate and suggestive motto. Out of the ebon coal comes the incandescent

flame, while the furnaces, like veritable pillars of fire, glow in the darkness and burn holes in the night. Perhaps, as Wolverhampton prides itself in being "the metropolis of the Black County," there is in its motto a lurking suggestion that the town itself is the shining light of the district.

The motto is true in all periods of history and in every department of life.

"The night brings forth the morn,
Of the cloud is the lightning born;
From out the darkest earth
The brightest roses grow.

"Bright sparks from black flints fly,
And from out the leaden sky
Comes the silvery-footed spirit of the snow."

That is also true in human life. From the rustic cradle by the river's brink came the greatest lawgiver, and from lowly sheep-cotes arose the most splendid king of antiquity. From a carpenter's bench came the Lord Christ, and by unlettered fishers of an inland lake was proclaimed the story which has transformed the world.

Darkest days may be precursors of blessing, and hardest sayings may yield the healing balm. Yes, there is a spiritual alchemy which transmutes the bitter into sweetness, hardship into luxury, and sorrow into joy. Turn over the diary of Richard Williams, the Patagonian missionary. Cast on an inhospitable shore, in the midst of great privations which eventually terminated his life, he could nevertheless write day by day only of joy and blessedness. "I bless and praise God," he wrote, "that this day has been, I think, the happiest of my life. The torch light of faith has been in full trim, so that I have only to wave it to the right hand or left, in order to discern spiritual things in heavenly places." And who was Richard Williams? For many years he was a persecutor of that Gospel which he afterwards preached. The sceptic became a saint; the last man one would have expected to join Captain Allan Gardiner and his noble band of missionary martyrs. Truly *E tenebris oritur lux*.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity," so, however dark may be our experience and trying our circumstances, let us never forget that "Light is sown for the righteous, and unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."



PENZANCE. THE ORIGIN OF THE BAPTIST'S HEAD ON THE COAT-OF-ARMS IS UNKNOWN.

The Ordeal of Donald Fraser, Probationer.

A Complete Story.

By GRAHAM BROWN.

DONALD FRASER was beginning to weary of the routine and disappointment of his life. The time was when he had lived in a world of rosy hopes and noble ambitions. He had acquitted himself with distinction at the college; he had won the golden opinions of his meek-eyed professors, and to him it was just a case of waiting for a few months at most till one or other of the congregations on the look-out for a minister of parts should hear of Donald Fraser, M.A., and see that Providence had been very kind in leading them to set their affections on such a distinguished student.

But, alas! fate had so decreed that what time his fellow students were receiving "calls" from other congregations, and were settling down in life, Donald Fraser seemed to be passed by on every side. In each vacancy his hopes were dashed to the ground, and always there seemed to be some influence at work to cheat him of his deserts. And no wonder that as the years sped on he almost lost heart altogether.

On this particular Saturday afternoon he was busy preparing his hand-bag for his week-end visit. After the lapse of several months he had been asked once more to preach as a candidate in the little Free Kirk of Ormondhill. At any other time this stroke of fortune would have served to lift for a season the depression that was always his companion now, but on this occasion it was nothing, and less to him than nothing, that he was getting another chance, his fourteenth, and possibly his last. For *she* was ill, perhaps dying—she who had waited so long and so patiently, and his heart was heavy within him.

Absent-mindedly he filled his bag. He thought of the little fortune he had spent in train fares. It is true when the fee was over thirty shillings he did not grudge the railway companies their share, but when, as was mostly the case, the remuneration for his Sabbath services was a bare guinea, he felt that three or four shillings was too big a bite to be taken off without some concern.

On the question of fees there was a marked difference of opinion between the Society of Probationers, of which Donald Fraser was one of the seniors, and the Kirk Treasurers, who handed over the dirty bank note at the end of the day. These, accustomed to be paid

at so much an hour, thought that it was a sinful waste of money that a stripling in a dog-collar should get so much for a bare thirty minutes' preaching, if that.

But on this occasion the probationer was not thinking about anything so worldly as fees and train fares; he was not even concerning himself with the chances in the vacancy. He had other things to think of than the disappointments that had come to him as one after another of his class mates had received the "call" that had enabled them without more ado to name the wedding day. Long ago he had grown tired of ordination soirées, at which he had to smile pleasantly and say to the good folks of this place or that that they ought to be congratulated on their discriminating insight in the matter of their choice of a minister. And no wonder he was tired, since in all these years he had never had so much as a chance of setting foot inside an empty manse.

It is true he had counted the chimneys from the outside, many a time. He could perhaps tell you the number of windows, say, in a dozen manse up and down the country, but from the chimneys other folks' smoke curled couthily now, and other eyes looked smilingly out of curtained windows.

But as I say, on this particular day his heart was filled with other and heavier cares, and his face was wan and weary by reason of the burden of his thoughts.

He went into his father's bedroom to say good-bye, as was his custom. For Donald Fraser the elder was a saint of God on whom the hand of affliction had been heavily laid and as patiently borne for years. The old man was propped up in his bed, and his large-type Bible lay open on his knee. He looked up brightly into the eyes of his son.

"You are surely making an early start to-day, Donald?" he said cheerily.

"Yes, dad, I am pleasing you for once. You always tell me never to wait till the last train."

"That's right, lad, that's right."

For a time they chatted pleasantly, and the old man spoke hopefully of the prospects at Ormondhill.

"I used to know some of the members there," he said. "And I have no doubt you

will get an attentive hearing, at any rate. Whatever you do, give them a faithful word, my son," and there was a tender look in his kindly old eyes.

And with many more words he bade him hope on and pray.

Donald Fraser the younger looked at his watch.

"Is it time you were going, lad? Can you not wait for tea?" said his father.

"I would like to go now," said his son.

"Well, God go with you, my son," replied the old man. "God go with you. But first kneel beside my bed, and let us have a word of prayer together."

And in that room of sickness and prayer, the old man's voice rose and fell in earnest supplication that the word of the message would be with power on the coming day. But all the time the probationer was thinking of another ordeal than that of preaching to a few critical hearers on the look-out for a man to succeed their late respected Dr. Murchison.

As he rose from his knees his father said with the old, roguish twinkle in his eye: "Are you sure you have your manuscripts in your bag?"

It was a question that he had put with unflinching regularity for the last five years. With a start the preacher sprang to his feet and gripped his bag. The bare thought was enough to freeze the blood in his veins.

"I declare, dad," he said, "I have left my



"Whatever you do, give them a faithful word, my son," and there was a tender look in his kindly old eyes."

sermons on the table. I am glad you asked me."

"I have seen the day when you only laughed at the question, Donald," said his father, but the probationer was already half way to the door.

He shivered at the thought of ascending the pulpit stairs without the knowledge that a neat, closely-written sermon nestled in the big Bible at Ephesians iii. 10. He bounded into his little room again—bedroom and study in one—and hastily crammed some sermons into the little bag beside his slippers.

Then he looked at his silver watch hurriedly, and ran down the stairs two steps at a time. As soon as he got beyond the straggling line of the twin villas—the twelve Apostles they

were called—he, a black-coated cleric in silk hat, ran along the dusty road, his coat tails flapping ingloriously in the breeze he was making.

It was not the way to the station, and no one knew it better than himself. On the crest of the hill, away in the hazy distance, he saw the house where *she* lived. The stacks of yellow corn clustered round the homestead, glinting like dull gold through the ash trees. The "gurr" of a reaper sounded faint and musical, and the stooping forms were busy in the high field away to the right.

Still he ran, or rather bounded along till he came to a gate at the roadside. He slackened pace now and walked panting through the stubble. The startled barn fowls scurried hither and thither, and the ducks weltered into the coffee water of the pool, flaked with the white of down and feather. As he swung round the corner of the cart-shed "Tweed," the collie, barked and wagged his tail furiously, and the puppy made muddy paw-marks on his black trousers. But he heeded not, for there before his eager eyes was the window of the room where she lay, and lo! the green venetian blinds were drawn down to their fullest extent.

The dark thought that had been knocking at the door of his mind all the morning crashed into his brain, and he could hardly take the few remaining steps to the door. He gazed as if fascinated at the darkened windows.

"Oh, God, is it all over now?" he groaned, and walked on as one in a dream.

But just at that moment of supreme torture his eye caught the glint of Hannah at the sitting-room window. She was smiling to him bravely, but he saw that the tears were standing in her clear eyes, and that her face was white and haggard with much night watching.

Yet it was some relief to him to see that smiling, kindly face, and with tightened lips he strode up to the door to learn the worst. He had hardly strength to pull the bell—he had hardly sight enough to see the handle in the climbing ivy, and for a few moments he stood panting on the steps, expecting that Hannah, the gentle sister of his beloved Margaret, would open to him.

"Margaret! oh, my love!" he whispered, and "Tweed" wagged his white-tipped tail.

At last he could bear the suspense no longer, and opening the door, he quietly let himself in. All was still in the house, so different from the usual hurry and noise, and he grew afraid. He staggered into the sitting-room, and mechanically stretched out his hand to the fire of dying embers. As if from some far-away

region, a low, weak, weary moan came to his ears, and his heart gave a great bound. It was not yet all over. Then suddenly he heard an unearthly voice uplift in song. It seemed her voice, yet not hers, so melancholy and plaintive did it sound.

He flung himself down on the well-worn sofa and bowed himself in prayer. A hand, cool, and soft, was laid on his burning cheek, and, smileless and ashen, he looked up at Hannah then whispered the one word—"Margaret?"

The spirit of intensest question was in the word which quivered on his lips, and though her own heart was strained to the breaking, she smiled bravely down on the drawn face.

"Oh, Donald," she said, and at the word the smile faded like the creeping mists at sunrise. "Oh, Donald, the doctor has just left, and he gives us hardly any hope. What will I do?" and she covered her face with her hands.

He was comforter now—he whose life lay stretching before him like a waste of dreary sea.

"Hannah, dear," he said brokenly. "Hannah, dear, God's way is best." She was silently weeping now.

They spoke in awed whispers for a long time, but once more that feeble, querulous moan came to their ears. The sister started.

"I must go, Donald," she said with tense lip.

"Let me come too, dear," he whispered, and on tiptoe they ascended the stairs, and softly entered the darkened room.

Donald Fraser walked to the bed, and oh, his heart was woe as he saw the poor, wasted features of his dear love.

"Margaret," he whispered, laying a cool hand on the burning brow, "Margaret!"

But the dull, lustreless eyes looked vacantly up, and the love-light that was wont to kindle on his approach was darkened now.

"Margaret, dearest"—he was kneeling at the bedside stroking the thin hand that lay listless on the coverlet.

"Is that someone calling?" said the girl in a faint voice. "I am coming—coming, but it is all so dark."

She lay motionless for a space, and the young man looked sadly at the fever-stricken face and sighed. Suddenly she sang in a thin, tremulous voice—

"O love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee."

The fire of a great agony burned in his soul, and tears of grief coursed down his cheeks and

fell on the little hand lying in his. A radiant smile lit up the pitiful face as she came to the words—

"O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not seek to fly from thee;
I lay in dust——"

the voice gradually grew fainter and more faint, and he bent to listen:

"Life's—glory dead,
And from—the——"

There was a long, quivering sigh, and the tired eyes closed in sleep.

Like one in a dream he rose from his knees, and a voice spoke in his heart. "Lord, if she sleep she shall do well," but he refused to be comforted with the words.

Mechanically he looked at his watch, and with a start realised that he must go. He tottered down the stairs and flung his arms round sister Hannah, and wept unrestrainedly on her shoulder.

"God above help us in our sorrow, dear," he whispered, and turned to the door.

He made his way to the station, lagging it wearily. Often he paused and looked back irresolute.

"Life's glory—dead—Life's glory—dead," kept sounding in his ears. The moaning winds seemed to be sighing out the words of sorrow. "O Cross—O Cross," whispered the wind-stirred corn. "O love that wilt not let me go—let me go—let me go," sang the birds in the trees. The train clanked out the same refrain. And that night his last waking vision was of a beloved form in shining garments singing with a thrill of exultant gladness:

"Life that shall endless be,"

* * * * *

The little kirk bell had ceased to toll, and the old beadle with anxious face stood at the side gate looking for the "candidate." The Rev. Donald Fraser strode up on the stroke of twelve, and without a word to the old man entered the little vestry.

The beadle, wounded in a vulnerable point, hobbled after him.

"He's no the yin for Ormondhill, onyway. He's ower stiff and quaitie. He'll never dae ava'," was the comment of Erchie, as he followed the minister into the vestry.

The preacher, without a word, took the list of praise chosen for him by the precentor, and mechanically allowed old Erchie to help him on with the "clowk."

Never will the people forget the candidate's first appearance on that quiet Sabbath morning. His prayers, unpremeditated, unrehearsed, were

hammered out on the anvil of a deeply-scored heart, and he preached as if he were listening to another voice not under his control. He marvelled at the apparent power of his simple words and thoughts. His precious manuscript, over the periods of which he had sat many a weary hour, he dropped on the worn, dyed sheepskin rug of the pulpit. In his present mood he could not bring himself to read what he had so laboriously written. He only saw before him heart-hungry souls for whom Christ died, hanging eagerly on his words, and he preached the Evangel as he had never done before. And ever in a misty vision he saw the dear face of his beloved, not thin and wasted by cruel fever, but radiant, shining, angelic, and the face of Another smiling down on her. In his state of spiritual tension he had been passing through the valley of the shadow, and now he felt as if he could almost have shouted for joy. "O death, where is thy sting?"

In this mood of spiritual exaltation he gave his message, and the hush told that his every word was going home. He forced himself to stop at last, and in the quiet he could hear the sound of low sobbing here and there among his audience.

But in the short prayer that followed the sermon, all his old agony surged over him once more, as when a reservoir bursts its dam and floods a smiling valley.

As one in a trance he opened his book to give out the closing hymn. He looked at the printed page, and for a moment he closed his burning eyes to keep out the sight. It was a moment of intensest agony. As one fascinated he again looked at the hymn, and the words swam before him.

"God help me," he whispered, then he set himself to give out the first lines. His voice sounded to him hollow and far away:

"O love that wilt not let me go,"

Bravely he read through the first verse, and, impelled against his will and his reason, he continued the reading. Ere he had come to the last verse the tears were coursing down the cheeks of not a few in the congregation, yet his own were dry and burning:

"O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not seek to fly from thee;
I lay—in dust——"

his voice became faint and husky—

"Life's glory d—d—dead——"

Then he stopped abruptly, and flung himself with a groan on the purple cushions, and grasped convulsively at the rail. In a dreamy,

far-off way, he heard the words sung by the people, and sat rigidly with fast closed eyes.

"And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be,"

Once more, as the congregation sang, the preacher had a vision of that radiant face, and as the "Amen" died away, he rose and staggered down the pulpit stairs, and rushed into the little vestry.

At the close of the service, so abruptly terminated, the worshippers congregated in little knots on the green sward around the door, and for a time the critics had their chance. Tongues were wagging busily.

"What can ha' cam' ower the young man, I canna' think?" said Elsie Wabster with acerbity. "Efter sic a discoorse to forget to pronounce the benediction! It's fair shamefu'!"

"Puir man, he's in tribble or my name's no Leebie Thamson," said her companion, who knew well the hand of sorrow. "Puir man!"

"A capital discoorse, a capital discoorse," said one of the critics. "But we'll reserve oor judgment till the nicht," and this was the general opinion as the congregation gradually melted away from the church porch.

The probationer in his misery heard not, nor heeded, the low, gentle tap at the vestry door, and at last old Saunders Ogilvie, ruling elder, entered softly.

The preacher was on his knees at the little table, and Saunders instinctively felt that he was on holy ground. So, being such a man—shoemaker and saint—he silently knelt and placed his horny hand on the lad's head.

Donald Fraser uttered a low moan, and the old elder whispered: "The Lord o' the weary and heavy-laden hear that cry o' a breakin' heart," and at the kindly word the young man looked up drearily.

"My laddie, the hand o' the Lord is upon ye, I see, but ye'll come through, ye'll come through."

One look into the kindly face of the old man sufficed for the overstrung preacher, and he poured out all his tale of sorrow into the sympathetic ear.

"And after this I cannot, oh, I cannot enter the pulpit to-night. I must go back. She is dying—dying—perhaps dead. I cannot preach to-night. I must go back."

"Ye'll dae naething o' the kind, my laddie," replied Saunders with conviction. "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is no fit for the wark o' the Maister. Ye'll preach the nicht. Man, the service o' God is a hantle mair important even than the

death o' oor nearest and dearest. Ezekiel preached to the people in the mornin', an' at even his wife died, an' though belikes he never boo'ed an e'e a' night, he preached to the people in the mornin' again. But laddie, I'm sair, sair troubled for ye," and the quivering voice grew tender as a woman's. "I've come through 't mysel'. *Marg'ret was her name, too.*"

The old man's eyes glistened as he spoke, then like a seer he lifted his hand above his head, "Lord, Thou knowest all about this young man, Thy servant. Lift Thy hand, an' it be Thy blessed will, and let him see Thy back parts. Cause Thy glory to pass afore him."

So Donald Fraser, candidate in the vacancy at Ormondhill, faced a crowded audience in the evening.

Never had the little church been so well filled, and even old Erchie the beadle had laid aside his sullenness, and was now on the tip toe of excitement.

"There's a fell lot o' folk forrit the nicht," he said, helping the probationer with the cloak. "Oo'll ha'e to do oor best."

As for the preacher himself, the tension of the morning had given place to a strong calm, and he conducted the service in the orthodox fashion, omitting nothing. Only the glittering eye and white face told of the furnace in which his bonds had been consumed.

And once more the critics gathered at the porch.

"I likit him better in the mornin'," said Jean Broon, critic-in-ordinary, "even although he sae far forgot hissel' as to forget th' benediction."

"I wunner at ye, wumman," retorted Elspeth Grier, the postman's wife. "He was far better the nicht, I'm thinkin'. He preached to the intellect and the reason, and there was solid argument in his discoorse. His exposeetion o' Romans five an' eicht was by-ordinar' fine. He's my man, at ony rate."

"There'll be nae doot o' the result o' the votin' the morn's nicht, I'm thinkin'," said Alison MacWhirter. "Though deed an' he's unco delicate lookin'. But the hill air o' Ormondhill will do him guid. I only howp that he'll accep'."

In a body the Kirk Session came into the vestry at the close, and solemnly gave the preacher the "right hand of fellowship." It was clear that the Seven Wise Men were, as they would put it, "favourably impressed with his pulpit appearances," but the preacher hardly listened to the kindly words—words which he would almost have given his right hand to hear any time these last five years.

As nine o'clock was chiming from the clock

of the "Muckle Kirk," he set himself determinedly to his twenty-five mile walk across the hills and moors, and old Saunders Ogilvie, ruling elder and saint, accompanied him part of the way.

Fleckered dawn was faintly streaking the eastern sky with grey shimmer, and the earliest birds were beginning to twitter in the caves, and he walked up to the house of death. He gently opened the front door, and stepped into the lobby.

Hannah, weary but brave and smiling, met him at the foot of the stair. He took her hand in silence, not daring to put the question that trembled on his lips. He gazed on the white face, and he read his message in the eyes, and a great load seemed to be lifting from his heavy heart. Oh, the joy of it! The crisis had been passed, and there was now more than a little hope.

In the bedroom the fire burned cheerily, casting flickering shadows on roof and wall. He peeped in, and in the rosy light saw Margaret—his Margaret—in a calm, sweet sleep, and his heart was brimful of a great thankfulness.

In the afternoon he went home, whistling with the birds, and sometimes, be it told, skipping like a child in the dewy grass. The next morning he was at the farm betimes, and still the news was of the most heart-some.

"Hannah," he said hesitatingly, "is she awake?"

The sister saw the purport of his question: "Yes, Donald," she answered, "but the doctor insists——"

He was fingering a buff flimsy envelope in his



"Bravely he read through the first verse"—p. 1173.

pocket. "Oh, I know, I know!" he answered. "But will good news hurt her?" and he brought out the telegram.

Instinctively Hannah knew what it meant. "Oh, Donald, I am so glad," she cried.

"Will good news hurt her?" he repeated. "Won't you go up and say to Margaret from me that I have got the doo-cot at last. She'll ken what I mean."



Seed Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

GOD is no idler. Idleness is at a discount in His economy of grace. God is a worker. It is only work that is at a premium. Quiescent ease is not the atmosphere He breathes. Rather energetic activity is the environment in which He lives, and moves, and has His being. Not a palace so much as an arena is characteristic of God's existence in the universe. Not the encampment but the march is the normal state of His being. The symbol of God's attitude to the world is not the great boulder that remains quietly in its receptacle in the side of the mountain, but the stately river that flows on perpetually and rolls on irresistibly to the sea.



THE story of good King Wenceslas is well known. It is said that the king, going out one winter night to his devotions at a distant shrine over snow and jagged ice, encouraged his murmuring servant Podavius to put his feet in the track which he had marked and made easier with his own bleeding feet. So our King has gone before us that we, His servants, should follow in His steps. It is, however, to be observed that Christ's Sacrifice precedes His Example. "He died for all *that* they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but *unto* Him." His dying for us precedes our living unto Him. He sets us free, by His Holy Dying, from the law of sin and death, that we may serve Him. "For hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow His steps."



IT is no discredit to us if we exercise ordinary prudence and circumspection. It is sometimes just as noble in war to outwit a foe as to trample him under foot. We can avoid open combat often by shunning places and companions where we are certain to be tempted. Every man is brought into situations where the safest thing is at once to turn his back or shut his eyes or close his ears. Is that not what the prayer Christ taught us means, "Lead us not into temptation?" Many of the moral disasters of life occur to those who think they are strong enough to go here or there or do this, that or the other thing. That is why we have that warning of Scripture, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." An even better preventive is to occupy mind and will with the higher things which must of themselves crowd out the lower. "Who is he that will harm you if you be followers of that which is good?"

The pursuit of noble ideals is a moral anti-septic.



"WHEN the hour comes for us to close the last chapter of our life; the winding up of all things, the rush of unknown darkness on our spirits, the awful wrench from all we have loved on earth—O, my brethren, I ask you and I ask myself, fearfully and humbly, *what* will then be finished? When it is finished, *What* will it be? A life of self-gratification and sin? A life of mere money-seeking? An unfinished, incomplete life? Or will it be—'Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do?' " These words of the late Canon H. C. Shuttleworth strike a solemn note by their sincerity.



SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, who lived in the time of the French Revolution, recovered a ring that was a family relic. In it was a very delicate music-box, and whenever a little spring was touched a beautiful tune was rendered. The owner of this ring was arrested and imprisoned. During his lonely hours he could touch the tiny spring, put the ring to his ear and be cheered by its old sweet song. When his head was placed on the guillotine the spring was touched and the song began. Upon the death of the owner the ring was lost and, long afterwards, when recovered, it would not sing—the song had ceased. Sir Richard took it to a jeweller in London, who discovered a tiny blood-clot in the minute mechanism of the ring. This being removed, the song began again. The Christian heart filled with the love of Christ has its song of joy and peace. But sin—a very small sin—will silence that song.



MRS. BRIGHTWEN tells us in one of her books how she was once stranded at an uninteresting railway junction. There were no fields about, no trees, or flowers, but near the station the road had been newly covered with stones. Among these stones she ferreted for treasures, and tells us how she found many a rare and exquisite fossil to add to her choice collection. In some such way the Divine expert passed amongst the rude fishermen by the sea-shore. His love had penetrating vision. He was not moving amongst men like Charles Lamb, Ruskin, or Gladstone. But His love ferreted among the stones. It discovered many a treasure in the rubbish heap.

TO be co-labourers with God we must strive to attain to the dignity of skilled workmen, since His work calls for the highest ability. This is the thing that Bishop Warren meant when he said: "A fully developed man must have every faculty trained, every power developed; be open to every influence of beauty, sublimity, power, music and love. He must stand in the universe, fronting any point and power thereof, and be at home—a king over all. He must be such a finished product that God can look at him and say: 'Behold a man made in My image—very good.'"



AN ancient Oriental legend tells of an enchanted hill, at whose summit was concealed an object of inestimable value, which was to be awarded as a prize to whoever would ascend the hill without looking behind him. If he did look backward, he would be instantly turned into a stone. Many a noble youth, tempted by the priceless treasure, undertook the ascent of the hill, and their fate was indicated by the numerous stones that lay along its sides. The groves adjoining the hill were filled with birds of sweetest song, whose ravishing strains and alluring plumage fascinated the climbers until, unable to resist the temptation, they turned and were at once transformed. To every young man or woman life is such an enchanted hill, with its bewildering temptations and siren voices, to yield to which is to fall by the way, with life in its highest and best sense unlivid, and the desired career unattained.



THERE is a beautiful story which tells of three maidens who were loitering along the banks of a silvery stream. One held in her hand a bunch of blue violets; another a bunch of ripe strawberries; the third held the tips of her fingers in the silvery stream. An old woman came along leaning on a staff, asking alms. The three maidens refused her. A maiden down the stream, not so well clad, dropped a penny into her hand and she vanished. She appeared again in the form of a fairy and said: "I see you are in a dispute as to which has the most beautiful hand. Hold up your hands; I will settle the dispute." They did so and she said: "It is not the hand that is fragrant with the odour of blue violets; it is not the hand that is crimsoned with strawberries; nor is it the hand washed white in the silvery stream that is the most beautiful." Then, casting her eye down the stream to the maiden not so well clad, who had given her the penny, she said: "It is the hand that helps others that is the most beautiful."

CHRISTIAN citizenship implies a well-ordered life, whose duties are performed with a cheerfulness inspired by the sense of Divine guidance and approval. During the Terror in France an infidel said to a Christian peasant threateningly: "I will have all your steeples pulled down, that you may no longer have any object by which you may be reminded of your old superstitions." "But," replied the aged peasant reverently, "you cannot help leaving us the stars." In individual or national peril, the "vision" or sense of God's nearness and interest in human affairs gives comfort and assurance.



DR. ARNOLD'S daily prayer was as follows: "O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in this busy world. Now, ere I enter on it, I would commit eye and ear and thought to Thee. Do Thou bless them, and keep their work Thine, that as through Thy natural laws my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when my mind cannot conspicuously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen."



A Living Spring.

MEN wondered how, in summer heat,
The little brook, with music sweet
Could glide along the dusty way,
When all else parched and silent lay.

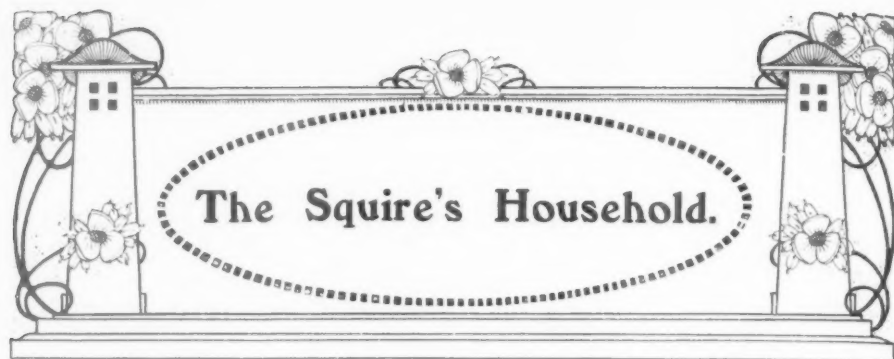
Few stopped to think how, every morn,
The sparkling stream anew was born
In some moss-circled mountain pool,
For ever sweet and clear and cool.

A life that, ever calm and glad,
One melody and message had.
"How keeps it so?" one asked, "when I
Must change with every changing sky?"

Oh! if men knew the secret power
That gladdens every day and hour,
Would they not change to song life's care
By drinking at the fount of prayer?



LET us learn, as Luther did, who, looking out of his window one summer evening, saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making preparations for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."



By JOHN SAVILLE JUDD.

WHERE the Cotswolds rather abruptly give up all hope of lofty ideas, I know of some lodge gates that are always opened for me. A drive of a mile through a park that whispers history, a glimpse of a garden of gay roses and quiet shadows, of fountains and shining peace, and I reach a grey stone house with an irregular grey stone roof. It was built by an Abbot of Gloucester, and Henry VIII. honeymooned there at least once. Letters of affection for the place have been written by no less a person than Horace Walpole, and when Mrs. Brain, the present housekeeper, heard them read, she exclaimed "Why, I have always thought the same! Did you say that he was clever?"

When the letters were read, Mrs. Brain, with her bunch of keys, suspended by a piece of broad black tape, ready to unlock the doors of her world as occasion demanded, found no difficulty in putting herself on the level with Horace Walpole, with the red tape and keys of *his* world. But I fancy that she is generally of the opinion that one's sense of beauty should be expressed in accordance with one's social position. I wonder with what deathless phrases Mrs. Brain would have fitted the one place which she considers it becoming to her station to admire, had the letters never been read to her. As it is, when I try to get her to talk about it, I am met with the same answer "Mr. Walpole agrees with me; it's lovely."

No indoor servant is allowed to differ from Mrs. Brain on this point. An under housemaid, engaged when the family were in London, on being driven the five miles from the station, suggested that it might be very lonely. She did not see how such an out-of-the-way place could be "lovely." But she never dared say so again, more especially as an under gardener seemed to wish her to share Mrs. Brain's opinion.

Mrs. Brain affects a solemn and restrained attitude towards life. One could not go up to her and say "Well, Mrs. Brain, and how long have you been here?" One feels that she was housekeeper when those grave-visaged people who always look from the panelled walls gave orders. That lady with the white ruff and the red hair might have hurt Mrs. Brain's feelings once. That boy on the rocking-horse—no, it is not a rocking-horse, it has not got a stand—could so easily have stolen conserves made by Mrs. Brain. Then that girl in the bronze evening-dress so evidently forgot to go to Mrs. Brain to have it properly fastened. And you, mild-faced gentleman, with a battle-field for a background, can you deny that you were abjured by Mrs. Brain to wear flannel next to your skin? And as for you, young woman, don't tell me that you managed those five children without the help of Mrs. Brain!

The upper housemaid, who has a fixed, but of course ridiculous, idea that housekeepers are not immortal, tries in vain to copy Mrs. Brain, so that one day she may wear a black silk dress and a black apron. She does try—I must give her credit for that. When the under-servants, who had been given a day off, had been to a circus performance in Gloucester, and her turn had come, she spent the entire day in the Gloucester museum, because Mrs. Brain had said "*That is the sort of entertainment I like.*"

Mrs. Brain keeps the servants in their place by constantly remarking "When you have been here longer it will be time enough to speak." John, the butler, who has been in the family for a trifle of fifteen years, feels this reproof almost as much as when it was first administered to him. When Mrs. Brain is not present, however, he claims the privileges and adopts the manner of an old retainer. He is adored by the Squire's younger relations.

He makes wooden swords or yachts for them according to their age, and can mend things that seem to be hopelessly broken. But he continues to treat some of them as children longer than they wish, even when there are strangers present.

"Chicken or mutton, sir," I heard him whisper politely to a man of seventeen years at a lunch party.

"Chicken, please," was the answer.

"You'll have mutton," said John.

The new footman is rather young, but he is a great-nephew of Mrs. Brain, and I understand that his chief virtue is that he does not "gallivant." At present he trembles violently as he hands the potatoes to the Squire, and the other day I overheard John telling him not to speak so hoarsely. "The way you say 'Cold tongue, miss,' is enough to make anyone think that you had pulled it out of a living cow!"

But I daresay that he trembles more when he is in Mrs. Brain's society. She is so determined that he shall be a credit to her that she never ceases to bully him. He finds consolation and recreation in a somewhat curious way. He evidently has the idea that his brown eyes should belong not to the order of fawns but of hypnotists. True, the only life that he appears to wish to compel is bird life, and even here he has to call in external aid. He presses a piece of bread into the bark of a tree, and then takes up a position near, there to stand, motionless, pointing at it. Presently a sparrow, maybe bolder than the rest of the garden birds, flies up from the path to snatch a crumb. The footman hopes that some day all he will have to do is to point his finger at any tree, and the birds will follow his directions.

Last week he caught a young bullfinch and presented it with great pride to the Squire's lady, who, not wishing to be ungracious yet disliking the idea of keeping the bird a prisoner, contrived to put it into a deserted nest in the shrubbery, and to pretend that it had escaped. But the footman soon found it fluttering about on the drive, and brought it back again with even greater pride than before.

Mrs. Brain "hasn't patience" with the cook, with whom I made acquaintance on the night of the servants' ball. I had pictured her as all authors picture good cooks. I might have known that there were two sorts of good cooks in the world. The second sort are highly strung, they possess hands like piano-players, and they have waists. They would feel faint if the coffee were mentioned adversely, and might be tempted to weep bitterly if a

souffle came down with a message. Mrs. Brain "hasn't patience" because she thinks that the cook does not mean to earn the title of an old retainer. For years she has foreseen that somebody really fond of food, and so anticipating certain happiness three times a day, will prove that she has been right all along.

The Squire had led off the dance with Mrs. Brain. The cook and I careered round the room three times to the Squire's twice, and to John's once. John, indeed, seemed to be possessed with the idea that he and the Squire's lady were two hemispheres making a world which must revolve round its own axis. John took it seriously, and when his partner stretched a point to eulogise the decorations which he had carried out in coloured paper, though literally acres of flowers had been at his disposal, he cut her short with, "Beg pardon, Ma'am, but I think we had better mind our steps."

I wanted to dance with Mrs. Brain, but I found that, after she had "done her duty by the master," she had retired to the housekeeper's room, where, with hands cased in black kid gloves, she dispensed refreshments to three or four distinguished guests, including the coachman and the head gardener. Mrs. Brain has now, on her chimney-piece, a three-quarter length cabinet photograph of the latter, taken in all the glory of his "pigeon-tailed 'suit,'" which he had made specially for this occasion.

I heard the lady's maid being asked by the chauffeur whether she would "cloak, promenade, or refresh," and so I asked the upper housemaid for the next dance. It was not difficult to read her thoughts. Her model, Mrs. Brain, was holding a reception, but upper housemaids have no room fit for such grandeur, and no refreshments. On the other hand Mrs. Brain was not in the ball-room to call her "a flipperty gibbet." It could not be very undignified to have just one more dance. She could look restrained afterwards when the chauffeur, or even John, asked her—even John!

I have tried to put fairly the nature of the Squire's household, but I feel that I should fail to give the right impression if I omitted to say that the park is actually a complete parish, and in the miniature cathedral which forms a wing to the house a clergyman frequently conducts Divine Service. It is, I am sure, not only the beautiful home of the Squire and his lady that has made Mrs. Brain declare, without fear of argument, "The Peace of God is not so difficult to understand."

The Dandelion Clock.

A Complete Story.

By BRIDGET O'BRIEN.

THEY were seated on the platform of a country station—a maiden and a little child—in the waning light of a glorious summer day, and their hands were filled with the fair emblems of the meadow and hedgerow. The one leaned back in dreamy contentment, her mind taken up with the hopes and plans of future days—those “long, long thoughts” of youth; the other was busy with the solemn possibilities of present and future combined. In her eager fingers she held a dandelion head, and with her rosebud lips she was softly blowing the downy morsels hither and thither and fixing her destiny.

“This year—next year—sometime—never. This year—next year—sometime——” The last seed flew gaily away as the child turned in delight to the quiet figure at her side.

“Auntie, auntie!”—pulling eagerly at her hand to rouse her to an event of such importance—“auntie, I’m going to be married some day; the clock says so!” Then with a sudden transition of thought, “Auntie, would you like to be married?”

“Some day, perhaps, darling,” came the smiling response.

“Wait! I’ll tell you,” and once again a fluffy dandelion head was selected and gently blown. A pause, then in tragic disappointment the seedless stalk was flung away.

“Oh, auntie, it’s never! But you won’t be very sorry—will you?—‘cause I’m quite sure it will be sometime,” and the bright little face was lifted coaxingly.

“Very well! We’ll call it sometime, shall we?” and the compact was sealed by a kiss.

But the years came and went—years that brought their own tale of sorrow and discipline, years when the sunbeams were few and fleeting, the shadows heavy and long. And Margery Kenyon would look back to that summer’s day with a smile over which pathos held its sway. They seemed so long ago, those days of laughter and castle-building, and she wondered pensively if, after all, the dandelion clock spoke true; if, after all, the answer to all the day-dreams of bygone years, the hopes and plans of girlhood, was to be “Never.”

* * * * *

“My birthday,” she murmured, and standing by the window of her quiet room, with eyes

fixed absently on the dreary view of endless house roofs, her mind sped off on a retrospect of the past. It brought before her the tranquil country home, the rooks cawing clamorously in the lofty elms that surrounded the old house, the sense of serenity and leisure that pervaded everything, even reaching to the uneventful lives of its inmates. Then the scene was abruptly changed and broken—never to be the same again. Heavy losses fell on the hitherto prosperous family; times of stress and worry followed; finally the dear father and mother were taken within a short time of each other, and Margery Kenyon was left with only a small annuity, and an almost unknown world before her.

A home was offered to her by her brother, but quickly her choice was made. She would become a nurse, for she had ever longed for a vocation, one in which to do her woman’s share in easing the sufferings of humanity. Years of training had followed, and now, accomplished and skilled in her profession, she worked in connection with a large nursing home in the heart of London.

It was a sweet face under that trim nurse’s cap, around the forehead of which the hair rippled in sunny profusion. There was a calm, serene expression in the clear eyes and about the firm mouth that won confidence. Nurse Kenyon was a favourite with doctors and patients alike.

“She is so sympathising,” said the latter; “So thoroughly reliable,” said the former—and thus her ideal had been reached.

But was it quite her ideal? Sometimes a wistful look crept into the eyes, and patient lines fell about the mouth, but that was only when Nurse Kenyon was “off duty” and when the dreams of other days held sway; and then she would tell herself she felt a little lonely, and resolutely throw herself with renewed energy into the next work that awaited her capable hands.

And now, to-day, as she stood and mused, a voice broke in on her meditations.

“Nurse Kenyon, a case for you, I think,” said the Sister briskly, and again she turned at the call of duty, and passed swiftly downstairs. She started as she entered the drawing-room and confronted the visitor, and a mutual glance of recognition passed between

them. He was the vicar of the church in a neighbouring suburb into which she had often stolen and enjoyed the quiet of the evening service. But this was no time for conversation, and hurriedly he explained his errand :

"My mother—she is very ill—there are complications the doctor says. Can you come at once?"

"I will be with you almost immediately," she replied, and hurried from the room to make the necessary preparations.

The days came and went, and the cloud of sorrow hung heavily about that home. Percival Douglas and his mother were all in all to each other; on her he lavished all the devotion of his warm, impulsive heart, and in her thoughts, although he was well over thirty, he still retained the place of boyhood. In the quiet room the shadow of death hovered, and a hand-to-hand battle was fought for the life so highly prized. More than once Nurse Kenyon almost gave up hope, almost thought that death had claimed his own; but faith and prayer, courage and perseverance, gained their reward, and one morning she met the lonely watcher below with triumph on her tired face and the light of victory shining in her eyes.

"Good news, Mr. Douglas! Good news!" she exclaimed brightly.

"The doctor says, with care and nursing, the patient will pull through!"

The grave, silent man almost gave way; he caught her hand impulsively.

"Thank God!" he said brokenly—"and you"—and passed on hastily into his study.

The tears rose in Margery Kenyon's eyes as she went back to her post.

"How he loves her," she thought. "How sweet to be loved like that!"—and the wistful look that no one ever saw for long came over her face.

But it was in the tedious days of convalescence that she realised fully Percival Douglas's true worth, the combined tenderness and strength of his character. Ever ready to fetch and carry for the invalid, cheery and sympathetic, and so quickly realising her every need, he proved himself to be invaluable. By-and-by strength returned, and Mrs.

Douglas gradually but surely took up her right place in the home again. But she was in no hurry to lose Margery, and, gathered together of an evening in the cosy drawing-room with reading and work, they formed a merry little party. In those days the old notes of laughter came back into the quiet voice of the nurse, the bright light of love into her eyes, and Margery Kenyon almost forgot she was "alone in the world," almost felt "at home" again.

The parting days, however, came all too swiftly and surely. Other suffering ones were eagerly seeking her services, and no further excuse remained for her to continue in her present abode. Mrs. Douglas was well and strong now, and the usual happy routine once more held sway in the busy vicarage. She parted from her favourite with evident regret, and kissed her affectionately as she said good-bye.

"Come and see us whenever you have a spare hour, dear child," was her parting charge.



"In her eager fingers she held a dandelion head."



"'Come and see us whenever you have a spare hour.
I owe my life to your loving care'"—p. 1181.

"Under God, I owe my life to your loving care: and we shall not soon forget it!"

It was not, however, until Margery was really gone that they found how thoroughly she had won their hearts, and what a blank her absence caused. In those days the practical, bustling vicar would fall into abstract silences, and his mother would smilingly take refuge in castle-building, in which the future of her son played a prominent part. Whilst in a large house some miles distant a quiet figure bent, as of yore, over a bed of suffering, and gentle hands ministered to the needs of the moment as diligently as ever, but with the heart far away. For the cheeriness was more forced, and the bright face had taken graver lines. Mar-

gery Kenyon had come, in a measure, to know herself—and her ideal. A cosy fireside, a sweet womanly presence, and a tall manly form constantly came to mind, and above all the claims of her profession, above all the gladness of self-sacrifice, her heart yearned unspeakably for that truest of true woman's kingdoms—Home.

Occasionally she saw her old friends, when a few hours of leisure gave her time to seek them out, and then the former happy intimacy was renewed. Somehow, in spite of his many calls hither and thither, Percival Douglas managed to make a third at the little tea-table before the visits closed—and two out of the three began unconsciously to count those fleeting moments as amongst the priceless things of life.

* * *

The sultry summer days were drawing on apace, and the heat struck in relentless force on the busy life of the City. It tried many to the last degree of endurance. Nurse Kenyon was still at her post, and a critical case and an irritable patient combined

with the trying atmosphere were telling on her visibly. More than once the doctor had inquired after the well-being of so valued a nurse, had suggested that a brief respite would be better than a breakdown—though indeed he doubted who would be so competent to meet the needs of the present contingency. Margery Kenyon, having studied her patient's case from the commencement, doubted it, too, and bravely held to her duty in spite of flagging energies.

At last the crisis of the illness was favourably passed and rest seemed within measurable distance. She stood one afternoon looking out into the square, waiting to be relieved of her charge for a little space. She had promised Mrs. Douglas, in response to an urgent note, to take tea with her that day, but she wondered wearily how the feat of getting there was to be accomplished, if ever it were undertaken.

Free at last, she resolutely summoned up her courage, and made for the nearest omnibus, alighting but a few minutes' walk from her destination. Unannounced she entered the

shady drawing-room, assured of a welcome there, and endeavoured to answer the hearty greetings of its two inmates. But dizziness overcame her; and with an effort at self-preservation she felt blindly for some support. She heard confused voices, one distinct exclamation fraught with anxiety—"Mother, she is ill!"—then strong arms caught her and consciousness left her.

She recovered before many minutes, and tried to make light of her indisposition, looking all the while so weak and shaken that, after watching for a time her brave attempt to appear herself, Mrs. Douglas took the law into her own hands.

"You are completely worn out, my child," was her decision, "so here you remain for the present. Why, my dear, you are scarcely fit to move! Stay where you are, and I will send a message to the nursing home. They must find someone to take your place, that is all!" and she bustled out of the room.

Margery lay still for a time, giving way to the feeling of lassitude that stole over her now that all need for resistance was at an end. Then she turned her eyes to the remaining occupant of the room, who was standing on the hearthrug gravely regarding her.

"Yes—do you want anything?" he said gently in answer to her look; "can I get you anything?"

"No," she answered faintly, "only I cannot bear to give you all such trouble—and your mother is so sweet and kind!"

"Trouble! where you are concerned!" he exclaimed, "Don't mention trouble. Trouble!—when I would gladly, if need be, die for you!" he murmured almost passionately, then turned and abruptly left the room as his mother entered.

But the wistful look vanished out of the pale face as she caught the muttered words, and in spite of the long days of weakness and languor that followed, the old expression of gladness and peace shone in the gentle eyes, for loneliness and Nurse Kenyon had parted company for ever!

* * * * *

It was towards the close of a glorious day in the late summer, and Margery Kenyon stood in a country lane with her hands filled, as of yore, with fragrant wild flowers, whilst con-

spicuous amongst them were the downy dandelion balls which she had plucked under the tender spell of girlhood memories. In the distance lay the pretty country cottage where Mrs. Douglas had taken her in the early days of convalescence. Three happy weeks had gone by, quiet days of tranquil enjoyment, in which an occasional visit from Percival Douglas for a day or two of brief holiday keeping formed the chief excitement, eagerly looked forward to by both the exiles. The colour had found its way back into Margery's cheeks once more, the buoyancy of health into her step, much to the satisfaction of those to whom she had become so dear. She stood now with her eyes fixed on the crimson sunset, and as the glowing orb of day sank slowly in the west a manly figure strode rapidly towards her, and stood silently sharing the delights of the scene. Then, as the last beams cast their benediction over the peaceful countryside, they turned to each other in the afterglow, and their eyes met in mutual understanding.

"Margery," he said, his voice vibrating with feeling, "the time is flying apace and I must speak. I have little to offer, but—I love you, dearest! Will you be my wife, and share my work?"

In her face he read the answer long before it was spoken, the love and confidence with which she regarded him; then her eyes dropped in momentary confusion upon the flowers that she held in her hand, and a tender smile hovered about her lips.

"Wait!" she said playfully, "I must not forget to consult my oracle!" and selecting a dandelion clock from the hedgerow she commenced to softly blow the downy seeds away.

"This year—next year—sometime—never. This year—next year——" How strange! She had blown surely enough, for the last morsel was borne away on the breeze, as she turned impulsively and placed her hand in the firm clasp of Percival Douglas, and told him of the incident of many years ago.

And this time there was no thrill of disappointment in the after moments, no hope deferred in the after days to cloud the golden dreams of love. For before the following summer the vicar had taken home his bride, and—the prophecy of the dandelion clock had come true.



On the Banks of the Sussex Ouse.

By HENRY P. MASKELL.

SCARCELY an hour ago we were breasting the traffic on London Bridge, and now we are in the heart of the Sussex Weald, peacefully resting from the noontide heat beside a shady pool. The water comes splashing out of an oval brick opening under the lane to babble and murmur away into a tunnel of nut-bushes. The very lightest of breezes is rustling the leaves in the orchard beyond, bringing with it the scent of sweetbriar from the wooden cottage higher up the lane. We can just see that the garden is a wilderness of snapdragons and tall lilies.

The Sussex Ouse has many sources; perhaps the longest of the various streams is that which flows from the forest of Worth through Balcombe and Ardingly. But the branch which we have encountered near Horsted Keynes Station rises at Wych Cross in Ashdown Forest, within a stone's throw of a spring eventually running into the Medway. All the sources of the Mole, Medway, and Ouse are so much entangled that it is often difficult to make sure to which of the three any particular streamlet belongs.

Climbing a footpath through the woods we reach an old water-mill quite hidden among the trees under the shadow of the church spire—one of those tall, slender, broach spires roofed with shingles so characteristic of the Sussex Weald. This church contains a curious little thirteenth century effigy, only twenty-seven inches in length,

of a cross-legged knight in armour, possibly a Templar, and probably one of the Cahanges to whom the Manor originally belonged. Giles Moore, rector of the parish from 1655 to 1670, kept a very full diary, containing many illustrations of Sussex life and customs during the period, which has been printed in Vol. I. of the Sussex Archaeological Collection. The tale of daily expense and domestic history is carried on in the Journal of Timothy Burrell of Cuckfield, from 1683 to 1714.

In the south transept is buried the good Dr. Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow, who lived at Broadhurst, a delightful old Jacobean house, after the resignation of his see in 1674. Burnet remarks that during his sermons "I never once saw a wandering eye," and what he preached he practised. Of a connection by marriage it is recorded that after witnessing the holy and mortified life of Dr. Leighton he exclaimed, "If none shall go to heaven but so holy a man as this,

what will become of me?" and he relinquished a profitable business in order to seek a higher rule of life. For it is well to remember that during this roystering and licentious age there was a very active religious movement in the Church, which was soon to give birth to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and some of our best-known religious schools.

The monument of Mrs. Sapphira Lightmaker, sister of Dr. Leighton,



HORSTED KEYNES CHURCH.



FRESHFIELD MILL.

tells us in the inimitable seventeenth century style that "She was a devout woman and a mother in Israel, a widow indeed, and notwithstanding solicitations to a second marriage, lived so forty-four years." The diary of the parson, unfortunately, is less complimentary, and relates more than one instance of her meanness.

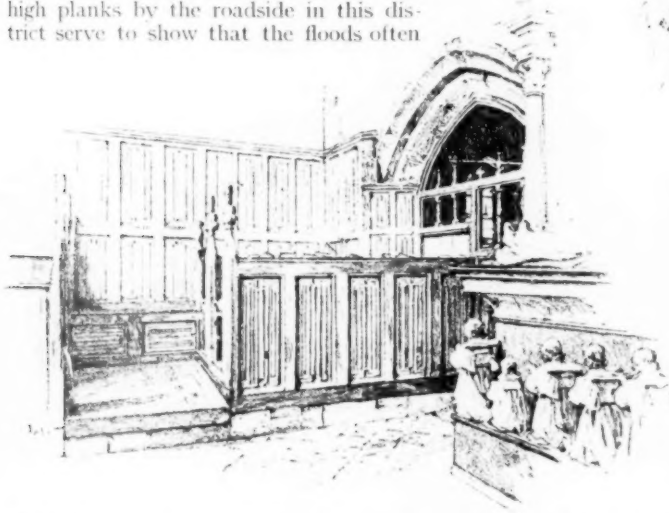
If we have plenty of time on our hands, the shady, winding lanes are inviting, and we can visit the fine Elizabethan houses at Pax Hill and East Maskles, or even extend our detour to Scaynes Hill, a hamlet on a wild heath, with a little modern red brick church, known far and wide for the pretty churchyard and bright, homely interior. Otherwise there is a direct footpath through the woods to near Freshfield Mill. The high planks by the roadside in this district serve to show that the floods often

rise high enough to render pedestrians uncomfortable. At Blackhouse Common, half a mile further on, where the branch from Ardingly joins, an old inn, called "The Sloop," reminds us that the Ouse was, in the early years of the last century, navigable for coal barges at this point. Few would believe it of this little stream, flowing clearly over the stones and scarcely too wide for a running jump.

We may continue to follow the windings of the river, closely screened by



VIEW NEAR FLETCHING. GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN, IS BURIED IN FLETCHING CHURCH.



SHURLEY CHAPEL, ISFIELD CHURCH. THE MONUMENT ON THE RIGHT IS THAT OF SIR JOHN SHURLEY. EACH CHILD WHO DIED BEFORE ITS FATHER HOLDS A SKULL.

masses of undergrowth, past the grounds of Sheffield Park, a modern house famous in the memory of every Sussex cricketer. In the distance may be seen the spire of Fletching Church, rising amid the trees. Here lies buried Gibbon, the historian, in the mausoleum of the Sheffield family. Hereabouts the oaks, "Sussex Weed," as a native once called them,

are of wonderful size and beauty. And so through woodland scenes in endless variety, past a ruined lock or two, the river gradually increases in width and depth, though still almost hidden from view by the close masses of luxuriant foliage. The bushes trespass more than half across the surface of the water, and in smuggling days many a keg may have

are each nolding a skull—a grim though not uncommon device at this period. The surviving five daughters—so the epitaph informs us—are called into several Marriages of Good Quality."

Isheld Place, which lies in the meadows northward of this church, is a fortified manor house of the highest interest, the massive walls and octagonal watch towers enclosing a wide area of out-houses and farm buildings in addition to the ordinary household appurtenances. In fact, it resembles in this respect one of the great fortified granges of Central France. The house itself is Jacobean, but the stables are older. All has been most excellently restored in the best of taste by the present owner, who found it degenerated into a farmhouse.

Still the Ouse goes on widening, till it discards its garb of green foliage and revels unrestrained in the rich, marshy meadows—

"Slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er."



ISHELD PLACE, A FORTIFIED MANOR HOUSE.

found a resting place under these shadows, secure from the prying exciseman.

Isheld Church stands in a charming position on a sort of island in the river formed by the junction of the streams from Uckfield. Like too many of our country churches, it has been rather over-restored, and the chief attraction is the Shurley Chapel, with seats of seasoned oak. There are many monuments to the Shurleys, including one of considerable elegance, and still more pompous quaintness, to Sir John Shurley, who died in 1631. The knight sleeps between his two successive wives, while along the front of the altar slab are ranged the kneeling figures of his two sons and seven daughters. Those children who died before their father

The high ramparts of the Downs are converging on us as we pass in turn Barcombe Mill, with its tempting modern villas—alas! their pretty lawns and flower beds are frequently under water!—the pyramid crowned tower of old Hamsey Church, on a mound famous for marl fossils, and the modern church at Offham, high on a spur of the hill to the right. Below the last shallow weir is an ancient landing place whence great loads of chalk and huge oak trees were anciently shipped, though to-day the only sign of activity in the rural scene is a punt or two of the eel potters. Hidden behind the trees on the left is Malling Deanery, whither fled the four murderers of St. Thomas of Canterbury, only to be driven away by



THE LONG WALLS, ISFIELD PLACE.

direful portents. But before us is the Castle of Lewes, with the towers and red roofs of the old town clustering along the hill around it—a romantic scene surpassed only by the view of Durham from the river.

Of all our towns there are few with so many beauties and so many peculiarities as Lewes. Its situation is unique, a city set like a gem on a hill in the very midst of a guarding circle of the loftiest hills in the south of England. If we approach it by road from London, we can appreciate the huge engineering joke of the careful gradients which end in a town whose streets are scarcely practicable except for experienced mountain climbers. It is a town of surprises. In the direction of Cliffe it appears to end suddenly in a gigantic green wall, and most startling is the effect when, after looking through the front windows of our hotel at the busy traffic of the High Street, we find that behind us is nothing but the silence of the everlasting hills.

No town ever manages to conceal its age so successfully as Lewes does. Who would imagine from its prim, respectable Georgian High Street that the place was old in the days of Athelstane, and that buried under its pavement are the ruins of a Roman port? All the antiquities of Lewes are carefully hidden away in back streets, or in the suburbs, where only really inquisitive visitors are likely to seek them. Over the site of the magnificent Priory Church the railway now passes, and the relics of the once mighty

Warrennes lie almost unvisited in the church at Southover. True, we catch a glimpse of the Castle gateway up a turning, and the curious round tower of St. Michael's manages to peep out from behind its Georgian Gothic nave. But only by careful search in these many side alleys running down the hill can we find out what a wealth of interest the town can really boast of—in old houses, old churches and historic associations.

We can wander, if we will, past the Norman church of St. Anne to Mount Harry, the scene of the battlefield, interesting not only for its associations with Simon de Montfort and Prince Edward, but also for the beauty of the Downs and the view over Plumpton Plain and the rich slopes. Many hours may be spent in enjoying the colour effects of the ever changing denes, which lead eastward and end with a climb to the British entrenchment on Mount Caburn.



BARCOMBE MILL.

This "Chain of Majestic Mountains" was loved dearly by Gilbert White, who often refers to it with delight. The Castle is the chief "sight" of Lewes, and the museum of the Sussex Archaeological Association is worthily housed in the keep.

But the charm of Lewes begins with the



VIEW ON THE ROAD
NEAR LEWES.

twilight, when one can fancy it once more peopled from the days of yore. The shadows in the "Friar's Walk" become delightfully eerie. In the lane down to Southover we feel sure poor, slighted Anne of Cleves still haunts the house where she is traditionally said to have pined away. Up on Mount Harry the rustle of the bennets grows into the murmur of the hosts that Simon de Montfort led up thither under cover of the darkness, into a position from which they might have taken the King's army unawares, and scored an easy victory—only in those days "such villanie" was indignantly scouted.

The Castle, too, has its ghosts among the long line of Warrennes, and especially of the last Earl, who, after marrying his cousin Joan, granddaughter of Edward I., discovered that he still loved Maud de Nerford, from whom he had been separated by a cruel misunderstanding. And so an ancient and honourable family ended in ruin, excommunication, and disgrace.

Once a year the respectable, stately old town indulges in a fit of madness. This occurs on the 5th of November, when the High Street is given over to the tender mercies of the Bonfire Societies, who celebrate the occasion with horseplay and riot.

A number of racks, thumbscrews and other instruments of torture, said to have been used for the persecution of the Lewes martyrs during the Reformation period, are exhibited, and some personage of either local or political note is burnt in effigy. It would probably surprise the worthy inhabitants to be informed that they are really only carrying on the traditional worship of Moloch, introduced into the old seaport by the Phenicians more than two thousand years ago.

Some signs of navigation begin as our river passes near the red-roofed tower of the church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, at Cliffe, and winds round the foot of the hill. At Beddingham, chiefly known for the snug Tudor manor house beside the

church, the Glynde River flows in. It rises near Laughton Place, the moated home of the Pelhams. Only the red brick tower remains, carved with the buckle (an emblem which the family assumed after the battle of Poitiers) and some curious arabesque work. At Glynde it becomes a navigable creek. Here there is a rather pretty little church of Grecian style, built in 1765 by Bishop Trevor of Durham.

From this point to Newhaven the Ouse wanders through a fen country, with wide rushy backwaters, where lurk the grey mullet and the wild duck—a tract of land which was evidently once a wide estuary of the sea. All the villages are to be found on the edge of the hills, having quaint homes and strange little churches of high antiquity. Two of these churches, at Southease and



GLYNDE CHURCH BUILT BY BISHOP TREVOR OF DURHAM.



LEWES—A TOWN OF SURPRISES.

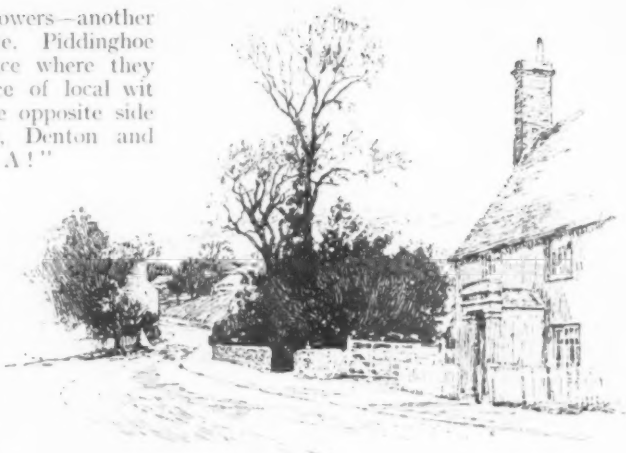
OLD HOUSES, OLD CHURCHES, HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS, AND EVEN GHOSTS, ARE AMONG ITS ATTRACTIONS

Piddinghoe, have round towers—another sign of Phœnician influence. Piddinghoe is known locally as the place where they shoe magpies! Another piece of local wit refers to the villages on the opposite side of the estuary: "Heighton, Denton and Tarring—all begins with an A!"

Newhaven is a modern place, with all the ugly, unfinished character of a busy seaport; it contains nothing of interest except the shipping of all sizes and of almost all nations in the harbour, and the old church on the cliff above, looking just as if the round apse and tower had been imported in one of those magnificent turbine steamers from the coast of Normandy.

However, Newhaven Harbour is only a modern channel. The older mouth of the Ouse now serves, or till very recently served, for the almost unique tide mill at Bishopstone, while before a great tempest in the sixteenth century the river travelled still further eastward to form a port at Seaford. A few years ago, before the development of Seaford

as a watering place and consequent building operations, it was still possible to trace the ancient bed of the river. The old Cinque Port still possesses many ancient features, including a Norman church and some old houses; and in spite of modern additions its chief attraction lies in its quaint-fashioned ways and rural surroundings.



GLYNDE VILLAGE. AT GLYNDE THE OUSE BECOMES NAVIGABLE.



SEAFORD, ONE OF THE OLD CINQUE PORTS.



"EVENING SHADOWS SOFTLY FALL."

(Drawn by W. Culbert Cooke.)

Our Christmas Number.

By THE EDITOR.

ONCE more I have the pleasure of describing some of the contents of our Christmas Number. It begins a new volume of THE QUIVER, and affords a good opportunity for new subscribers to commence taking the magazine.

A Serial Story by Amy Le Feuvre.

First of all, I am very glad to announce that Miss Amy Le Feuvre—the author of “Probable Sons,” “Teddy’s Button,” and many other delightful stories which have won for her high reputation—has written specially for THE QUIVER our new serial story, which commences next month. It is entitled “A Country Corner,” and is a charming story full of interest from the first chapter to the last. It will appear throughout the year, and I feel sure that it will be appreciated by everyone who reads THE QUIVER.

A Christmas Sermon.

The Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Edward Carr Glyn, contributes a Christmas sermon full of the evangelical zeal which we have come to expect from his pulpit utterances. It strikes a note of particular appropriateness to the season of the year.

Contributions by Three Famous Writers.

Annie S. Swan has written a complete story for our Christmas Number, and so has Miss Macnaughtan, the author of “A Lane Dog’s Diary” and other popular books. The latter’s story is entitled “The Lady of the Choir,” and is very pathetic. I have induced Madame Albani, the famous singer, to give hints on Oratorio Singing, which I think will be of service to all who sing sacred music.

A Long Story by Ethel Heddle.

Miss Ethel Heddle, who is well known to QUIVER readers, is responsible for a long story in our Christmas Number, entitled “The Beloved Physician.” It is a charming romance intertwined with the career of an eminent doctor, and will delight all our readers, with whom Miss Ethel Heddle has long been extremely popular. “The Beloved Physician” has several illustrations by Rex Osborne.

Several Complete Stories.

Miss E. Everett-Green, whose name is familiar to all our readers, has written a complete story entitled “A Christmas Cargo,” and a new writer, Miss Florence M. Gray, has a Christmas incident as her theme for a story entitled “Godfrey.” Mr. J. J. Bell, the author of “Wee Macgregor,” writes a delightful sketch of Scottish life. Esther Branthwaite contributes a Christmas story, illustrated by H. R. Millar.

Interesting Features.

“My Strangest Christmas Congregation” is an article giving the peculiar experiences of various well-known preachers in different parts of the world on Christmas Day. Next month I am starting a special “Home Department” in THE QUIVER, with useful hints on health and home management contributed by experts. An article by Blanche St. Clair gives valuable ideas for Christmas hospitality. Other Christmas features include a story by John K. Leys; “The Redemption of Father Christmas,” by L. H. Dalton; and a delightful children’s story by Margaret Batchelor.

Charming Artistic Work.

As usual, the artistic side of our Christmas Number is at a high level of excellence. Among the artists whose aid we have obtained are Warwick Goble, who is responsible for a beautiful coloured cover; Percy Tarrant, who has drawn the frontispiece; W. Rainey, who has pictured various Christmas scenes with his customary success; Steven Spurrier, who illustrates Miss Le Feuvre’s story; W. Cubitt Cooke, H. M. Brock, W. Reid Kelly, George Soper, Elizabeth Earnshaw, and other eminent artists. A portion of our Christmas Number is printed in two colours.

Our Claim.

I think the above details will satisfy our readers that no effort has been lacking on my part to sustain the popularity of THE QUIVER, which, as it nears its half-century, has proved its right to be considered the PREMIER HOME MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD. On the opposite page will be seen the portraits of some of our principal contributors.

LEADING CONTRIBUTORS
TO OUR
CHRISTMAS
NUMBER.



(Photo: Watson, Edinburgh)
ANNIE S. SWAN.



(Photo: Durrant, Torquay.)
AMY LE FEUVRE.



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)
MME. ALBANI.



(Photo: Heston, Peterborough.)
THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF
PETERBOROUGH.



(Photo: Reginald Haines.)
ETHEL HEDDLE.



(Photo: Savelliani.)
J. K. LEYS.



(Photo: T. and K. Anson, Glasgow.)
J. J. BELL.



Dainty Bonnets for Little Children.

By ELLEN T. MASTERS.

THE style of headgear most widely patronised nowadays by the mothers of small children is not of the heavy and "cabriolet" order, made up with wire and voluminous trimming, that was in favour some years ago. The hat or bonnet then almost hid the tiny face that it surrounded.

A child's bonnet now more often resembles the "little thing composed of three rosebuds, a bit of velvet and a pair of strings" of Miss Alcott's heroine, except when it is intended for wear on a special occasion. It is, as a rule, made up on strictly utilitarian lines, and so arranged that it can be taken to pieces quite easily, washed, or cleaned, and as readily put together again. Many a short length of material may be turned to account in this way, though, as a rule, the bonnet is either made of a piece of the outdoor costume, or of velvet, quilted silk or satin, lace net, or Madeira or eyelet hole embroidery. Sometimes it is knitted or crocheted with wool; at other times it is composed of white or coloured linen, which is both a durable and inexpensive material for the purpose.

One of the simplest shapes for a bonnet is that shown in Fig. 1. By way of foundation a piece of lace net, or of any make of piece-embroidery, measuring fourteen inches by eight inches, is needed. Nothing is to be done in the way of shaping this further, but a neat hem must be made all round, and a narrow frill of lace added, if liked, to the two long sides. The two ends of this strip are then gathered up very tightly with a strong thread, and fastened off securely, thus completing the main part of the bonnet. The longer edges can either be trimmed with a ruche or a frill of fine, narrow lace, or left plain if preferred. At the

gathered ends must be sewn two strings, each from two to three inches wide and a yard and a half in length. They may be made of soft lawn or cambric, hemmed down the sides and at the ends, or they can be of ribbon or silk. Above these two points, where strings and bonnet meet, a couple of large rosettes, each consisting of about thirty-six inches of Madeira work or Swiss embroidery, or lace some two inches and a half in width, gathered up along one edge and drawn into shape, are sewn by way of ornament.

If the little bonnet is to be extra dressy, it may be of silk or brocade, enriched with embroidery or not, as liked best. Mixed in with the folds of smaller rosettes than those illustrated should be some drooping daisies, forget-me-nots, tiny rosebuds, or some other simple flowers. When washing is necessary, the rosettes and strings have to be taken off and the gatherings undone. Thus the bonnet is reduced to its primitive condition in the shape of an oblong piece of material that can be washed as often as necessary without suffering any harm.

Our second illustration shows a bonnet that may be arranged in several different ways with considerable success. In our model the simplest style of all has been

chosen as an example. The material need be but inexpensive. If a warm bonnet is required for winter wear, flannel of two colours that look well together may be employed, or the outermost of two pieces of material may be serge, or cashmere, and the innermost, which serves also as a lining, may be of silk. The two sections must be exactly the same size and shape, and should measure thirteen inches and a half in one direction, and ten inches and a half in the other (see Fig. 3).



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE SIMPLEST SHAPES FOR A BONNET

To make up the bonnet the material must be folded in half (see dotted line) and the two top corners cut off as a triangle where shown in Fig. 4. The two materials must be slip-stitched together round the edges first, and pressed with a warm iron to keep them in place. They are folded in half as before, and the edges whence the triangle has been removed must be run together and gathered up tightly to form the crown, the rest being merely joined evenly and neatly (see from A to B in Fig. 4). At the opposite edges, C to D, the material of the bonnet should be turned back for a depth of two inches and a half so as to

form a trimming round the face. It is the turning back of this edge that makes it advisable that a second piece of stuff to form a contrast should be used. The revers may be ornamented in any way the worker likes, either with embroidery and painting, or with lace *appliqués* in something of the style shown in Fig. 2.

The strings should consist of about two yards and a half of wide, soft ribbon. It is a good idea to choose a fancy ribbon for these in which the two colours of the materials are combined. A knot must be tied, not too

tightly, and sewn at the back of the bonnet where the seam of the crown ends. Thence the ribbon is carried to the corner of the front under the turned-over portion. Here, on both sides, a pleat is made which serves to bring the ribbon into the right position for tying in a smart bow a little at the side of the face.



FIG. 3.—PLAN OF SECTION FOR MAKING THE SECOND BONNET.



FIG. 2.—A BONNET THAT MAY BE ARRANGED IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT WAYS.

the bonnet requires cleaning, these must be removed, the stitches that hold the roll-over must be cut and taken out, and there we have a flat piece of work that needs no more washing than can be done in the basin next time we wash our hands. A few minutes will suffice to put it all together again when the work is dry.

A rather smarter little cap is to be made by working a scalloped edge in lacey crochet along the portion that sets round the neck, and carrying this also along the margins that are afterwards gathered up to form the crown. Lace may be used if a more dressy bonnet still is wanted, and it is easy enough to smarten it up with ruches and tiny frills. Many another pretty ornament can be arranged on it if required. As a rule, the little, youthful faces show to far better advantage when they are not overpowered by much trimming, and it is well to encourage simplicity while they are juvenile enough for it to be becoming to them.

Bonnets of all shapes and sizes may be made on the principle of this one. If a cosy cap is needed, two pieces of woollen crochet, or of knitting, are required, each measuring fourteen inches by eleven inches. These may be of contrasting colours. They must be crocheted or sewn together, then folded in half, and the crown seamed and gathered as described for the last bonnet.

Instead of having a flatly folded portion round the face, the front edge should be rolled over several times on the right side and secured at the bottom with a few stitches. The strings and rosettes are added in the usual way. When

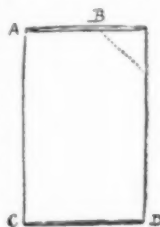


FIG. 4.—CUTTING THE PIECES FOR THE SECOND BONNET.

If the bonnet needs to be rather more elaborate in make, it may have a separately cut crown, instead of being sewn together down the edges of the one piece of material only. The straight section which covers the top of the head should be turned back

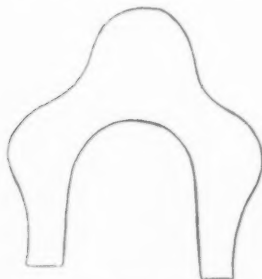


FIG. 5.—HOW THE CROWN MAY BE SHAPED.

round the face as described, but the opposite edge must be sewn on the wrong side, after having been slightly gathered, to a small crown measuring perhaps three or four inches for its greatest width, and five or six inches for the utmost length. In Figs. 5 and 6 are given two ways in which these crowns may be shaped. If the round one is used, a circle should be made and a little cut off it at one edge to produce a straight line. The edges of the bonnet are sewn round the curved top and the sides, but not along the straight portion at the bottom.

Sometimes the circle is used intact. It is then made much smaller, and the two ends of the straight part of the bonnet are so placed that they overlap slightly at the back. This gives some amount of play to the back of the bonnet and enables it to set more cosily than it otherwise would do. The horseshoe crown (Fig. 5) requires some tiny plaits or a gathering at the lower edge to draw it in to the neck, but if cut smaller than our measurements these will not be necessary.

The somewhat elaborate little bonnet in Fig. 7 is put together much on this principle,

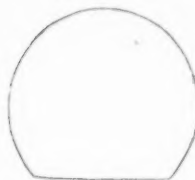


FIG. 6.—ANOTHER SHAPE FOR THE CROWN.

and gives an idea of how the trimming should be arranged when a dressy effect is desired. The model was made entirely of thick corded ribbon which was, in this instance, cream coloured, but may be of any pretty pale colour desired. The ribbon should be about three inches wide.

For the crown a piece should be cut about fourteen or fifteen inches long. At one side this must be gathered up tightly into a close circle. The raw edges at the ends are

folded in neatly and then arranged so as to overlap slightly. Along the opposite edge is sewn a second piece of the ribbon. This forms the top and sides of the head. It gives a good effect if the seam is ornamented with a line of satin piping, or with a frill of baby lace or ribbon. It is a good plan to make up this bonnet on a shape of stiff net which gives a certain amount of firmness to sew to, without appreciably adding to the weight. The net foundation must be so cut as to extend for about two inches beyond the



FIG. 7.—A SMART BONNET, WITH THE TRIMMING ARRANGED FOR A DRESSY EFFECT.

margin of the ribbon. At the edge of this ribbon is to be sewn a third piece, the margin being turned into the inside at the edge of the bonnet for about half an inch. The rest of this piece of ribbon is to be folded back so as to form a revers round the head part. The margin of the turn-over should be edged with a ruche, or a double quilting of soft silk or satin ribbon, or indeed of any second material that will contrast effectively with the rest.

Any decoration required may be placed on the turn-over. This may take the form

of embroidery with silks or fancy ribbons or of *appliqués* of lace. Or the whole portion may be covered with *chiné* silk, or with ribbon of a contrasting colour to all the rest. Fancy gimp that looks like raised embroidery is also useful for the purpose, and indeed many other trimmings that are pretty and happen to be convenient, may be employed in this position. The centre of the crown under the gathering should be finished with a soft knot of silk.

The strings must be prepared next. A strip should be cut measuring two yards long and five inches wide. A narrow hem must be made down both sides, and a deeper hem arranged at each end. It is customary to ornament the ends with fine tucks (extra length must be allowed for these) or with little insertions of lace. The centre of the strip must be sewn exactly in the back of the neck. Thence it is carried to the points of the front of the bonnet and secured with a few stitches. The strings are then ready to be tied under the face towards one side. At the back, by way of a finish, should be set three small knots of soft silk to correspond with the one on the crown.

A full rosette of the same soft silk must be put at each corner of the front. Each should consist of a strip of the silk about four inches wide and forty-two inches long. Only one side need be hemmed and, if liked, a little extra material may be allowed for a fine tuck or two down the length of the strip. The ends must be joined in the usual way, and a line of gathering stitches run along the unhemmed edge by which the silk is drawn up tightly to complete the rosette.

The bonnet is, of course, to be lined, as there are more stitches inside it to be hidden than is customary with many other kinds of millinery. The material for this purpose may be delaine, which is soft and

warm, and not quite so slippery as silk or satin.

A bonnet of this sort is not likely to go much out of date, so far as its shape is concerned. It is possible to vary the form of the turn-over (a pretty shape is given in Fig. 8), and to arrange the trimming according to the fashion of the moment. Our model, it will be noticed, is intended for a little girl who is getting beyond mere babyhood, but it is so simple in its plan that it can readily be modified to suit a child of any growth. We have, it will be noticed, chosen only such bonnets as can thus be easily adapted to special requirements.

A large selection may also be had just now of ready-made bonnets for which linen, muslin or cambric have been used. Most of these have a design for embroidery traced on the turn-over and crown, and this pattern is often partially stencilled or painted in delicate colourings. Others are prepared for working in *Broderie Anglaise* or eyelet hole embroidery. Such bonnets and caps have had all the more difficult portions of the cutting, shaping and putting together done before the worker gets them; but there is still plenty for her to do, besides the fancy stitchery, in trimming the turn-over with fine lace, or with ruches of net, ribbon, or silk. It is advisable to replace the material-strings with softer ties like those we have described above. A head-lining, chosen according to the colour and style of the bonnet, is also an improvement, and adds greatly to the comfort and warmth when it is to be worn in bad weather.

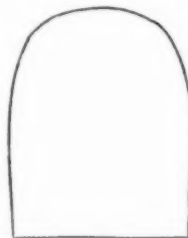


FIG. 8.—SHAPE FOR A TURN-OVER.



Do we Eat too Much?

By A PHYSICIAN.

FOR man to live, man must eat. Whatever else we may disagree about, at least there is no difference of opinion here, and no one has yet maintained the contrary with any considerable measure of success.

After the cries of rage and pain with which most of us announce our entrance into the world, our next cry is for food; and the new human infant—most helpless of all young animals—has nothing to learn as to the proper performance of the task of taking in nourishment. So the infant is fed, and if the food is suited to his needs he grows bigger and stronger, until in due course he becomes a man, and chooses for himself what food he will put into his mouth. He chooses the food he likes, that he can procure easily and cheaply, food such as his fellows consume.

So long as he feels well and can do his work he is quite content. At least, he used to be. But now a large and growing number of people take a lively interest in the working of their own bodies, and the plain man, who has been thriving for years on his chops or steaks, with the usual trimmings, is being assailed by so varied an army of food reformers that he is beginning to be seriously alarmed.

A Clear Idea of Why we Eat.

His morning paper is covered with the advertisements of patent foods, each claiming to be the best possible. One morning there is hurled at him an article advocating a purely vegetable diet; to-morrow he will be told that physical sanity is to be achieved only by eating nuts and drinking salad oil; next week he will read possibly that a steady diet of raw eggs and strawberry jam is the only possible one, if he would be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

All this is very puzzling. Most of these food reformers are right to a greater or less extent. To find the truth we must get down to the bed-rock of ascertained fact, to the fundamentals that underlie all rational diet schemes; we must have a clear idea why we eat at all. Having settled that, we are in a position to find out what diet best satisfies our needs.

We eat for two reasons. In the first place the living machine, like any other, must have fuel supplied in order that work may

be done; secondly, as the framework of the machine is constantly being broken down, it must constantly be repaired and renewed.

There are three essential constituents of all food which fulfil these duties, viz. proteids, carbohydrates, and fats. All diets contain these in varying proportions.

Let us consider them singly.

The Most Important Food Element.

Proteids are highly complicated bodies found in nature in living tissues, both animal and vegetable. They contain a large proportion of nitrogen in addition to carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and other chemical elements. Proteid may be safely considered the most important food element. When broken up in the body it yields energy, but to it also falls the all important duty of repairing bodily waste and building up the tissues as fast as they are destroyed. All diets, therefore, must contain proteid; the practical question is, how much?

An enormous amount of work has been done on this subject by many competent observers, following in the main two lines of investigation. First, the normal diets of people of various nationalities have been analysed, and the amount of proteid they contain determined; secondly, experiments have been made with the view of finding how far the supply of proteid may be reduced without impairing health and vigour.

An Ordinary Man's Needs.

The results of these investigations show a remarkable agreement. For practical purposes it may be taken that a man of ordinary size doing ordinary work requires about 100 grammes of proteid daily—roughly, four ounces. This will supply his tissue-building requirements and some energy, but not all. The repairing energy is obtained from carbohydrates or fats, or both.

Carbohydrate is a generic term including the starches and sugars. We are not concerned here with their chemical composition; considered as food elements starch and sugar are primarily energy yielders. In this respect carbohydrates, weight for weight, have only about half the value of fats, but are very much cheaper; on the other hand a large amount of carbohydrate causes digestive troubles. So, as a matter of practice, it is

universal to employ both to supply our energy requirements.

The same observations that gave us the amount of proteid ordinarily consumed show that the normal intake of carbohydrate is 500 grammes, or 20 ounces, and of fat 100 grammes, or 4 ounces. Our normal diet, then, reduced to the bare skeleton of essentials, gives as the daily menu 4 ounces of proteid, 20 ounces of carbohydrate and 4 ounces of fat.

This is, perhaps, mildly interesting, but not particularly helpful to the seeker after a rational diet. The ordinary man does not require a chemical analysis of the food he proposes to consume, nor does he proceed to his meals armed with a scale and a set of weights. And he is perfectly right; he reasons that it is highly probable that the ordinary diet adopted in obedience to the calls of his appetite fulfils these theoretical requirements; and, indeed, it is so.

Is a Mixed Diet Best?

Let us consider in what proportions ordinary food contains the essential principles indicated. It is unnecessary to give a detailed analysis of the various food stuffs; the earnest seeker after truth may find them for himself in many books. But it may be said roughly that animal foods are rich in proteid and fat and lacking in carbohydrates. Vegetable foods are generally rich in carbohydrates and poor in fats. As regards proteid, what we may term green-grocery is poor; cereals, on the other hand, are rich. Oatmeal, for instance, contains about as much as lean beef. Fresh fruit generally has little food value. Can then the food requirements of the normal man be satisfied by a purely animal, a purely vegetable, or a mixed diet? Undoubtedly yes, by all three.

The meat feeder—for example, the Eskimo—gives himself abundance of proteid and supplies the required energy with fat and

oil. But no civilised man is likely to follow his example; such a diet in this country would be extremely dear, and most certainly nasty. That the mixed feeder can satisfy his needs is amply proved by experience, and what is written above gives a rough idea of how he does it. With his meat, eggs, milk, and cheese he procures plenty of proteid and fat, while from his vegetables he draws his carbohydrates, together with yet more proteid.

Is the vegetarian equally well off? Well, a theoretically adequate diet is most certainly to be attained by the use of vegetable foods alone, and is, indeed, constantly secured in practice. But there are certain difficulties to be overcome, and precautions to be taken, before a vegetable diet can be satisfactory.

Should we Eat too Much?

You will perhaps ask, "If the ordinary diet is so satisfactory, why does the food reformer rage so furiously?" I think that, in spite of exaggerations and misstatements, the various food cranks have done good service in pointing out that a great many people eat too much, more especially too much meat. The man who starts with a breakfast of porridge, bacon and eggs, in due course passing to a substantial meat lunch, followed by a five-course dinner, to say nothing of little snacks at afternoon tea, and possibly late supper, is taking far more than the standard diet laid down.

On the other hand, certain food schemes err on the other side of underfeeding. Doctors will tell you of numerous instances where the following of a rigid diet scheme has led to serious loss of weight and power.

Neither overeat nor undereat. You know quite well what food and how much suits you best. If you must break bounds in one direction or the other, I would counsel you, in all seriousness, to eat too much rather than too little.





THE NORTH AISLE OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

The Recognition of God in Nature.

By the Rev. CANON VAUGHAN, M.A.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power : for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."—REVELATION iv. 11.

ST. JOHN THE DIVINE is "in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." There is about to be unfolded before his eyes a series of visions of judgment. But before the seals are broken, and the trumpets sounded, and the bowls of the wrath of God poured out on a guilty world, there is granted to him a preliminary vision of Eternity. As to Ezekiel by the river of Chebar, and to Isaiah mourning over the backsliding of Judah, so now to St. John "the heavens are opened, and he sees a vision of God." The vision is one of encouragement, and of strength and consolation. "The heathen" may "furiously rage together," and "the people imagine a vain thing," but "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The vision, as so often happens in this wonderful book, falls into two parts. The first scene is a vision of God the Creator; the second of God the Redeemer. In one the outburst of praise comes from the angelic host of heaven; in the other the chorus is swelled by "every creature which is on the earth." In the one is celebrated the glory of God in nature; in the other the glory of God in redemption. The twofold vision represents a call not unlike that of the Master in the upper room, "Believe in God, believe also in Me."

It is well sometimes to gaze with St. John at Patmos on the vision of God the Creator, to recognise with the cherubim His glory in nature, and to join in the song of the angel-princes, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created." The vision, as we have said, is a revelation of God in nature. The thought of redemption does not appear until the second scene. But God speaks to us in many ways. He speaks to us in history, in poetry, in the still small voice of conscience. He also speaks to us in nature; by the starry heavens above, as well as by the moral law within.

"Not by one portal or one path alone,
God's holy messages to men are known;
Waiting the glances of His awful eye,
Silver-winged cherubim do Him embassie.

"Earth and void air, water, unresting flame,
Have words to whisper, tongues to tell His name,
And storms beneath, and rainbow's hues above
Herald His anger and proclaim His love."

The recognition of God in nature is a distinctly religious subject. The Greek Fathers were wont to lay great stress on the glories of nature as a revelation of God. "The wider our contemplation of creation, the grander will be our conception of God." This was the teaching of St. Cyril and St. Basil. It is no mark of spirituality to disparage the world in which we live. Rather we are called on to "promote the glory of God." But how can man promote God's glory? A moment's consideration is sufficient to show us, as Bishop Westcott once pointed out, that we cannot promote His glory in the sense of adding to it. He is no earthly potentate whose honour can be increased by the gifts and homage of His subjects. He is King of all the earth, of things visible and invisible.

"His are the mountains, and the valleys His,
And the resplendent rivers."

How then can man promote God's glory? "Not by adding to it, which is impossible, but by acknowledging it, by displaying it, by reflecting it." In the spiritual world Christ is the absolute revelation of the Father's glory, and so far as a man reflects Christ's likeness, and exhibits in his daily life the mind of Christ, so far is he promoting the glory of God. In the natural world the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork; and so far as a man recognises that glory, so far as he is in sympathy with nature, and studies it reverently, and enables others to see in it the expression of the power and wisdom of the Creator, so far is he promoting the glory of God.

It is to be feared that this recognition of God in nature is not so general as it should be. Our eyes are dim, and our ears are dull of hearing. We are, too many of us, like him of whom the poet speaks—

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

And so it comes about that creation is too often turned into "the tomb of God's glory," instead of being regarded as "the living shrine" through which that glory is revealed to us. For "the invisible things of God, since the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even His everlasting power and divinity." To those whose eyes are opened, whose ears are unstopped, whose hearts are uncontaminated by the world's slow stain, the voice of nature is the voice of God. The deep blue vault of heaven, "the illimitable firmament fretted with golden fire," "the arch of the rainbow and the fountains of the dawn," the meadows and the woods and mountains; "the hush that is among the silent stars," and "the calm that is upon the moonlit sea," and

"Every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every breath the radiant summer brings
To the pure spirit is a word of God."

Now when we turn to the writings of the Old Testament, especially to the Psalter and the Book of Job, we at once recognise what the great Humboldt called "a profound sensibility to nature." And this sensibility is of a deeply religious character. The Hebrew writer never thinks of nature apart from God. The personification of nature, so familiar to us, was unfamiliar to him. He knew, it has been well said, no Nature with a capital letter. He loves the world, not merely for its own sake, but because it speaks to him of God. It is a book which heavenly truth imparts.

Take for instance the 104th Psalm. It has been called a Psalm of natural history; it is also a Psalm of profound theology. The earth is God's earth, and the Psalmist sees God's finger everywhere. And to him there is nothing incongruous, nothing strange, nothing irreverent in speaking about nature to God. He sees the light of morning breaking over the eastern hills, and he cries, "Thou deckest Thyself with light as it were with a garment; Thou spreadest out the heavens like a curtain." He watches the clouds rolling across the vast blue vault of heaven, and it seems to him that "God maketh the clouds His chariot and walketh upon the wings of the wind." His eye rests in the distance on the purple mountains of Moab; in the more immediate prospect he sees the laughing valleys and the streams running among the hills; he watches the birds in the fir-trees, and the rabbits among the rocks; he listens to the lions roaring

after their prey; he turns his thoughts to "the great and wide sea also, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts"; and as he gazes on the beauties and wonders of the world, his soul is filled with the sense of God's glory, and he exclaims, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

In the Psalms, it has been truly said, the bright side of creation is usually uppermost; the dark, sentimental side, at least of the outer world, is rarely seen. But even in the more awful phenomena of nature the Psalmist recognises the hand of God. In that magnificent description of a thunder-storm contained in the 29th Psalm, perhaps the most magnificent in literature, it is "the voice of the Lord" that breaketh the cedar trees, and shaketh the wilderness of Cades. To the pious Hebrew the outward manifestations of creation were the sacraments of God. His attitude of mind finds striking expression in the song of the celestial choir, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

And when, in humble reverence, we turn to the earthly life of Him who is "the Word of God," Who made all things, and without Whom was not anything made that was made, we can hardly fail to recognise His deep sympathy with nature. He consecrated, as it were, anew the wonders and beauties of the world. His teaching is illuminated with natural illustrations. The fowls of the air, and the lilies of the field; the poor despised sparrows, and the raven and her callow brood; the scarlet anemones of Palestine, the reed shaking in the wind, the sky flushed crimson at early dawn, all are noticed with loving appreciation. And how He Himself loved to escape from the busy haunts of men to some lonely spot—the garden to which he oftentimes resorted with His disciples, a "desert place" apart from the noisy crowd, a mountain solitude where he could hold communion with nature and with God! And it is of interest to notice that of all Epistles of the New Testament the one that is most conspicuous for the use of natural illustrations is the short epistle of St. James, the Lord's brother. And it cannot be doubted that the love of nature which breathes throughout it was cultivated in the early home of Nazareth in company with Him of Whom it was afterwards said that "the winds and the sea obey Him."

And as with St. James the Lord's brother, so with many of the Master's friends who have lived closest to His side. The lives of the old hermits may teach us many necessary lessons, but the most attractive feature of their example is to be seen in their sympathy with nature. As St. Anthony used to say, his "Bible was the green book of created things." Or we think almost instinctively of St. Francis of Assisi, the sweetest and most lovable of all the saints. His famous poem, "The Song of the Creatures," is overflowing with love towards everything that God has made. He called all living things his brothers and sisters. It is not surprising that numberless legends have gathered around his name. The wild creatures of the wood were not afraid of him. A hare, which had escaped from the snares of the hunter, took refuge in the folds of his gown. His "little sisters the birds" would cease their twittering so as not to interrupt the preaching of the saint. Unlike in almost every particular as Martin Luther was to the gentle enthusiast of Assisi, he yet, like St. Francis, was deeply in sympathy with the world that God had made. He specially loved birds and flowers, for these, he used to say, are God's Bibles.

"That little fellow," he said, pointing to a robin redbreast going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for tomorrow's lodging, calmly holding on to his little twig, and leaving God to think for him. We might well say, Dear Sir Doctor, I wish I had learnt thy art of trustfulness." The Protestant Luther and the Catholic St. Francis would alike have re-echoed the teaching of the modern poet :—

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast ;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear Lord who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Let us endeavour with the psalmists and the saints of God to enter into the secret of nature. Let us see God in everything and everything in God. With St. John at Patmos let us gaze on the heavenly vision. Let us attune our hearts to the music of the angelic voices—"Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory." And this recognition of God in nature will add strength and dignity and cheerfulness to life. In everything around we shall see, as Kingsley said, the work of God's hand, the likeness of God's countenance, the shadow of God's glory. Beauty will be "God's handwriting, God's image: it will be a wayside sacrament, a cup of blessing." We shall find with the gracious and heavenly-minded Silurist that

"Every tree, herb, flower,
Are shadows of His wisdom and His power."

The sense of His abiding presence will be strengthened in our hearts. We shall understand somewhat of the Lord's saying, "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and there I am." With Mungo Park in the desert the humblest vegetation will speak to us of God's providence and care. With the Swedish botanist the splendour of the golden gorse will reveal His interest in our happiness. With James Thomson, in his magnificent hymn, we shall feel that

"God is ever present, ev'rr felt
In the void waste, as in the city full :
And where He vital breathes there must be joy."

So shall we enter into communion with nature. So shall we promote the glory of God. So with angels and archangels, and with all the company of Heaven, we shall laud and magnify His glorious name, evermore praising Him, and saying, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."





FALLING LEAVES.

(By Allan Horsford.)

Salvage.

A Complete Story.

By MAUD SHIELDS.

THE rain drove against the window pane with insistent malice, and the increasing wind blowing in from the south-east, hurling the waves over the old wooden pier, and beating the life out of the wrecked barque at the harbour mouth, spoke of winter being in the land.

The hands of the clock pointed to eleven as the Rev. Hubert Campion rose from his deep armchair, took a well-loved pipe from his mouth, which he placed on the mantelpiece against his return, and went out to the narrow hall to don coat and cap; for it was the eve of the New Year, and he was about to take the midnight service at the old grey church that has stood sentinel for seven centuries above the river.

The Vicar of Harbournmouth would not be there, for he was an old man and unfit for exposure to the rigour of a winter night. But weather had no effect upon the younger cleric, and to-night he was barely conscious of the wind that seized him in a fury as he set forth. To-morrow he was going to London to spend three blissful days with the woman who was more to him than life itself.

He and Barbara Rycroft had been engaged for two years, and the glamour had not worn off yet. Every day or two they exchanged letters, and as they were young—the woman just twenty-six, the man four years older, so they could still talk quite cheerfully of the time when circumstances would permit them to marry. They looked towards that happy day as the faithful look toward Mecca. Yet ever and again the man must fain remember his income of one hundred and twenty pounds. It put an end to his dreams so often.

Barbara was what is called a "mother's help," in a big house full of noisy boys and girls in Bristol; and so the width of England separated them; but some months ago she had written that she would be able to take a holiday at the end of the year, and spend a week with her mother and younger sisters in their London home. Of course Hubert must take his holiday then, and they could spend it together. And for months they had written and thought of little else, and now the wonderful day was at hand.

The Rev. Hubert stepped out boldly in the teeth of the gale, exchanging a friendly greeting

now and then with the one or two stragglers whom he passed.

There was a fair number of people in the old church, where the holly still spoke of Christmas; and to them he addressed a message of hope. After a few moments spent in quiet prayer, the bells rang a joyous peal from the tower, and they all rose from their knees endowed with fresh strength to face the future.

And so out once more into the gale.

It was very cosy back again in the warm room, with the red curtains drawn across the rattling pane, and the firelight gleaming on the familiar surroundings. The Rev. Hubert drew up his chair and held his hands to the blaze, as there came a ring at the front door.

His landlady came from the kitchen where she and her husband shared the midnight vigil, and spoke in hushed tones of the two boys at sea, and of the one who had been drowned within sight of the harbour lights as he was coming home one winter night from the fishing grounds.

There was a muffled conversation, and then she came into the room.

"That's Jacob Benstead, sir," she said. "He wants to speak to you."

"Let him come in," the Rev. Hubert replied cheerfully. "Now, Jacob, what is it?"

Jacob came round the door with the wary gait of sailormen on shore, and stood just within, the firelight gleaming on his dripping oilskin, and the sou'-wester he grasped with both hands against his chest.

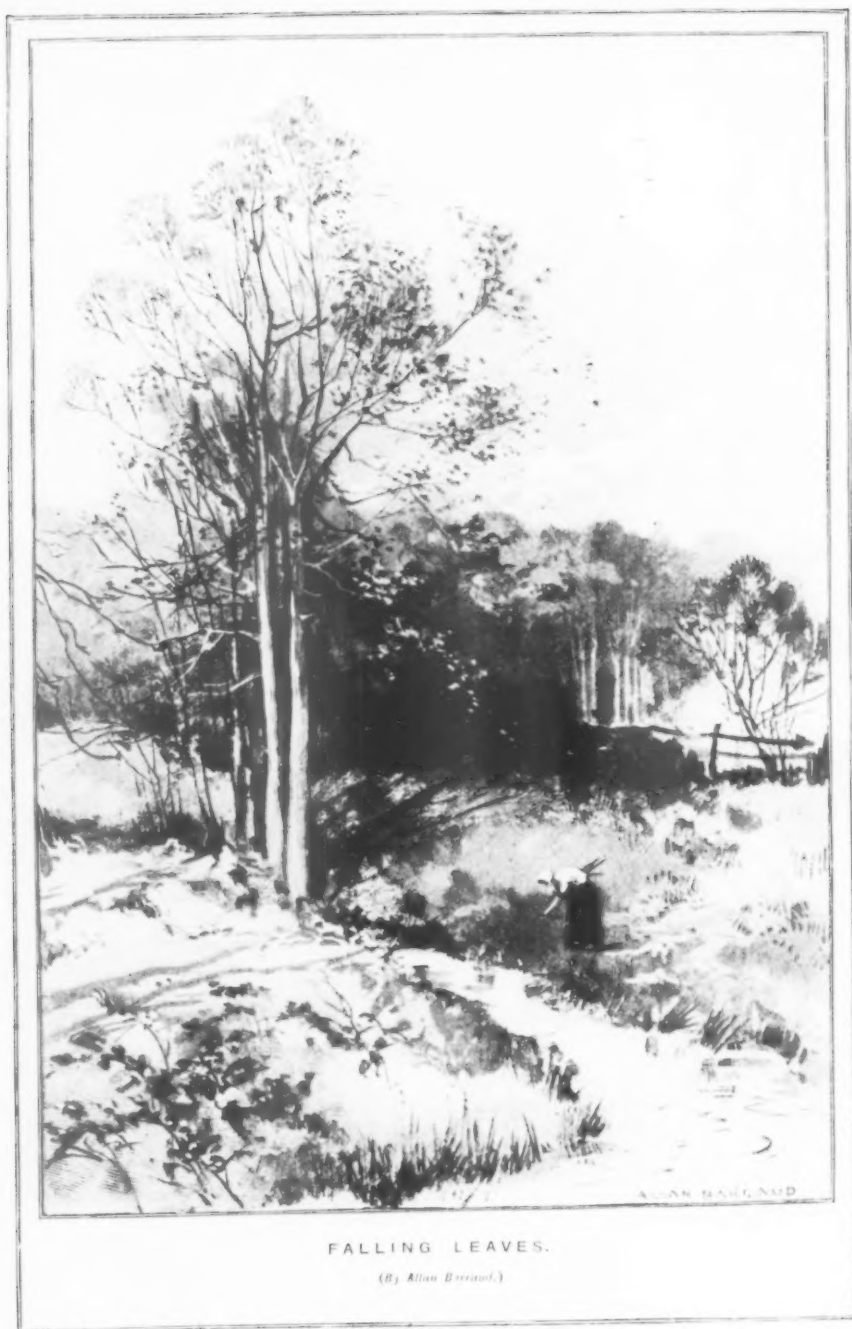
"Well, Jacob," began the Rev. Hubert, giving him a friendly lead. "I wish you a Happy New Year."

"Same to you, sir, same to you," Jacob replied in a gruff voice that seemed to come up from the depths of the huge sea boots. Then he cleared his throat and grasped the hat firmer.

"It's a rough night; won't you come nearer the fire, and have a pipe?" the Rev. Hubert went on.

"Not now, sir, thankin' you all the same. I'll be a-gettin' off home time I've said what I come to say. I'm on'y now in from sea—we went out in the *Nancy* 'bout nine o'clock time," said Jacob.

"What! Has the lifeboat been out to-night?"



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"What! Has the lifeboat been out to-night?"



"'I'm on'y now in from the sea--we went out in the *Nancy* 'bout nine o'clock time,' said Jacob"—p. 1205.

"Yessir. Now come in. Barque out their draggin' of her anchor."

"Drifting toward the sands?"

"Well, sir, shoreward in this wind. The tug come arter her. We stood by fer two hours an' a half; she's now come in harbour in tow. The *Wilhelm o' Kiel*—deck cargo o' deal ends."

"You must have a drop of something warm."

"Thankin' you, sir, not to-night. I can't stay. The missus was a-waitin' at the slips as we come in—their's bad news about our boy."

The hearer knew David Benstead's history, that he had been a ne'er-do-well all his life.

"Bad news," he repeated. "I'm sorry."

"Ay, sir, that hev fair done up the missus that hev."

"Is he in trouble again?"

"He's a dyin', sir. A telegraph what had been belated come from some place foreign," he produced a crumpled form, "but you'll be able to tell, knowin' foreign parts."

The Rev. Hubert took the proffered paper and scanned the message, all blurred with the wet hand that had grasped it, or with a mother's tears:—

"Your son David Benstead brought in to-night dangerously wounded in the lung wishes to see you. O'FARRELL, Surgeon, Waterford Hospital."

"It is in the south of Ireland," he said. "A long journey, Jacob. Do you want me to write? There must have been a fight or something."

"Yessir. It'll be somethin' o' that kind. The missus is fair crazed. She—she's got in her mind, sir, that she'd like to see the boy before he puts to sea fer the last time. He've been a sight o' trouble, our David hev, but she never hed no other—an' she're all fer holdin' of his hand to steady him like as he goes—'r maybe whisper a prayer in his ear. Wimmin are like that ower their own, no matter how bad they be."

"So they are, God bless them! But how can we manage it?" the clergyman asked, a mist coming before his eyes as he looked across at the bent figure in the wet oilskin, bowed now with the weight of sorrow, and with the unspeakable pathos of poverty in his face. "What can we do?" he repeated.

Jacob cleared his throat again. What he was about to say was not easy.

"'Twas the missus thowt of it," he began at last. "Things has been bad with us t'yeer. Theer was the missus's illness in the spring-time, an' the rent got overdue, an' then all the fishin' season I was laid up wi' a broken ankle—an' a bit we hed laid by has gone to the boy now an' again——"

"And you want me to lend you the money to go to him?"

There was not a momentary hesitation, but Hubert Campion's voice sounded strange in his own ears; then squaring his shoulders he went on more firmly: "Is that it, Jacob?"

"Well, sir, that were what I come to say—the missus she begged so hard, sir."

"Well, it's lucky I happen to have a bit put by just now, and you're welcome to it; get off to your boy, and God grant you may be in time."

"Thank ye, sir, thank ye," the old fisherman said hoarsely. "I'm a poor hand at beggin', an' a poor hand at expressin' o' things—but may God stand by you, sir, when you most need it."

The Rev. Hubert let his visitor out himself, with a cheery word for the waiting mother, and then went back slowly to his chair.

He shivered a little as he sat down once more. He would write to-night and tell Barbara. Dear little woman! How quick she would be to understand and sympathise. And—and, after all, theirs was not to be a separation for ever, and if their love meant anything, it must help them now.

The Rev. Hubert fell asleep.

"Lor', sir," exclaimed the voice of his landlady, as she drew back the curtains, and showed the heavy grey dawn creeping over the sullen sea. "What, ain't you never been to bed. I'm late too, an' all. That's gone seven."

"Bless me," cried her lodger, with a laugh. "I must have fallen asleep over the fire. I'll have a tub, that's the best thing to wake me up."

Mrs. Leggett shook her head. She was no believer in tubs at any time, and in the winter she considered it to be sheer suicide. When the Rev. Hubert came down to breakfast he found a message asking him to go to the vicarage as early as possible.

"I wondered if I should catch you, Campion," the vicar said, when they had exchanged greetings. "I knew you were going by the early train."

"Oh, yes—I am not going after all."

"Not going?"

"No. I put the money I intended for my

holiday to another use, and shall wait until the summer."

"But you wouldn't object to going to town on some law business for me?"

Object! The room swam round Hubert Campion for a second ere he could reply.

"Why, no, sir, I should be glad."

"Thank you, Campion, I knew you'd go if you could; it's about the trusteeship of this Sailors' Home. I'll explain afterwards, but I've some good news that I must tell you first. You know my old college friend, Sir George Wrightson? He has written to me this morning about one of the two livings in his gift—the living of Chesney Heyfield in Bedfordshire—a charming spot and a most picturesque church. I spoke of you to Sir George, and now he writes to ask if I think you would like the living; it is only three hundred a year, but the late vicar took pupils to augment his income. I shall be very sorry to lose you, Campion, but I think it is your chance, and so I must let you go."

"It seems almost too good to be true," the Rev. Hubert said, trying to keep his voice steady. The old vicar laughed pleasantly.

"I am very glad for your sake, my boy," he said. "Very glad. And now we will go into this law business, before I write to Sir George, and tell him that you will run in and see him to-morrow. He is staying at Claridge's previous to joining Lady Wrightson and their daughters abroad; and he wants this Chesney Heyfield matter settled first."

Hubert Campion and pretty Barbara were quietly married one spring morning when the golden daffodils were nodding in the young green of the grass, and the lark was telling of summer days to come; and the first person to grasp the "parson's" hand as he and his bride stepped from the church at Chesney Heyfield into the glad sunlight, was a stalwart young man in the familiar jersey and "best" cloth suit of the Harbourmouth lifeboatmen, with the legend *Nancy Conway* in red letters across his broad chest.

The Rev. Hubert stopped for a moment to tell Barbara who it was, and then he asked:

"Is all well, at home, David?"

The answer came straight and bold:

"Ay, sir; an' please God the old people won't hev no more trouble. I'm a goin' to stay at home an' take father's place in the *Nancy*, an' do a bit o' fishin'. They sent their respectful duty, sir, an' their heart's love fer the way you stood by them in the worst gale o' their lives."

The bells rang merrily as Hubert Campion and his wife went on their way.



THE DAISY CHAIN

(By Lizzie Lawson.)

The Children's Pages.

Conducted by "MR. ANON."

WE are making progress with our fund for the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, but I want many more gifts. Please send your shillings, and more if possible, to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

THE DISSATISFIED CHILDREN.

A COMPLETE STORY BY A. VERA HEWITT.

THE cherry trees in the fine old orchard at Merton Hall were weighed down beneath their burden of ripe fruit. In the shade of one of the largest of them sat Cecily, a dainty little maiden, with deep blue eyes and golden curls, reading her favourite book of fairy tales, and refreshing herself with juicy red cherries, which lay beside her in the crown of her dainty summer hat.

Through a gap in the orchard hedge she could see the old village beyond the fields, with its pretty little thatched cottages, its tiny grey church, and its small picturesque farm.

She closed her book slowly, and with a sigh gathered up the fruit and put on her hat. She was about to return to the house when she caught sight of Jennie, the farmer's little daughter, a girl of her own age, toiling up the grassy slope towards her.

"Good morning, Jennie," she cried. "Are you going to the Hall with the butter? You may come through the hedge if you like, the way is shorter, and it will not be so hot a walk for you."

"Thank you, miss," said Jennie, and she scrambled through the broken hawthorn hedge, and stepped into the orchard.

"Oh, what a lovely place!" she cried. "Don't I wish I could sit in an orchard like this, and eat as much fruit as I wanted, and never pay a penny for it."

"Why, how funny!" said Cecily. "I was just thinking how lovely it would be to get up as early as you do, to feed the hens, and drive the cows with a big stick, and no nurse to be always tidying you."

"I'd love to stop in bed in the mornings if I could," replied Jennie. "If only I could live in a beautiful large house and wear lovely dresses, how happy I should be!"

The two girls walked slowly towards the

Hall, each enjoying the company of the other. They had left the orchard and were passing through the kitchen gardens, when Cecily turned suddenly towards her companion.

"Jennie," she cried excitedly, "you would like to be me, I want to be you—why should we not change places? No one could mind. Yes, come along! Let us go back to the orchard and change clothes."

Jennie was too surprised at the daring idea to offer resistance. When safely back in the orchard Cecily removed her own dress, hat, and shoes, and ordered Jennie to do the same, the little girl obeying joyfully.

In a few moments they stood arrayed in each other's attire, Jennie in a dainty blue muslin frock and hat, with neat little shoes, and Cecily in a faded straw hat, adorned with weather-beaten poppies, a much worn holland dress, covered by a torn pinafore.

"There!" said Cecily delightedly; "you go on to the Hall, and I will go down to the farm. How lovely it will be to be out of the grounds all by myself!"

"Are you sure it's all right, miss?" asked Jennie anxiously.

"Of course," said Cecily, and she picked up the empty basket.

Jennie took the butter, and each little girl started off in her own direction, eager to begin her new life. Cecily ran quickly down the fields, and arrived, rather out of breath, at the front door of the pretty little farmhouse where Jennie lived with her aunt, Mrs. Brown. She knocked vigorously, and waited impatiently for the door to be opened.

In a few seconds it was opened by Mrs. Brown, whose large bare arms were covered with flour. Her surprise on seeing Cecily standing there was great.

"Well, I never did!" cried the old lady. "If it is not Miss Cecily, and in my Jennie's clothes, too!"

It took Cecily a long time to make the poor

old lady understand what had happened, and when she did realise what the children had done, Mrs. Brown at once set out for the Hall, to ask Lady Laughton, Cecily's mother, what she was to do, as Cecily refused to go home.

"The children are evidently dissatisfied," said her ladyship; "we had better let them carry out their plan. They will soon be tired, and eager to return to their homes."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Brown. "But Miss Cecily—am I to let her feed the hens, drive the cows, and deliver the butter?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Brown; you must promise me to treat her as you do your own niece, and I will do the same to Jennie."

As soon as Mrs. Brown left, Lady Laughton made her way to the nurseries, where she found Jennie enjoying some lunch, with Cecily's doll seated beside her.

"Well, Jennie," she said, "so you have changed places with Miss Cecily. I hope you will both be satisfied with the change. Nurse, take Miss Jennie for a walk, after she has finished her lunch." And Lady Laughton left the room with a smile on her face.

"Come, Miss Jennie," said nurse, "it is time for your walk."

Jennie was dressed in a smart frock, and given a dainty silk sunshade to shield her from the sun. This she thoroughly enjoyed, but when she was forced to struggle into gloves it was different. She had never before worn gloves, and she hated them. Then, too, when she wanted to run and pick flowers, and wander about the lanes, as she did coming and going from the farm, she found that she was not allowed to leave her nurse's side, in case she might fall in the mud, or get knocked down by a passing farm cart.

At lunch, which she had downstairs, Jennie was alarmed at the fine ladies who laughed and chattered with Lady Laughton, and she felt shy and awkward when she was told to shake hands with them all. When she began to talk as she did at the farm during meals, Lady Laughton said quietly, "Little girls should be seen and not heard."

At four o'clock she once more changed her frock. This time she was clothed in a beautiful lace dress and hat, and she looked a sweet little picture, with her long golden curls brushed and shining, as she followed Lady Laughton into the open carriage, and prepared to enjoy her drive. After a while she wanted to stand on the seat, and to look over at the horses, but Lady Laughton refused to allow it.

"My dear little Jennie," she said, "think of your lovely frock; it would be ruined."

Every time she fidgeted or sprang up to look at some object of interest she was warned to be careful of her dainty dress.

"Bother my dress," thought Jennie to herself, and she was not very sorry when the drive came to an end.

She had tea in the drawing-room—such tiny pieces of cake and bread and butter, and she was so hungry! Jennie thought of the tea at the farm and of the large slices of home-made bread and jam. At night she resented being washed again; and Cecily's mattress seemed very hard after her own feather bed. It was trying, too, to have to sleep with her hair in curl papers, and most of all she missed her aunt's kiss and tuck up.

At six o'clock next morning she woke, and sprang out of bed. Running to the window she drew back the curtains and flooded the room with light.

"Miss Jennie," cried nurse, coming quickly from the adjoining room, "whatever are you doing? You will wake my lady, running about like this. Get back to bed at once."

Jennie was obliged to obey, and lay still waiting impatiently till nurse should allow her to get up.

When nurse came to dress her, Jennie was annoyed to find that she was expected to have a cold bath. She wondered how Miss Cecily could stand so much washing. After breakfast she was not allowed to go out because it was raining. So Jennie, after tiring of Cecily's toys, sat at the nursery window, and wondered how Cecily was faring at the farm. She wondered if the vicar's wife had had the butter, how many eggs there were, and if her aunt missed her much. Jennie was not having such a good time as she had expected.

* * * * *

"Come, Cecily," said Mrs. Brown when she arrived back from the Hall. "There are three parcels of butter to be delivered before dinner, and as one has to go to the Vicarage, you'd best hurry up."

Cecily asked for the parcels and a basket.

"The butter is in the dairy, and the basket on the table where you left it. Be quick and get it packed," said Mrs. Brown.

It took Cecily some time to complete her errand, and it was after one o'clock before she returned. She was tired and hot, but when she asked if she could wash her hands, Mrs. Brown replied there wasn't time, her dinner would be cold enough as it was. Cecily sat down and tried to eat, but the food was not at all to her taste, and nearly cold.

"Cecily, my dear," said the old lady, when the

little girl declared she wanted no more, "the hens are in the flower garden—be quick and drive them out, or all my flowers will be ruined."

Not used to running in the heat of the day, Cecily got hotter than ever, and coming through the garden, having safely shut up the offending hens, she picked a rosy apple to quench her thirst. Mrs. Brown was horrified when she saw what Cecily had done.

"My dear child, how ever do you think I'm going to make a profit out of the fruit if you eat it? Don't you let me see you taking any more! Now go and help Tom bring in the cows, or he'll be late out with the milk."

Cecily picked up Jennie's stick and hurried away. Driving the cows was not so pleasant as she expected. They seemed to take advantage of her and would not go the right way.

Next she was told to fetch the water from the well, and to hurry about it, if they were to get their tea before five. Cecily picked up the bucket and filled it with water, spilling half of it down her dress as she returned. However, the tea was plentiful and good, and the hungry little girl enjoyed it heartily.

After tea she collected the eggs and fed the fowls, but when it came to shutting them up for the night it was a different matter. The stupid hens would not go to roost, and it was dark before Cecily shut the door behind the last of them.

As she entered the kitchen Mrs. Brown called her to help turn out the store cupboard, and that finished, gave her a bowl full of potatoes to peel for supper. The rooms were small, and not very airy, and the smell of the lamps as well made Cecily very sleepy, and she was glad to go to bed.

She began to undress, then remembered her bath, and called over the stairs to Mrs. Brown.

"If you want a bath you must fetch the water from the pump," was the reply.

Being too tired to fetch it Cecily was forced to go to bed without her bath. She missed her mother's good-night visit and kiss more than she liked to own. The bed, too, was a feather one, and it seemed to smother her. She could not make the little window keep open, and the room appeared to get hotter and hotter. It seemed to her she had only just fallen asleep when Mrs. Brown called her the next morning, telling her to hurry down and set the breakfast.

Cecily dressed as best she could, without assistance, and hastened downstairs. It was raining fast, and in fetching the water to fill the kettle she got so wet that she had to dry her clothes before the fire.

When Mrs. Brown, after breakfast, expected her to drive the cows up again and all in the

rain, Cecily hesitated no longer, but ran off home as hard as she could. So fast was she running that she never saw another flying figure coming towards her, and they met with a bump.

"Cecily!"

"Jennie!"

"It's not so nice being a farmer's daughter as I thought," said Cecily.

"I never want to live in a large house and wear lovely frocks again," said Jennie emphatically. "When your mother talked about taking me to the dentist to have my broken tooth out, I just ran away as hard as I could, and I won't go back for anyone," she added decidedly.

"Nor I," said Cecily.



SUNDAY TALKS.

The Spirit of God.

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY.

OF Himself, and of every reader of these "Sunday Talks," the Living God is speaking when He says, "I will put My Spirit within you."—Ezekiel xxxvi. 27.

There is no greater promise in the whole Bible; and while we read, we should weigh every word of it.

"I." What a large I this is! Usually, we write the personal I with a capital letter. We have been taught that it is not enough to draw a little hook and put a dot over it. That may do quite well if we are only mentioning a *thing*. We then say "*it*." But the I that stands for a living person must not be shaped like a school-boy's "pot-hook," with a dot over it. It must be a great capital letter set all alone on the written or printed page.

Well, there is no letter in human language large enough to represent worthily the personal God. To one of His prophets He puts the question, "Do not I fill heaven and earth?" What a majestic I!

A poor Christian farmer was taunted by a scoffing sceptic with the inquiry, "Is your God a great God; or is He a little God?" The answer given is well worth remembering: "He is *both*." "How can He be both?" demanded the inquirer. "Quite easily," was the reply. "He is so great a God that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him; and He is so little a God that He can dwell in my poor heart."

This great "I" has something to say of Himself to every one of us. Shall we not listen and learn? "I will hear what God the Lord

will speak." This is what He says, "My Spirit—I will put within you."

"God is a Spirit." We have all learned as much as this. Jesus taught us. Yet, how very little any of us know concerning *spirit*. We are almost afraid of the word. We have never seen a spirit; we have never handled or touched a spirit. "A spirit has not flesh and bones." But a spirit may dwell, and does dwell, in the body of every living person—in you, in me.

"We are spirits clad in veils."

A little friend of mine, when only five years old, felt puzzled one day while thinking about herself and about God, and came to her mother to ask, "Mother, who is God?" She was told, in the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria, "God is a Spirit." But this reply did not satisfy her inquiring mind. Instantly, and with eagerness, she innocently inquired, "methyated spirit, mother?" That was the only kind of spirit she knew of; and her mother had no little difficulty in trying to explain.

Spirit is like breath—like the wind. None of us ever saw the wind, or shook hands with the wind. But we have all heard the wind, felt the wind, and seen the effects of the wind. In the summer evening we have heard it sing in the shrubbery and softly whisper among the flowers. After a scorching day, we have been glad to feel the cool breezes kiss our hot faces and refresh our tired limbs. In the wintry tempest we have seen slates flying from the house-tops, tremendous waves dashing against the sea-wall, tall poplar trees bowing and breaking before the blast, great elms and oaks stripped of their leaves, their strong arms rent, their shattered limbs carried away to strew the ground in heaps. Not so long ago a whole row of giant chestnuts, near Hampton Court, was destroyed—broken off, or torn down, by the violence of the "stormy wind."

And the Spirit of God moves like wind—unseen, yet surely felt and known. He will sometimes whisper in the ear of conscience with "a still small voice," gently reproving angry tempers and wicked thoughts, prompting good desires and kindly feelings. He will sometimes "shout aloud" His rebuke of wrongdoing, and bring to shame a rebellious people. Proud looks, stiff necks, stubborn hearts, He will subdue. He knows how to bend or break them. He can destroy, and He can renew. When Nicodemus asked, "How can these things be?" Jesus replied, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh,

and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."—John iii. 8 (R.V.).

Search the Scriptures and you will be surprised to find how much they have to say concerning the Spirit of God. He "moved upon the face of the waters" at the creation. He came "mightily" upon King Saul and he was "turned into another man." "God gave him another heart." He inspired psalmists and prophets, and they sang His praise, they foretold His will. He overshadowed Jesus and "descended in a bodily form as a dove upon Him." And, on the day of Pentecost, while the disciples of Christ were praying, "there came from heaven a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind; and there appeared unto them tongues parting asunder, like as of fire, and it sat upon each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit."

Since then, and to-day, He dwells in hearts that believe in Jesus. His home is in the breast of those who love and trust Him. He Himself says, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them."

How shall I know that His promise is fulfilled in me? Just by the change He will produce in my heart and life? Have I learned how hateful a thing sin is—do I loathe it? Have I been led to love the things that are pure and true—to abhor what is foul and false? Is there within me a secret power prompting me to do the right, to shun the wrong—helping me to choose the good and to refuse the evil? Has my bad temper been cured? Have my anger and bitterness and envy given place to gentleness and sweetness and love? Have my selfish thoughts been subdued, so that now I am glad to share with others every blessing I enjoy, and try to make the poor rich, the miserable happy? Then I know and am sure that the good Spirit of God has a home in my heart.

I have heard that when a shipload of sacred earth was sent from Jerusalem to mingle with the common soil in the Campo Santo at Pisa, a new flower sprang up, the delicate and graceful anemone, which may still be found in the long grass of the place. So, when the good Spirit of God comes into our hearts and abides there, something brighter and better than "the wind-flower" will appear. All the beautiful blossoms of His grace will begin to bloom in our life. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance."

Jesus was filled with the Holy Spirit; and He bids us ask for this great boon. For our encouragement He tells us that a father is not more willing to give bread to a hungry child

than is our Heavenly Father to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.

AN INFANT SOLDIER.

BY GEORGE REES.

I SHOULD imagine that no infant quite so young as the Prince of the Asturias has been photographed wearing military uniform. The elder son of the King of Spain was born on May 10, 1907, and when this portrait was taken he had only just passed his first birthday. It is easy to see how proud King Alfonso is of his elder son and heir. Let us hope the little Prince will be spared to fill, in God's good time, the throne of Spain.

The King and Queen are quite young themselves, yet they have carried out the great duties and responsibilities of their high position with remarkable courage and sagacity. The young Queen, whom we Britons recall as the daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg, passed through a terrible ordeal when a bomb was discharged quite near to the Royal carriage soon after the wedding ceremony in Madrid, but her pluck never deserted her, and Spaniards are very proud of their Sovereign and his Consort.

The little Prince of the Asturias has now a brother, for on June 23, 1908, Prince Jaime

was born. *Punch* said wittily that the Prince of the Asturias, being rather jealous of the attentions bestowed on the new baby, "had decided to join his regiment"!

The Queen of Spain came last August to the Isle of Wight, where she had spent so many happy days in her childhood, and brought her two little sons with her. The King of Spain joined Her Majesty a little later, having come from Spain in his yacht. The Islanders take a special interest in the Royal couple, for it was in the Isle of Wight that they became engaged.

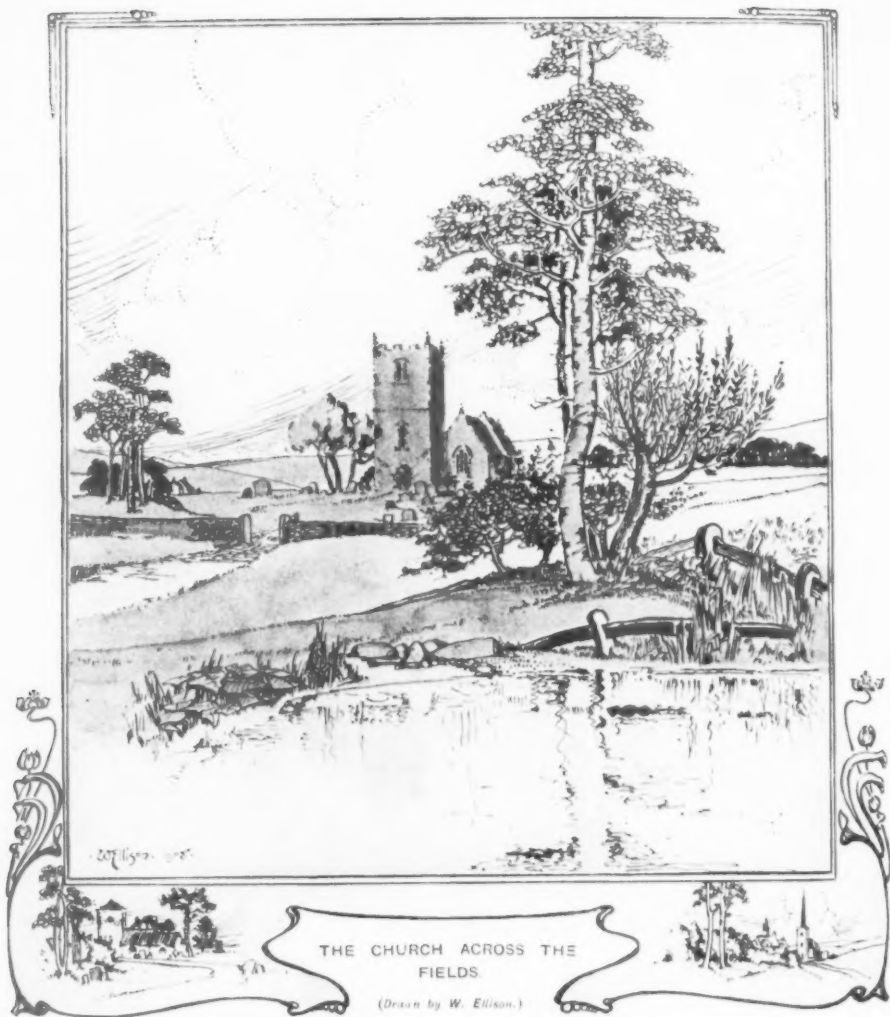
King Alfonso is proving a devoted father to his young sons, and is never happier than when he is showing the little princes to their royal relatives. The Prince of the Asturias has been initiated early into military life by receiving a full uniform and medals! Our photograph is wonderfully popular in Spain, and may be seen in thousands of homes, where kindly words are being daily uttered about the Spanish Royal Family. The stability



(Photo: Francisco, Madrid.)
THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS ELDER SON (AGED 12 YEARS).

of the throne is aided by the affectionate regard in which the King and Queen and their sons are held.

An interesting result of the King's marriage has been the growth of illustrated journals in Spain, which chronicle and illustrate every incident connected with the Royal Family. It is pleasant to hear that Spain's prosperity seems returning to her, and everyone will wish for the young King and his British Consort increasing happiness in the coming years.



"Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
 But large and massy; for duration built;
 With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
 By naked rafters intricably crossed,
 Like leafless underboughs in some thick wood."
 —WORDSWORTH.



Sunday School Pages.

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

NOVEMBER 1st. ABSALOM REBELS AGAINST DAVID.

2 Samuel xv.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The crafty plotter. (2) The deceitful son. (3) The humbled king.

ABSALOM had his eye on his father's throne, and he schemed and plotted in the hope of having his seat there. He allowed a wrong ambition to occupy his mind. Instead of ruling his ambitions, he permitted his ambitions to rule him. He was, therefore, not master of himself. A recent writer tells a story of a famous horse-trainer who had a particularly bad-tempered animal brought to him for training. At the first act of ugly temper on the part of the horse, the trainer paused, put up his whip, and said, with a deep drawing of his breath: "Now, first of all, let me get a good grip on myself." After that, his mastery of the horse came, not as an accident, but as a sequel. It was there that Absalom failed; he had not a good grip on himself.

The Medals for his Mother.

Among the commandments neglected by Absalom was that one which enjoins us to honour our parents. In his mad ambition the king's son forgot what he owed to his father. As a contrast to that, an incident is related of a young man who had been maintained at college by his mother's efforts. He worked industriously, and succeeded in reaching the top of his class. Graduation day came, and he received his honours amid many congratulations. It was the proudest day of his life. But in a back seat in the building was an old lady, in a plain black dress and a little lace cap that was almost out of date. Her form was bent, and her hands were rough with hard work, but this was her graduation day as well as his. And the boy on the platform came to her while the eyes of all followed him in silent admiration, and placed his medals in her lap with these words: "Take these, mother, they are yours; you deserve them more than I."

NOVEMBER 8th. DAVID GRIEVES FOR ABSALOM.

2 Samuel xviii.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The preparations for battle. (2) The king's desire for his son's welfare. (3) Joab as executioner. (4) The stricken king.

GRATITUDE is a rare virtue. We see examples of that every day. In our lesson there is before us the case of a son rising up to overthrow the

father to whom he owed everything that he had. The story is ever being repeated. A physician was aroused one night by a ring of his bell, not loud, but as if the caller did not wish to disturb the household. As the low, stealthy calls continued, the doctor went to the door. Two men were there supporting a third. Their faces were muffled so as not to be seen. One of the men was suffering from a severe wound in the chest—a long, deep cut. The doctor dressed the wound and gave the necessary directions for the care of the patient. As he bade the men good-night, one of them cautioned him against speaking of the visit. The wounded man gave him a searching look in the face, and then said to his companions, "Better kill him." The doctor saw the flash of a knife, and sprang back just in time to save himself, for the blow was aimed at his heart. It was thus that the men sought to remember their benefactor, and this sort of reward is, unfortunately, all too common.

A Sculptor's Sacrifice.

Absalom would have killed his father to attain his own ends; the father would gladly have died for his son to save him from the punishment of his sin. Love hesitates at no sacrifice. A struggling sculptor, reduced almost to starvation, had finished what to him represented the aim of his life. It was a figure of a very beautiful woman, and the poor fellow hoped that it would mark the turning point of his fortune. The weather was bitterly cold, and the sculptor, shivering in his garret, became alarmed for the safety of his work. Tenderly and lovingly he draped the figure in the worn coat that he took from his own ill-clad shoulders, and, lying down beside it, fell asleep. The morning broke, and the sun shone on two figures, both inanimate. The artist had sacrificed himself to the object that he loved, for he was frozen to death. Christ loved us so much that He died for us, and if we appreciate the great sacrifice, ought we not to be ready to love and sacrifice as He did?

NOVEMBER 15th. THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.

Psalms xxi i.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Confidence in the Shepherd. (2) A sage Guide. (3) The comforting Presence. (4) The full cup. (5) Future glory.

THIS is, perhaps, the best-known chapter in the whole Bible. And what a beautiful picture it presents! The Good Shepherd is leading His

flock through the green pastures and by the quiet waters. Nothing is lacking in His provision for their welfare. The symbolism is exquisite. Christ is still willing to lead us in the same way if we would but give Him the opportunity. His heart of love is yearning after the wandering sheep.

The Bishop of London and the Dying Girl.

Even in the dark valley of death there is no fear when the Good Shepherd is near at hand. Speaking at a recent mission, the Bishop of London told how on one occasion a young girl, who lay on a bed of sickness, confided to him her fear of death. He asked her if she would be afraid if he were to pick her up and carry her into the next room. Her answer was in the negative, for, she said, she knew him and trusted him. "Then I asked her," added the Bishop, "why should she be afraid of Someone taking her up and carrying her away? Who was ten thousand times more loving and gentle than I could be?" The girl grasped the illustration, and as the fear of death was removed she died with a happy smile on her face.

NOVEMBER 22nd. SOLOMON ANOINTED KING.

1 Kings i. 1 to ii. 12.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Adonijah's bid for the throne. (2) The king's choice of a successor. (3) David's parting advice to the new king.

DAVID'S dying advice to the young king was the result of his own experience. When our advice is backed up by conduct, it is the more likely to be followed. In a fashionable home a young daughter was dying. The mother's heart was breaking, and she cried out in despair, "O God, save my child." The daughter turned to her and uttered these terrible words, "Mother dear, 'tis too late now! Your only ambition for me was that I might shine as a society belle. But you never read the Bible to me, or had me take part in the activities of the church, dispensing charities and sending the Gospel to the benighted of the earth, and our church-going once on Sunday was but a formal matter, and we went because our set did. You never talked to me of the Saviour, and now I'm dying."

What an awful reuke to the worldly mother! "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." That should be the first aim of every life.

NOVEMBER 29th. WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

Isaiah xxviii. 1-13.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The disasters caused by drink. (2) The road to ruin.

THE Bible has much to say in condemnation of strong drink, and every day we see around us the evils which it creates. "I have defended forty-one men and women for murder in my life," said a famous lawyer, "and nineteen out of twenty of the crimes were caused by whisky. I have defended lots of other criminal cases in my life, and I am safe in saying that nineteen out of twenty of them were caused by liquor. Whisky is the most demoralising thing in the world. Men do not usually drink it to get into a condition to rob and kill, but when they get it in them they are ready for any sort of evil that comes to hand."

The General would not Drink Wine.

Safety lies in total abstinence. A distinguished military man was some time ago at a great public dinner. At every plate stood a number of wine glasses. The General turned down all his glasses before the waiter brought the wine. A lady said to him, "Excuse me, General, but I have noticed that on every occasion where I have been with you at dinner you have always turned down your glasses. Do you never drink wine?" "No," replied the General, "I never drink it." "I do not wish to be impertinent," continued the lady, "but I would very much like to know why a man of your age and character should feel it necessary to refuse the comfort and exhilaration of a glass of wine." The General smiled and said, "I am very willing to tell you all there is about it. It might be perfectly safe for me, and no doubt would be, to drink a glass of wine with my dinner, but yonder is my son sitting at the other table. If I do not drink wine, he will not. If I drink it, he will follow my example."



A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION.



THE DIAGNOSIS.

DOCTOR: "Out of condition—all you require is

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'
—Always keep a bottle handy."

C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd.,
CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.Neither Scratch
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Nainsooks, Cambrics,
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Ready-Made Sheets
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BILLIARD TABLE.**

There is no game so pleasing
to both sexes, no matter what
age, as billiards, and the game
is just as strenuous played on
these tables as on standard
size. A Dining and Billiard
Table is the most convenient
form and the cost is moderate.

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ing Tables, and small or full-
sized tables and sundries.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd.,
Perfection Mills, ACCRINGTON.



HER THOUGHTS.

NIXEY'S "REFINED"
BLACK LEAD.
NIXELENE STOVE
PASTE.

**50 OUTSIDE
WRAPPERS** from blocks, or band labels from tins, from above, sent
to 12, Soho Square, London, W., will entitle you to a copy of this beautiful
picture in colours, by Maurice Randall. Companion presentation plate, entitled
"Her Eyes," will be sent if preferred. Both pictures are free from any
advertisement, and are sent post free to any address.



RED STAG ON THE CAIRNGORM RANGE.

Consider the Quality.

When buying a cocoa choose the best.

The Best is

VAN HOUTEN'S.

Van Houten's Cocoa preserves, in their highest perfection and in concentrated form, all the most nourishing and invigorating properties of the cocoa bean.

The Quality of Van Houten's Cocoa is absolutely unequalled.

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How to Make Housework Easier.

THE housewife who wants to make her work easier should not allow ashes, pie-juice, or cinders in the oven. She should not put bread away in a tight box or pan until quite cold, for it will steam, and becomes soggy if put away while hot. She should not put damp tea-leaves on a light-coloured carpet before sweeping it, as they will surely leave stains. She should not cut soap with a knife, but with a fine wire or thread, and there will be no waste. She should not bake loaf cakes in a hot oven without putting a little iron stand, or something of the kind, between the cake tin and the bottom of the oven, to prevent the loaf from burning at the bottom before it is done through.

She should not have damp clothes hanging around the kitchen or sitting-room, if the wash-day prove too stormy to hang them outside, for the dampness from them may bring on a case of croup among the children, or pneumonia with the older ones; it will be better to let the clothes soak a day or two until the weather clears. She should not allow the oilcloth to become dull and wear into holes, when she can preserve it by giving it one or two coats of varnish; for a little care in this respect about twice a year during the spring and autumn house-cleaning will keep it bright and durable for a long time.

ALWAYS BE DRESSED FOR VISITORS.

Men and women must dress according to their work. If the wife and mother has dirty work to do she can wear a neat print dress, and have a large apron which is easily removed. It costs but a trifle to put a white linen collar round the neck, and a ruffle or cuffs in the sleeves. These trifling additions brighten a plain face, and make the wearer much more presentable and attractive. The woman who heeds little details in dress will never be under the humiliating need of making worse than useless excuses when unexpectedly surprised by strangers, for she is always dressed for company. Is not mother prettier, and does she not look younger, and really seem more agreeable when tidily dressed, than when she looks as as if robed for a beggars' masquerade?

THE CARE OF GROUND GLASS.

Never use soap in washing glass. Wash

all glasses and tumblers in hot water and soda, and rinse in cold water. Soap is necessary for ground glass. You should wash ground glass globes, and any ground glass, in a lather of soap and water and soda, with a brush, and rinse in cold water, and dry them immediately out of the cold water; do not let them drain.

Ground glass is very apt to get a black look from exposure, and, therefore, all ground glass, such as ice plates, for instance, that are not in daily use, should each be wrapped up in soft paper, so that it may keep its colour. If ground glass has become discoloured, the following directions will cure it: Wash the glass in soap and water, and then pour a small quantity of spirits of salts into a saucer, dip a sponge or rag into it, and wash over the glass; then plunge it into cold water and then into hot water; then dry.

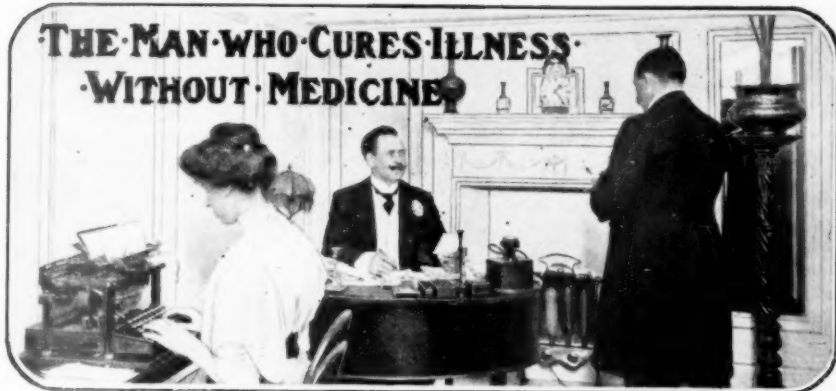
COOK EVERYTHING BY STEAM.

Some housekeepers are fully alive to the value of a steamer as a labour-saving machine in their kitchens, but there are many others who do not realise its usefulness. Whatever can be boiled can be steamed, and when the process is completed and the food dished, instead of having a pot or saucepan to wash out—always a distasteful task—or a pudding cloth to rinse or cleanse, there is only the clean, damp steamer to be wiped dry, and the earthen dish in which the food was cooked to be washed; an enormous saving of trouble, as anyone will testify who has tried both methods.

Steamers are of all styles and prices, from elaborate ones in tiers, forming separate compartments in which different viands can be steamed at the same time, down to tiny ones to fit on the top of the tea-kettle. A useful size is a plain, round one about twelve inches high, to fit over an ordinary iron pot. The cover must be very tight to retain the steam.

Food that is steamed cannot burn, and, once safely over a pot of boiling water, the hurried housekeeper may dismiss it from her mind. There is only one point to be remembered: the water must never cease boiling for a single instant, and, therefore, the fire must not be permitted to get low. A longer time should be allowed for steaming than for boiling.

THE MAN WHO CURES ILLNESS WITHOUT MEDICINE



AN ACCOUNT OF THE PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF EUGEN SANDOW IN CURING ALL THE COMMONEST FORMS OF ILLNESS BY PRESCRIBING SIMPLE EXERCISES FOR THE SUFFERERS

Illustrated by Photographs of his unique Institute, where some of the wonderful cures are made, and from whence he corresponds with so many invalids all over Great Britain, Europe, and, indeed, the whole world.

NOTHING succeeds like success; and everyone is interested in reading of and talking about the men who make successes.

When the success is made in some direction which, at the same time as distinguishing its author, benefits the rest of us, we are doubly interested. Therefore, because he has made an extraordinary name for himself, and because he has made it by introducing a system of curing illness without medicine, and entirely by simple exercises, the readers of *THE QUIVER* will welcome an account of Eugen Sandow, the modern Healer, and a description of his unique establishment in the West End of London, which is the home of the modern method of curing illness. For it is from here that this founder and pioneer of Curative Physical Culture prescribes for and directs men and women and children from five to over eighty years of age all over the world in the curing of their varied physical infirmities, from indigestion to insomnia, from chest troubles to curvature of the spine.

Mr. Sandow's capacity for work is marvellous, for he not only sees personally every invalid who calls, but attends to his correspondents, and prescribes individually for the patients who are treated through the post, but he also examines and prescribes for every patient at his Institute. But even his capacity for work would not enable him to get through his daily duties were it not for his great faculty for organisation. This remarkable quality empowers him to

keep the work of the Institute going with a swing, or, like a well-regulated clock, smoothly and with unerring precision and harmony.

All the care and thought possible are exercised by Mr. Sandow in his beneficent work, and the progress of each patient is watched by him with studious earnestness. Such care, such attention to detail, such scientific precision and consideration, and such industry, deserve the huge success which they reap, and no one will grudge Mr. Sandow one iota of the gratification which he derives from it.

One looks at the results he has obtained and meditates upon the escape of thousands who now enjoy immunity from disease and suffering, who were, perhaps, a few short months or years ago, sallow, decrepit, complaining invalids, and who, if they had not already succumbed to their infirmities, would now be swallowing nauseous compounds in their attempts to relieve their infirmities, instead of going about their social or business lives, as they are now doing, eager and overjoyed to take their share in the healthy, vigorous battle of life.

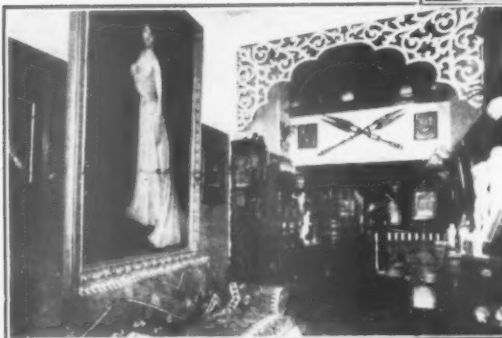
All classes of people are availing themselves of this great and yet simple and gentle means of curing disease. Persons with Royal blood in their veins, and those in the successive stages of social life, down to the humblest, share alike the attention of Mr. Sandow. All are finding out the source from which health can be regained. And the fact that rich people, who can command the



It is really astonishing how such a beautiful establishment replete with luxury has been provided by Mr. Sandow for his patients, when one considers the small cost of the exercise treatment.

This handsome new entrance to the Sandow Institute is situated at the St. James's Street end of Jermyn Street, and gives direct admission to—

The elegant and beautifully furnished new Reception Hall. The Chesterfield and Chairs in this Hall are upholstered in Crimson Morocco, and the Carpet is of thick Oriental Pile. The Woodwork is decorated in white enamel, and the short Stairway at the further end leads into—



The artistically appointed Reception Room of the Institute. This Reception Room has witnessed the anxious wait of many hundreds of invalids who have called upon Mr. Sandow with a view to ridding themselves of many trying and serious ailments, which 94 per cent. of them have happily succeeded in doing. The other entrance to this room is approached from—

The original—the St. James's St.—entrance to the Institute. This entrance is reached from St. James's Street by a flagged passageway, through which thousands of sufferers have walked to earnestly seek Mr. Sandow's aid.



services of the greatest physicians in the world, come to Mr. Sandow with as much confidence and hope as their poorer brethren, is significant indeed of the good work he is doing.

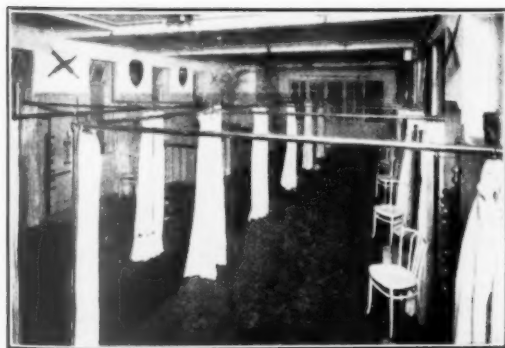
Business men, whose lives predispose them to obesity, digestive and nervous disorders, form a large portion of Mr. Sandow's patients—a fact which shows that even in a busy life there is time and opportunity to perform the exercises he prescribes.

Doctors have always supported Mr. Sandow, but it is evident from the annotations on his reports of cases that they are sending patients to him in even greater numbers than they used to do, and from all parts of the world.

The gentleness, the simplicity, and the enjoyability of the treatment are attractive to women and children, and the fact that it can be carried out at home removes all difficulties from the paths of those living at a distance from London or abroad. To women suffering from nervousness, and to whom travelling is purgatory, this is indeed a boon.

And what cases does Mr. Sandow tackle? One might almost as well ask upon what countries does the sun shine. But, in truth, the range is absolutely astonishing. Cases of:

Dyspepsia	Neurasthenia	Indigestion
Cramps	Liver Troubles	Obesity
Curvature	Deformities	Constipation
Piles	Headache	Drug Habit
Gout	Asthma	Rheumatism
Heart Cases	Epilepsy	Catarrh
Rickets	Paralysis	Anæmia

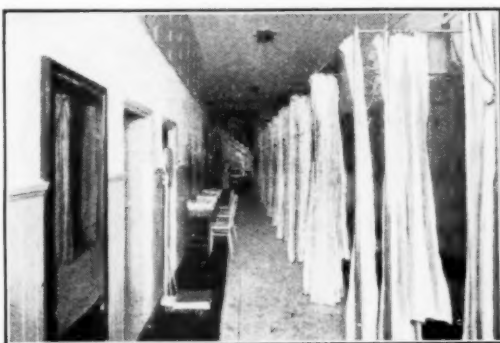


AN EXERCISE HALL IN THE GENTLEMEN'S SECTION.

The curtains are drawn back to show the extent of the hall, but when in use the curtains are arranged to form cubicles in which the patient and his instructor enjoy perfect privacy while the curative exercises are being employed.

Muscular Contractions Kidney Troubles
Chronic Chest Ailments Skin Disorders
Congenital Weaknesses General Debility
Climacteric Changes Chest Troubles
Loss of Vigour General Malaise
are constantly under treatment.

Then, another important section of the



BATH ROOMS AND DRESSING CUBICLES—GENTLEMEN.

work—and one especially interesting to ladies—is that which deals with the beautifying of the figure. This section is that which originally made Mr. Sandow's method of physical culture so justly famous among women, and in it he takes much personal pride and pleasure.

After a comparatively short course, ladies who seek out Mr. Sandow to reduce superfluous flesh or some error of physique or deportment, find that their figures are not only made exquisitely shapely and beautiful, but that the elegance of poise and movement attained is something quite beyond that which they had anticipated.

This figure-culture should be more seriously considered and adopted by women than it is at present, for it not only means beauty and grace of shape and movement, but also, what is more important still, a return to perfect health.

Mr. Sandow's exercises involve no strain, and the movements are so easy and pleasant that the invalid frequently exclaims in astonishment, "How can such treatment cure?"

It is all very wonderful—and it is very inspiring. To think that weaklings can be made strong and invalids of all kinds whole again is a matter of national importance.

It is only the chronic sufferer who fully appreciates the distress he has unnecessarily undergone when in a few

short months, or even weeks, he throws off the incubus of years, and realises what an asset Mr. Sandow has become to him or her.

We must cease the terrible self-drugging which has enslaved us for so long, and use this more natural and rational means of pulling ourselves back to health when it is slipping from our fingers.

It is impossible to conceive without seeing the beauty and elegance of the Sandow Curative Institute.

Our illustrations, however, give some idea of the completeness of the equipment of this establishment for the combating of weakness and creating health and strength.

The photograph forming the title-piece of this article shows Mr. Sandow attending to his daily correspondence from applicants and patients all over the world. This is a most successful feature of his work, and the wonderful results obtained fully justify its adoption and retention as a great boon to thousands of sufferers who would otherwise never be able to obtain Mr. Sandow's valuable assistance in the day of trouble.

Mr. Sandow is only too ready to help in this matter. He has expressed himself as willing to see any readers of THE QUIVER who call upon him, or to send to those readers who cannot call

owing to distance of residence or other cause, free of all cost, his excellent little book, entitled "Health from Physical Culture," which will give them an insight into his methods of treatment and cure of disease. He will also send reprint of an article which recently appeared in that fearless and famous British periodical, *Truth*, respecting his work and his Institute. This article was written by *Truth's* Investigator after an exhaustive examination of Mr. Sandow's records, and is a glowing testimonial to Mr. Sandow's great work. In it is publicly stated that 99 per cent. of all cases treated by Mr. Sandow obtain benefit, and 94 per cent. entire relief and the cure they seek.

Since there is no charge for Mr. Sandow's book and his advice, as to the suitability of the case for exercise treatment, it will seem extraordinary if thousands who are now ailing do not take immediate advantage of this generous offer. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands upon thousands have already benefited by similar offers in the past, and there is no county or province in the United Kingdom and Ireland, and no country in the world, which does not contain persons who are pleased to list themselves among the increasing retinue of Mr. Sandow's disciples and patients.

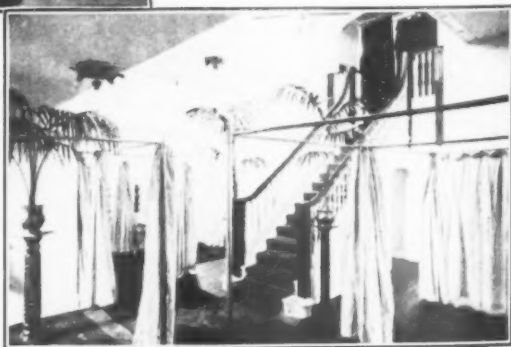
When writing to Mr. Sandow, address your letters to Eugen Sandow (Dept. AB), 32a, St. James's Street, London, S.W. It is to be hoped that all who take advantage of this offer—and it is extended to women and children, as well as to men—will state quite clearly, in confidence, the duration and the precise nature of the trouble from which they unfortunately suffer, and include any essential particulars they may think necessary for an effective consideration of the case.



DRESSING AND BATH ROOMS—
LADIES' SECTION.

EXERCISE HALL—LADIES' SECTION.

Ladies here enjoy perfect individual privacy as in the Men's Exercise Hall. There is a perfect air space and ventilation, and the appointments are elegant and artistic. The stairway seen in the picture leads directly to the dressing and bath rooms specially set apart for ladies.



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Happy Wash Days.

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"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including September 30th, 1908. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: Mrs. Newnham, 10s.; E. M. Newnham, 5s. Total, 15s.

For "The Quiver" Waifs' Fund: Miss H. Walker, 2s. 6d.

RADIOGRAPHY APPARATUS FOR THE GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	42	19	2
"Auntie"	0	0	11
"Anonymous" (Streatham)	0	2	0
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The Best Remedy known for

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Acts like a charm in

Diarrhœa, Cholera & Dysentery.

Admitted by the Profession to be the Most
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The only Palliative in

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IT ATTACKS THE CAUSE by Eliminating
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T. K. THOMPSON.

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I beg to inform you that the Liniment I received from you for my daughter has cured her from Rheumatism in her leg and shoulder, also swollen Glands in the neck. I am glad to tell you that she does not complain with either now. I wish all sufferers to know of your valuable remedy.—I am, yours respectfully,
(Mrs.) M. THOMAS.

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